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"A canvas by the master Boucher still exists showing us her pretty and enticing young body lolling on velvet cushions"

(Boucher's famous portrait of O'Murphy)

CASANOVA

HIS KNOWN AND UNKNOWN LIFE

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By

S. GUY ENDORE, 1901–

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New York

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S. Guy Endore *is an American who has contributed stories and other material to* The Bookman, The American Caravan, *etc. He is the translator of* Fascinating Women *by Franz Blei,* Alraune *by Hanns Heinz Ewers, and other books.* Casanova *is the first of his original writings to be published in book form.*

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CONTENTS

		PAGE
	Introduction	xi
I	*The Origin of a Romantic Career—Light Morals in Eighteenth Century Europe*	3
II	*Education in Love and Latin—May the Jews Be Permitted to Build New Synagogues?*	8
III	*Imprisoned at Fort Saint-Andrew*	19
IV	*The Gil Blas of Italy—From Priest to Officer*	27
V	*Turkish Mysteries with a Disquisition on the Stupidity of Servants*	33
VI	*Rascally Tricks in Venice—Casanova Becomes a Man of Leisure—The Famous Henriette of Parma*	45
VII	*Casanova Goes to Paris, the City of Cities for an Eighteenth Century Adventurer*	60
VIII	*Adventures of a Nun—The Cardinal Rises to Defend Himself*	68
IX	*In the Prisons of the Inquisition—Casanova's Miraculous Escape from the Leads*	75
X	*In Paris Again—Casanova Turned Financier—The Rake Progresses to Fortune*	107
XI	*Casanova Becomes a Rosicrucian and Acquires a Privy Purse—Madame D'Urfé*	116
XII	*The Banker d'O. and His Daughter, or His Son Perhaps? —The Lie of the Returned Ship*	126
XIII	*Mlle. X. C. V., a Writer Who Lived Down a Mistake of Her Youth*	141
XIV	*A Glimpse into the Police Records of Paris, Revealing a Casanova Who Does Not Appear in the Memoirs*	147

CONTENTS

PAGE

XV *Was Casanova Responsible for Saint-Germain's Expulsion from Holland?—The Paste Diamond* 153

XVI *The Devil a Monk Would Be—Escape from Stuttgart* 159

XVII *In Defense of Casanova for a Change—Diplomatic Correspondence Concerning a Strange Italian, from the Archives of Foreign Affairs—Casanova Becomes the Chevalier de Seingalt—Jesuit or Mason?—The Great Mystery of His Perpetual Travels* 169

XVIII *Voltaire and Haller—Casanova's Literary Knowledge and Aspirations—Origin of His Hatred for Voltaire* 181

XIX *The Marquis de Prié, a Close Friend of Casanova, Coldly Ignored in the Memoirs—Some Inventions of Romantic Affairs That Never Took Place—Casanova Decorated by the Pope—In Augsburg as Delegate of Portugal* 195

XX *Witchcraft in Lyons—More of Casanova's Inventions That Seem Historical Upon First Sight* 208

XXI *London and Pauline of Portugal—Casanova's Defeat at the Hands of La Charpillon* 220

XXII *Casanova in Germany, Poland and Russia—Interviews with Frederick and with Catherine the Great* 232

XXIII *Casanova Acquires Nobility* 239

XXIV *Encounters with the Chastity Commissioners of Vienna—The Tale of Charlotte* 248

XXV *Spain—The Cobbler-Hidalgo—In the Prison of Buen Retiro and in the Dungeons of Barcelona* 257

XXVI *Casanova Strives to Be Forgiven—The End of the Memoirs—Beginning of His Career as a Writer* 270

XXVII *Casanova Returns to Venice—The Rake Turned Moralist* 280

XXVIII *Casanova Ceases to Be a Spy in the Service of the Inquisition—His Last Mistress—He Is Forced to Leave Venice* 296

XXIX *An Old Adventurer Tours Europe—Humiliating Encounter at Spa—The Successes of a Superannuated Philanderer—Casanova's Mæcenas* 307

CONTENTS

		PAGE
XXX	*The Hermit-Encyclopedist of Bohemia—Casanova's Last Love-Affair*	327
XXXI	*Casanova's Life at Dux—a Debtor Is Nowhere Safe—Reflections on Suicide*	339
XXXII	*The Death of the Dog and His Master*	352
	Bibliography	369
	Index	385

INTRODUCTION

QUIXOTIC hidalgos of Spain, ravished nuns, freebooters on board Columbus's ship of discovery, Cinderellas from the gutter risen to the beds of kings, strutting actors, poets and soldiers of fortune strained their loins to bring forth at last the king of all adventurers: GIACOMO GIROLAMO CASANOVA, whose other names were Chevalier de Seingalt, Count of Farussi, Paralis, Blacksnout, Econéon, Antonio Pratolino and Eupolemo Pantessena, shepherd in the Arcadian Society of Rome.

Casanova, born an idiot, "lived as a philosopher and died as a Christian" after a violent existence that stopped at no crime—not even incest—and yet gave evidence of the noblest qualities.

This was Casanova, Casanova the charlatan, the braggart, the cardsharp, the liar, forger, adulterer, seducer, jailbird, and—student of humanities, knowing his Horace by heart, with more than a rudimentary grasp of Oriental and Classical literature, connoisseur of the arts and sciences, philosopher—albeit eclectic—dramatist, though a poor one, and poet, however lacking in genius.

Casanova, who wrote on geometry with profound knowledge, who translated Homer into Italian *ottava-rima*, who composed various histories, refuted Voltaire and d'Alembert, dabbled in cabalism and alchemy, astronomy and calendar reform, in economics, manufacturing, politics, mining and agriculture.

Casanova was the world's great opportunist, a social genius who skilfully navigated the turbulent waters of eighteenth-century Europe, with only his wits to protect him from poverty or jail. After living a life as full of vicissitudes as a tale from the *Arabian Nights*, he withdrew to solitude in the last years of his existence, and while in the external world the French were waging the bloody revolution out of which Napoleon was to arise, he wrote the story of his life and silently departed.

Did he know that after his death his history would be as adven-

turous as his life? That twenty-five years later his very existence would be doubted? That biographical dictionaries would at first allow him a place only as the "elder brother of François Casanova, the celebrated painter of battles"? That when his Memoirs were published, historians would solemnly declare the whole thing a tissue of lies, while censors in anguish would spread their petticoats over whole nations to protect them from this man without shame? That later historians would begin to verify point after point in the Memoirs, until they would rise proclaimed as a "serious work of the Muse Clio"? And that ultimately an army of research workers would patiently dig through old files, thumb ancient volumes, decipher bundles of correspondence and uncover error after error, until two camps would exist, the one supporting the essential truthfulness of the Memorialist, the other proclaiming his deliberate mendacity?

The battle that for more than a century has raged in the ranks of the Casanovists had its inception in 1820, when a certain Frederick Gentzel, a clerk, offered to the Brockhaus Publishing Company of Leipzig a manuscript in French bearing the title: *The Story of My Life Until the Year 1797*. This manuscript, so Gentzel wrote to F. A. Brockhaus, belonged to a descendant of the "very famous" Casanova, a man named Carlo Angiolini, who had already, many years before, been offered twenty-five hundred thalers for it.

Now this Carlo Angiolini was evidently the son of another Carlo Angiolini, a choreographer, who married a niece of Casanova; but just how he obtained possession of the manuscript we do not know, nor are we any more clear as to why no attempts were made to dispose of it until 1820, except for an offer that was refused, evidently, before 1814, since the Count Marcolini—who is said to have submitted the proposal—died in that year.

Very little was known in 1820 of the Casanova whose life had once flared up like a meteor over the lands of Europe. Like a wall, the French Revolution and the career of Napoleon lay between 1820 and the eighteenth century. Such tremendous upheavals, by centering suddenly all the world's interest upon the living present, obscure the past.

The Story of My Life Until the Year 1797 was examined by Brockhaus and found to be written, evidently in the author's own

handwriting, on six hundred folio sheets of thirty lines to a page. But the tale, instead of going to the year 1797 terminated abruptly with the year of 1774, at the moment when the author was awaiting permission to return from exile to his native Venice. What had become of the missing twenty-four years?

Brockhaus submitted the manuscript to various well-known authors and friends, and upon their advice purchased the autobiography. He then commissioned Wilhelm von Schütz to edit and translate the Memoirs into German. In 1822 were published for the first time three little episodes in Brockhaus's annual almanach, the widely circulated *Urania*. In the same year appeared the first volume of the German edition, which was not completed, with the publication of the twelfth and final volume, until 1828. Thus the memoirs of an Italian, written in French, first saw light in Germany under the title: *From the Memoirs of the Venetian Jacob Casanova de Seingalt or his life as he wrote it down at Dux in Bohemia, edited from the original manuscript by Wilhelm von Schütz.*

At that time, no one thought of denying the authenticity of the Memoirs. Brockhaus instituted a diligent search for the missing portions, but could not find them. Von Schütz studied his work carefully and in prefaces to the first four volumes submitted the results of his historical investigations. And the public applauded the work as it appeared. Heine, in 1822, wrote: "There is not a line of it that I did not read with pleasure." And a Madame d'Unruhe wrote to the countess of Albany: "Have you read the Memoirs of Casa Nuova? They are worse than Rousseau's *Confessions*, but an observer and a philosopher can there discover matters nowhere else to be found; and it is hard to understand how an old man of seventy can have written such a confession without blushing and without remorse. He makes me hate both men and women."

In 1825 a French editor, Tournachon-Molin, jealous of the success obtained by these German Memoirs, conceived the notion of translating them into French. Without benefit of contract, of which, in the days before copyrights, he had no need, he published the Schütz version in fourteen volumes, which appeared between 1825 and 1829. This translation of a translation, and a much mangled

translation at that, has thus the honor of being the first French edition. Its only real service, however, was to convince Brockhaus that he must publish the Memoirs in their original language.

He sought out a certain Jean Laforgue (not the famous Jules Laforgue, as one finds it reported again and again), but a professor of French literature at Dresden, who enjoyed a small local reputation and nothing more. But the three years' work he put on a revision of Casanova has made him famous as Bowdler is famous for cutting out all the "objectionable" matter in Shakespeare.

This, then, is the third version of the Memoirs. The first four volumes appeared in Leipzig, where they so aroused the censors that the next four volumes came out with a Parisian imprint, though evidently still printed in Leipzig. And when, so the legend runs, the French censorship awoke to action, Brussels was chosen for the final four volumes, which were no doubt also printed in Leipzig. This edition is dated 1826, 1832, 1838, and is now purchasable all over the world in the Garnier reprint.

Still a fourth edition deserves mention. This is the mysterious Paulin-Busoni publication, generally called the Rozez edition. We must never be surprised to come across a mystery when the subject is Casanova. The first mystery is how the manuscript, which Casanova often threatened to burn, came into the hands of Carlo Angiolini. The second concerns what happened to the missing volumes, for the manuscript is divided into twelve volumes, while Cecilia von Roggendorf in a letter to Casanova, dated August 1, 1797, says: "You say in one of your letters that at your death you intend to will me your Memoirs which occupy *fifteen volumes*. I am very grateful and desire nothing so much as to do without them for a very long time."

Now for the third mystery: Paulin's edition, up to volume eight, is just another piracy. It is simply a copy of Brockhaus-Laforgue. Paulin began his edition in 1833, after Brockhaus had already issued eight volumes. Six years were to intervene before the final four tomes of the Laforgue edition appeared, and there was Paulin with his incomplete edition on his hands, and his customers clamoring for the remainder of the work. He thereupon hired Busoni to complete the task. How did Busoni acquit himself? At first it was generally be-

Aus

den Memoiren

des

Venetianers

Jacob Casanova de Seingalt,

oder

sein Leben,

wie er es zu Dux in Böhmen niederschrieb.

Nach

dem Original-Manuscript bearbeitet

von

Wilhelm von Schütz.

Erster Band.

Leipzig:

F. A. Brockhaus

1822

"Thus the memoirs of an Italian, written in French first saw light in Germany"

(Facsimile of title page from the first edition of the Memoirs)

lieved that he did no more than translate from von Schütz, but upon closer analysis it was seen that Busoni did not just make a badly cut translation from the German: he added episodes, probably right out of his head. But he also added details which are in no other edition, and which are so accurate, as proved by careful research in documents preserved in Vienna, Trieste, and other places that one is forced to conclude that Busoni had access to some manuscript. What manuscript? Not the manuscript still so carefully preserved in the safe of the Brockhauses by the great-grandchildren of the original purchaser. This seems to have been definitely proven by the careful researches of the Danish Casanovist, Tage Bull.

Now the French Laforgue text differs in a thousand places from the German Schütz edition, and both differ from the manuscript as far as the few people who have been allowed a glimpse of it have been able to determine. But these variations are mostly minor, and explicable as being due to different editorial conceptions, indifferent attention to the deciphering of badly written passages, general carelessness in copying and proof-reading. Thus we can account for some rather free passages suppressed in one and included in the other, names spelled wrongly in one edition or even in both, and dates differing here and there. But the final two volumes of the Paulin edition, made by Busoni, are inexplicable, unless we assume—as M. René-Louis Doyon did gratuitously, and Fernand Fleuret upon the basis of a supposedly secret conversation with Brockhaus—that there were originally three manuscripts.

Professor Laforgue has been accused by Havelock Ellis, Edouard Maynial, Arthur Symons and others, of so many crimes, of turning strong realistic prose into silly flowery sentimentalities, of cutting out ruthlessly any too highly seasoned passages, of altering here and there without rhyme or reason, that it is almost with pleasure that one takes up his defense. It is to be noted that Sainte-Beuve praised the "luminous facility of the style" and its gracefulness reminiscent of the best of the spirited writers of sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. It is to be noted further that Remy de Gourmont was willing to believe that Laforgue improved Casanova: "Now that Octave Uzanne and Arthur Symons have published several unretouched passages of Casanova, one can recognize the almost complete simi-

larity of feeling between the authentic text of Casanova and that which was revised by a man of letters, whose name, Laforgue, will some day receive the fame it merits." W. E. Henley, we are reminded by Tage Bull, preferred the old-fashioned gracefulness of Galland's *Thousand and One Nights* to the crudities of Burton and Payne and the exactness of Dr. Mardrus. Few people, it is said, would care for the original Casanova, who was bald and coarse in the extreme.

This last statement is, I believe, in contradiction with the period of Crébillon, Diderot, Montesquieu and Voltaire, during which Casanova developed his literary ability. This was an age that loved its obscenity transparently veiled with classical allusions and decorated with preciosities that concealed nothing at all. So that we cannot believe that Casanova did not conform to this method; all the more since his prose style is of the rhythmic Alexandrian type of the best Rousseau and Buffon. And this would agree with the statement made by Fernand Fleuret to Brockhaus: "I do not think that Laforgue changed anything much." To which Brockhaus is reported to have answered that Laforgue was asked only to suppress crudities and correct the punctuation and spelling, the very same task that was assigned to Schütz. Each of these men was given a manuscript, and neither of these manuscripts was returned. The copy which now lies hidden in the depths of the Brockhaus safe is still a third manuscript, all from the hand of the careful Casanova, who went over and corrected and re-copied his work time and time again.

It is possible then that a stray manuscript or portion of one came into the hands of Busoni and provided him with those mysterious and historically accurate details found in neither Schütz nor Laforgue. That such stray portions may have existed is shown by at least two indications:

(1) "Send me quickly," writes the Prince de Ligne to the aged Casanova, "the third volume of your Memoirs. The Count of Salmour, who sends you a thousand greetings, has devoured them and hungers for more." Which indicates that even during his life-time Casanova's Memoirs were appreciated, and traveled, in portions, far and wide. Were all the volumes which he sent out returned?

Our private belief, based upon experience with such works, is that they were not, but passed instead from hand to hand, down a long list of friends and friends of friends begging for the volume.

(2) There are in existence two volumes of an edition published in Paris in 1830, and never completed. Here the title-page reads: "Memoirs of Jacques Casanova de Seingalt concerning the last fifty years of the XVIIIth century; published according to the *original manuscripts* of the Author." And in the preface, we read: "After a short stay in Venice, Casanova returned again to Paris in 1782, and it is with the tale of this last sojourn in Paris that the manuscript of his Memoirs concludes . . ." A pity, then, that this edition was never completed, for all the extant editions end not in 1782, but in 1774.

What are we to conclude from such various assertions and indications? Principally, perhaps, that Casanova's Memoirs, being published as erotica, any small portion of a manuscript was liable to be seized upon any excuse for the printing and sale of a new edition, which was always sure of being snatched up by eager customers.

The various differences that are found in these three main texts, the Schütz, the Laforgue and the Busoni, have occupied scholars to an enormous extent. Volumes might be filled with the endless deviations which have been discovered, noted and commented upon. This again has led to the advancement of endless hypotheses which have, in turn, provoked long and learned refutations.

But why all the interest in Casanova?

Is it for his mere erotic value?

Indeed it is not. On the very first reading of Casanova one is undoubtedly amused by these reiterated love adventures. On the second, they begin to pall; and the fever of Casanovism, which is akin to the fever that attacks and holds chess-players, comes only when the reader has lost his interest in the erotica and has begun to delve into the problems that gleam so delightfully with unsolved and perhaps unsolvable mysteries. Then the reader has become a Casanovist, and year after year he will follow the ever-deepening research that is being conducted in France, in Austria, in Czecho-Slo-

vakia, in Germany, in Holland, in Spain, in Italy and wherever else Casanova's wanderings may have left a trace, in old parish-registers or in police-records, in old gazettes or in ancient letter files.

It is a detective story, and all the living Casanovists are detectives. Each may do his bit of sleuthing even if he lives far from the centers where Casanova was active. For the published writings of Casanova embrace many thousands of pages and the research work covers many more thousands, and no man has ever been able to do more than lift up a little corner of the cloth and spy under the table to strive to see who this mysterious Casanova was of whom we know so much and yet so little.

How did this fascinating situation arise?

The Schütz, the Laforgue, the Busoni or Rozez editions continued to be printed in ever increasing quantities, gathering a growing host of appreciators for Casanova's exciting and masterly Memoirs, while slowly there arose, too, a small group of people interested in the Memoirs as a historical document. Among the first of these scholiasts are to be reckoned the publisher Brockhaus and his editor, Wilhelm von Schütz, and they were followed in 1846 by F.-W. Barthold with a two-volume work entitled: *The historical Personages in Jacob Casanova's Memoirs.**

But all this research does not seem to have made very much impression, for as early as 1822 an anonymous writer in three articles in the *Heidelberger Jahrbücher der Litteratur* describes the Memoirs as one of the "most frivolous romances ever conceived by the corrupt imagination of an idle and mischievous scribe," and Ugo Foscolo in the *Westminster Review* of 1827 attacked them as a web of lies. Despite Barthold's book of 1846, in 1869 Quérard attributed the spurious Memoirs of Casanova to the pen of Henri Beyle Stendhal, a statement borrowed from Bibliophile Jacob, who, in 1857, had put forth the same theory. Even Busoni was suspected of the authorship of the Memoirs. Busoni indignantly rejected such an insinua-

* In these early days the Germans were constantly ahead of the rest of Europe in properly appreciating and judging Casanova. The work of Barthold, Mundt and others had little effect on the rest of the continent, where for a long while almost all that was written on Casanova was only a childish and silly bickering.

tion. He had no hand in the writing of such a thoroughly bad book, though he did edit it, a fact which he regretted. "The Memoirs of Casanova," he declared, "are certainly by Casanova, from one end to the other, or at any rate they were written in German, by an adventurer who usurped his name."

Toward the last quarter of the nineteenth century light began to dawn. Abbé Fulin in 1877 examined Casanova's escape from the Leads as presented in historical documents. Then in rapid succession Baschet, in 1881, and d'Ancona, in 1882, laid the foundation for the remarkable research work that has since been carried on. Now earnest scholars everywhere began to consider Casanova as one of their source-books, always to be consulted, even if not always reliable. The Memoirs had achieved a place in the library of history.

In 1883 Charles Henry considers Casanova's capabilities as a mathematician in a long and detailed article. In 1908 Pompeo Molmenti goes to Dux * to examine and publish two volumes of his correspondence. And Octave Uzanne in France and Arthur Symons in England stimulate an interest in the Memoirs as an inimitable picture of the eighteenth century and as a psychologically important document of an unusual man. Nor do they neglect the literary value of the Memoirs.

These first inquiries into the historical veracity of the Memoirs, resulted largely in a confirmation of the memorialist. This confirmation went so far as to lead one critic to declare that Casanova must have used historical documents to compose his Memoirs, for there are things he could not have known of himself, and which he yet described so accurately that one is forced to conclude that he consulted contemporary historical sources.

Now and then, however, the old refrain of "Casanova, shameless liar," was raised, and seemed, as research went on, to gain in strength and volume. Personal feeling has a great deal to do with one's decision as to whether Casanova deliberately lied or made the best effort he could to be truthful. Thus Samaran, who in his excellent

* Throughout this volume, Dux, in Bohemia, where Casanova spent his last years as librarian in Count Waldstein's Castle, is constantly referred to as the repository of Casanova's literary remains. It must be pointed out, therefore, that since the formation of the Czecho-Slovakian Republic Casanova's correspondence and manuscripts have been stored in the present Count Waldstein's castle at Hirschberg (Dosky).

work (1914) exposes the adventurer's misstatements time and time again, is nevertheless prepared to take up his defense. While Dr. Guède, who discovered a remarkable proof of at least one incident in the Memoirs, everywhere attacks Casanova's honesty. This last bit of research will furnish us with an example of the manner in which the Memoirs have been fine-combed.

In 1767 Casanova, at Spa, meets at the gambling tables an old confrère who this time parades under the name of the Marquis of Santa Croce. He doesn't parade very long however. He has come to Spa with a young girl, of good Brussels family, whom he has seduced. In a short time Santa Croce runs through his money, his jewels, his baggage, and sees no way out but to run off. And this he does, having first begged Casanova to take care of his pregnant mistress.

Casanova takes her to Paris where she gives birth to a son, who is baptized at once as Jacques-Charles, son of Antoine Della Croce and Charlotte de L. Casanova wishes to adopt the child, but Charlotte has him sent to the Foundlings' Hospital, where, she insists, Croce will soon come to fetch him. A few days later she died. If anybody, Casanova says, wishes to discover Charlotte's full name, he has but to look up her son at the Foundlings' Hospital, where the registries will provide the information.

This taunt was too much for Dr. Guède. He first engaged someone to look up the matter, but when that proved unsuccessful, he began himself to make the necessary search. In vain. Della Croce did not appear in the books. Santa Croce was not to be found, no more than Croce, Delacroix, Lacroix or any other of the various Italian and French forms of that common name. Then suddenly he discovered it under Lacrosse. There he found all the facts, just as Casanova had given them, and the name of Charlotte L. was found to be Charlotte de Lamotte. As for the little foundling, he had died a few days after his admission.

Such episodes are observed, with great frequency, to be exact to the letter, while others are in direct disagreement with history. But it is not the minor episodes that have drawn the defenders and attackers to battle; four or five major episodes are found where the assertions made by Casanova are partly true and partly untrue in such a

peculiarly tangled fashion that the critics who have considered these episodes as literary inventions have done so on the hypothesis that Casanova composed such stories as a screen to hide his real career.

It is largely upon subtle criticism of this sort that Guède, Gugitz, Fulin and others question some of the most important adventures of Casanova's life—as for instance his famous escape from the Leads, his journey to Constantinople, his adventure with Marcoline in Lyons, his acquisition of immense wealth in Holland, his love-affair with the wife of the Burgomeister of Cologne.

According to these men, Casanova, after playing the nobleman of wealth successfully all his life, continued as an impostor in his old age, only now, no longer able to do what he had done with sword at his side and coach and six at the door, he did with his pen on paper. Why not? Had he not sufficient experience in deceit? But just as he did not manage always to escape detection in his life-time, so his Memoirs after his death have not deceived everyone.

To this skeptical historical criticism, there has been opposed a kindlier criticism which, while recognizing the many errors in the Memoirs, has chosen to ascribe them largely to the lapses of an old man's memory. They are not willing to believe that Casanova used the same bold tactics to force his way into history that he used to force his way into society.

Few people have gone after this question more thoroughly and with neater psychology than F. Walther Ilges, who has, however, so far investigated only the episodes that took place in Cologne. He has been able to adduce contemporary documents to show that a certain reliance can be placed upon Casanova, though he was prone to invent little romances to enliven the generally excellent and exact description of the society of that time and place. He was likely, moreover, to transpose an event that had occurred at a different place; he fell at times into the error of melding too widely separated events into one story, where even the names are conglomerations; and, just as he often repeated himself, he often omitted important matter.

Ennen (1856) and Gugitz (1923) are of the opinion that Casa-

nova committed these errors as part of a prearranged plan to ascribe all the honors to himself, and to avenge himself upon all his enemies by putting them into ridiculous positions in his Memoirs.

The present writer has a theory too, an eclectic one, for it seems impossible that an author as variegated and changeable as Casanova should have set himself the task of composing four thousand pages of his Memoirs in a mood that was perpetually the same. One day he may have felt vindictive and someone had to suffer. Alas for history, if his vicious pen struck at an inoffensive, unsuspecting man long since sequestered from gossip in a quiet and respectable grave. One day in a burst of generosity he would lower the ages of his mistresses, who were thirty and forty and perhaps fifty years old, as we know, having been so impudently curious as to have looked up their birth certificates! Casanova made them all sweet sixteen. The next, the weather being bad, he tired of writing dull history and launched into a little episode, a pure flight of imagination, a delicate interlude of romance, that compensated for the impossibility of taking a walk in the castle-gardens. At another time, in a confessional mood, he ascribed a few peccadilloes to himself; while later, irascible, proud and contemptuous of the world that had mocked his aristocratic pretenses, he falsified chapter after chapter.

We see, then, that the Memoirs may be even more revealing of the true Casanova than a close record of his life would be. Even when he lies he tells us something of himself. His Memoirs are like one of those cross-sections of a giant Sequoia of California, which record for us the intimate story of weather and insects in a fashion that no Indian historian would have known how to write.

It would be all very well to confront Casanova with historical documents and say: "You're a liar." That would be too easy and too unexciting. Casanova was always a bit too slippery for his critics, whether legal or historical. There is not one Casanova, but three, found in the three different editions; and more than that: there is the manuscript in the Brockhaus safe, and, finally, there are the other writings of Casanova, which he published during his life-time. All of these deserve consideration, and all of these must be consulted by the detective who is hot after Casanova.

When Machen did a translation of Casanova's *Escape from the*

Leads, he wrote an introduction in which he tacitly assumed that Casanova was everywhere thoroughly truthful. This is unwarranted. Dr. Guède, long after Fulin, systematically attacked Casanova's famous escape from prison, and denied that it had taken place in the breath-taking manner Casanova described. That romance, he asserts, was just an invention to hide the sober and uninteresting fact that Casanova bribed his way out. One of the minor points that Guède challenges is Casanova's assertion that he carried a hundred *brasses* of rope to the roof. "Nearly seven hundred feet of rope," exclaims Dr. Guède, "no man could do it." Of course not, but Casanova didn't mean French *brasses*, he really meant Italian *braccios*, in other words ells, and Dr. Guède might have known *that*, had he consulted the Schütz edition. Casanova really needed about a hundred feet of rope, for that was the height of the Ducal Palace.

Grellet, Swiss Casanovist, taxes Casanova for saying that he left his inn, and taking a walk while in a profound revery, suddenly, at the end of an hour, found himself before a convent. "Profound revery, indeed," cries Grellet, "that enabled a man to walk eighteen miles in an hour." For the inn where Casanova had slept the night has been identified and the convent likewise; and eighteen miles separates them. But Grellet * might have saved his irony had he examined Schütz. The walk lasted six hours.

Another illustration: Le Gras wrote a book on Casanova; Francis Steuart, English Casanovist, translated it from the French. At one place, Le Gras makes an attempt to discover Casanova's height. Casanova provides us with the following indication: "Crébillon (the French tragedian) was a colossus. He was six feet high, taller than myself by three inches." Elsewhere we find Casanova described as "built like Hercules." Francis Steuart, in a footnote, explains that five-feet-nine was tall for an Italian of Casanova's period. That remark is invalid. The old foot was a tenth longer than the modern foot. Casanova's height was six-feet-one or -two, and he might really be described as "built like Hercules" while Crébillon was truly a colossus. All Francis Steuart needed to correct his error was to translate Le Gras's figure given in metres, 1.86, which equals 6 ft. 1⅛ in. Whereupon Le Gras's following sentence becomes

* This error has been repeated by Stefan Zweig (Adepts in Self-Portraiture, 1928).

perfectly clear: "This high stature contributed greatly to his success and prestige."

We must proceed with great care when discussing Casanova. This cannot be repeated too often. There is scarcely a single book or article in English on Casanova, whether translated or original, that does not contain errors, blunders and unwarranted conclusions. The best works on Casanova still remain untranslated in French, German and Italian. Whatever other work exists in Polish, Spanish, Russian and Dutch, remains beyond my ken. But there is enough here to occupy a man's leisure for many years. The literature on Casanova has grown until it is almost beyond the ability of a single scholar to encompass it.

The interest then in Casanova's Memoirs is manifold. First there is the interest in a story, long enough, one would think, to satisfy any reader, and yet such is its fascination that every reader wishes it were longer. How few are the autobiographies that are really capable of holding a perpetually growing body of readers? Pepys and Cellini cannot be compared to Casanova. The first is amusing; but the author, with no literary pretensions, does not understand the art of building up a story to a climax while gripping the reader with a well-planned suspense. As for Cellini, he is but a pale, feverish reflection of Casanova. His vanity, his superstition, his self-flattery and artistic jealousy give the reader an image of a man undeserving of either admiration or respect. His literary ability is too poor to arouse the reader to any great and enduring excitement.

If we deny Casanova's Memoirs their historical value as true autobiographies, we only make out a better case for their merit as romances. He himself protests such a reading vigorously: "I should be but insulting myself, were I to make myself the protagonist of a novel." He never ceases to assert that he is writing nothing but the truth. "Since I am not writing a novel," he says . . . but we know better.

"To suppose that Casanova is a novelist is to give him the greatest possible praise, for he would be without any doubt one of the greatest romancers of his period, if indeed not the greatest," so Ademollo expressed himself. While Remy de Gourmont declared decisively:

"What, however, if it be by chance a novel? Very well, then, Casanova would be the greatest novelist that ever lived; but that is impossible, one does not invent such prodigiously varied material . . ."

No, Casanova as an autobiographer was reinforced with the genius of a novelist. His remarkable tale is better than any picaresque novel ever written. In it we find a variety of experiences—all the emotions of love, hate and melancholy, in every type and class of mankind, ecclesiastic, military, commercial, scholarly, aristocratic and servile, and traversing every important country of Europe. The gallery of characters is immense. Gamblers and kings, servant-wenches and princesses, nuns and prostitutes, famous scholars and impostors, pass before us, as we turn the pages. So filled with matter are these Memoirs that they can be read again and again, and always with interest.

The erotic element is not so great as is generally thought. There are Casanovists who find his love-tales dull and repetitious, while his activities as gambler, traveler, scholar, magician, impostor, writer, and aristocrat, have a fascination. What love-affair of Casanova is to be preferred to the tale of his escape from the Leads, to the story of his duel with Branicki, to his interview with Voltaire, to his defense of himself at Augsburg, to his retort to the Emperor of Austria and his talk with Catherine the Great? His sword-play, his proud challenges, his resourcefulness in the face of danger, his constantly changing fortune at cards, and the perpetual pot of gold that he expects, and leads the reader to expect to be found just around the turn of the road as he goes from Paris to Cologne, to Stuttgart, Zürich, Bern, Geneva, Aix-les-Bains, Avignon, Marseilles, Antibes, Nice, Genoa, Florence, Rome, Naples, Parma, Lyons, Munich, all in one year—this is what holds the reader. The ever newness of another inn, another strange encounter, another escapade, lead us on through a life that was more adventurous than any life man ever penned.

In the end we grow to love this man who has revealed himself so clearly to our eyes. We forgive him his vices, just as we forgive the vices of our friends. He does not seek to hide his faults, he is "an inveterate gambler, a thorough spendthrift, a braggart, haughty,

boastful, ever running after the ladies, forcing out his rivals, preferring as company only those who could amuse him, believing that everything was permitted to him, breaking all injunctions as though that were his right, being hated as he well deserved to be, for he had done everything to merit it." And because he admits his faults—most of them, at any rate—and because he is one with us, who are all sinners, or would like to be; because he discusses his immoralities intellectually, that is why we love him, no matter how often we catch him in a lie.

The second interest, then, in Casanova's Memoirs is Casanova himself, who steps out of his book, satiric, satanic, sensuous. An ugly man, swarthy, hawklike, with beady eyes, of imposing stature, like a pirate of the Spanish Main, except for one detail—his nose.

His thin elongated nose is the delicately chiselled and far-projecting sign of a man of varied and subtle tastes. His nose proclaimed the man; an æsthete, though not of the finicky, *fin de siècle* type. He was a hedonist, rough and ready, and still sensitive, clean, discriminating, despite the joviality with which he could fling himself into the lowest and ugliest sport. For behind that searching, prodding, inquisitive nose was a quick, capable, incisive mind, that sucked the best out of a situation and left the ugly husk untouched.

"I love dishes with a racy taste," he says—and lists maggoty cheeses and ripened game—and concludes: "and as to women, the odor of those I loved was always fragrant to my nostrils."

Above all his activities hovered a keen reasoning intellect sharpened in that disputatious eighteenth century. A Madame Fulpius-Gavard has been able to cull from the Memoirs a breviary full of wise and trenchant thoughts, which, had they not come from an erotic work, would long ago have put their author in a secure niche in the literature of axioms.

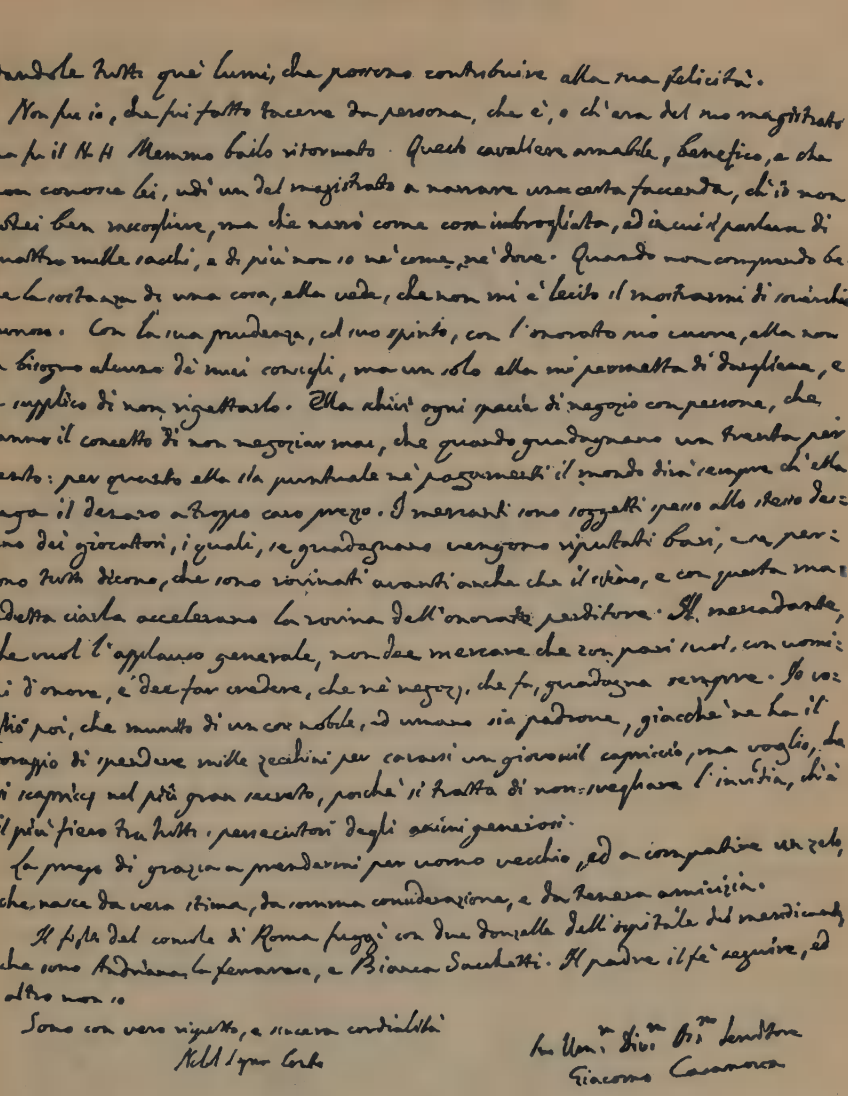
The secret of Casanova is his intellect. That is why those who have put him into novels and plays have failed. They have made him a fop, a dandy, a braggart, a duelist, a Don Juan, a gambler, a scholar; but they have always made him ridiculous. But "Note," he says, speaking of his obscenities, "that I blush because I do not blush, and it is this second erubescence that exculpates me as far as

myself is concerned, and as for others, I little care what they may think." It takes a mind of that quality to touch pitch without being defiled.

You can follow that mind subtly at work in his Memoirs. When he came to write his life, in his melancholy old age, he set himself up as censor. In his curious code certain things were dishonorable, others were matters of pride. Just as it is hard to dissect the mixture of pride and shame with which a young man confesses his past amours to his present love, so it is almost impossible to dig out of the Memoirs the reason why Casanova was willing to picture some of his vilest moments, while he strove to conceal other incidents with all the art and power at his command.

All of us have different notions of what is shameful and what is not. I am sure that most of us carry deep in our hearts secrets that are of the paltriest significance. The average skeleton in the closet is a pretty tame affair of paper and strings and hardly worth the double-barred doors. But it is precisely for the concealment of such miserable motes that we are prepared to go to the most extravagant lengths. Beams simply don't count. We are more than likely to be proud of them.

We have seen two reasons for the fascination of Casanova's Memoirs. The first lay in the story. The second was their hero. And now the third reason derives from the canny fashion in which a whole group of men have sneaked after Casanova and tried to determine just what he really did and really was. This effort to extract a true picture out of a morass of lies and truth, fancy and fiction, has exercised such a fascination on men that, dropping all else, they have dogged the footsteps of a dead man across a changing Europe and managed despite a thousand difficulties to discover those little traces that every action, no matter how slight, inevitably leaves in this world. At times it has seemed like hunting for the wake of a long departed galleon in the swirling waters of the sea. But every now and then a fact came to light, until eventually an immense amount of carefully documented material could be placed alongside the Memoirs and checked against it.



"*The handwriting of a Narcissus, vain, imaginative, erudite, masculine, with a refined sense of elegance and gesture*"

(Specimen of Casanova's handwriting with the report of a graphologist to whom Grellet submitted an unidentified sample)

There are many conceptions of Casanova. There is Casanova, the shameless licentious writer, whose "infectious work," as Carlyle wrote, "every British librarian makes a point of denying that he possesses." This is the Casanova who has become the standard of comparison for a certain kind of literary obscenity. This is the Casanova who has passed over into everyday language as a kind of superior Don Juan. "Every properly constituted man of letters," writes Havelock Ellis, "has always recognized that any public allusion to Casanova should begin and end with lofty moral reprobation of his unspeakable turpitude."

There is the bald historical Casanova whose dry life we might gather out of documents contained in the archives of Paris and Venice, out of files of old gazettes, out of church and police records, out of the letters of his contemporaries. There are all the many Casanovas invented by those who have studied his life and have sought to theorize on it. And there are the dozens of Casanovas presented in plays and novels—generally the least convincing of all the Casanovas, for no one but himself was capable of setting his complex character down.

Let us examine this historical Casanova. At one extreme we find such statements as these by the Prince de Ligne, warrior, gallant and wit. In a paragraph where he bemoans the many interesting characters he has known and lost, he lists Casanova among Louis XV, Frederick the Great, Potemkin, and others. Elsewhere the Prince says: "I have lived with . . . Beaumarchais, Crébillon, d'Alembert, Hume, Casanova, . . ." Here is Casanova's name glittering among kings and potentates in one list and geniuses in philosophy and science on the other.

At the other extreme we find Casanova repeatedly accused of forgery in Paris, notified to leave Vienna, Madrid and Barcelona, on account of his conduct, sentenced to five years under the Leads of Venice for his atheism and immorality, and for his ingenious methods of deceiving other people and living at their expense.

If an indefatigable worker fathered his findings on all the libraries and archives of Europe, he would have two apparently disparate pictures; the one of a scholar, a gentleman, a wit and a genius; the other a rogue, an impostor, a seducer and a jailbird. In objective

history, as in his own Memoirs, we have a many-sided Casanova.

And if we study him in the minds of other men we find equally varied opinions. "He is of those," says Emilio Teza, "of whom one cannot speak without washing one's mouth, nor write concerning without washing one's hands and almost one's pen." While Arthur Symons tells us that he has left the world "perhaps the most precious document of the society of that time"; Doctor Rolleston finds that the Memoirs "contain passages which as examples of medical satyre deserve to hold a high place in literature"; Havelock Ellis declares that they are "one of the great autobiographical revelations which the ages have left us, with Augustine's, Cellini's, Rousseau's, of its own kind supreme."

And if we go to the historians who have tracked him from Constantinople to London and Moscow, we find the same variations. Le Gras says: "He produced nothing fruitful or profitable"; Barthold says the Memoirs are a "serious work of the Muse Clio"; Gugitz calls them a "life-romance."

But this we can never take away from Casanova; that he managed to take the events of his life, whatever they were—forged checks, debts left unpaid, scurvy love-affairs, pawned jewelry, anxious hours over the green cloth—and spin these into a tale that cannot but grip the reader and seem to any but the closest student to be the very essence and truth of life. Whatever he did or did not do, he contrived to give us those Memoirs that have made his name famous. Emil Ludwig says, in a not totally unobjectionable paragraph:

"That Casanova lived was his sole merit; it is that wherein no one can imitate him. The whole world knows about it; no one has disputed his fame; all languages have described his life; he is more world-famous than Goethe and Frederick the Great, who were his contemporaries, for millions from pole to pole smile at the mention of his name, while all they know of the other two is a few dry dates. He has put the kings and poets of his age in the shade; he is the most popular man of his century, next to Napoleon, with whom he has been humorously compared. Yes, he achieved that which is the surest sign of fame: out of his life there arose a stock-character and a figure of speech."

Who was this mysterious man who appears in so many lights during his life-time and after? Who is this who, dead, rises to overshadow men like Goethe? Who was in correspondence with princes even as he ran away at night to hide from the police? Cannot we track him down somewhere, catch him and hold him up—saying: "Look, here is exactly what he was!"

I think the problem can only be solved if we are willing to take not only the Memoirs, but also Casanova's many other works; if we will take account not only of the authenticated passages of the Memoirs, but also of the unproved or even disproved passages; if we will take not only opinions of his contemporaries but also modern opinions, for in all of these there is some truth. Casanova lived over seventy years and his Memoirs have endured a century, the history of neither has been static.

This, then, will be the function of this book. To hold up the substance, spirit and beauty of the Memoirs against the severe factual background of history, so that Casanova both as intellect and creator, man and doer, will stand out in relief. Then we shall discover that even in his lies he reveals truths; his very concealments uncover him, and we shall be able to see an even more naked Casanova than the one who postures before us in the autobiography.

CHAPTER I

The Origin of a Romantic Career—Light Morals in Eighteenth Century Europe

IT was natural that Venice, ideal haunt of intrigues, should give birth to the greatest of all lovers. True, Paris, Berlin, London, Vienna were as corrupt as the city of lagoons, but in the Southern city nature had favored the god of love, and the talents of its citizens had supplied a frame worthy of the most poetic passion. No wonder the wealthy and idle of all Europe gathered there. In an era when general morality had sunk to its most amiable level, when Europe, tired of wars, had settled down to luxury and ease, when the severe code of militant aristocracy had lost its ascendancy and bourgeois righteousness had not yet acquired dominion by force of money, rococo Venice appeared at its most charming and inviting.

No one feared the ill effects of leisure. A generous religion allotted the people numerous holidays and confessors aplenty to hear and forgive the sins that flowered luxuriantly. If on Sunday the priest sermonized against idleness, it was but a cleansing drink of bitters to restore the appetite. If the religious holidays were insufficient, there were the political and historical commemorations. Any excuse was enough for business to be set aside and the house cleared for a feast, a ball, a supper, a reception, where, in luxurious display of magnificent decorations and costumes, the rich would lead the way and the rest would follow according to their means. Birth, baptism, the taking of the veil, or else betrothal, marriage, a saint's day, or the mere beauty of the weather would lead to the organization of parties. The streets were seized, merchants vied in the decoration of their shops, colorful banners were hung out to the wind, peddlers, hucksters, out-of-door cooks and pastrymen displayed their wares, charlatans harangued the crowds, while young and old mingled in gay contests, made music, ate and danced.

The lowest classes shared in the celebrations of the lords, the birth of an heir, the arrival of a foreign monarch, a victory in a naval combat or on the field of battle. Then large sums of money would be appropriated for sumptuous ceremonies, for a public reception, for a pyrotechnical display at night.

There were, moreover, the great yearly events, the fair of the Ascension, the long carnival season, and the wedding of the Doge and the Sea, when the Bucentaur, an immense, lavishly overdecorated, sculptured, gilded and draped man-of-war, was rowed down the Grand Canal by a hundred men, amidst the plaudits of the crowds, strains of music and the thunder of artillery. During these weeks, the lowest might take advantage of the general custom of wearing a mask, the white beaked mask, known as the *bauta*, to seek adventure in the crowded places, in the narrow tortuous *calli* or in curtained gondolas that slipped romantically over moonlit canals between rows of marble palaces.

The great passions of Venice were love and gambling, carried on to the accompaniment of the lesser amusements. Everywhere gambling was rife—at home, in the streets, in the cafés, in the *Ridotto* where only the nobility were privileged to hold the bank and in the private *casini*, special and luxuriously appointed apartments where gambling and love held full sway.

Music reigned in the theaters, on the canals, in the churches, even in the orphan asylums. The parlors of the nunneries were turned into salons where parents, friends, lovers formed noisy social gatherings, where scandal flourished and fashion reigned.

Fourteen theaters played uninterruptedly from October to May. From the boxes of the wealthy descended a steady shower of orange peel while in the pit the rowdy commoners applauded, whistled, hissed vociferously. The theater was in a constant uproar. Disputes over the talent of an actress, the voice of a singer, the worth of a play split the audience into camps, and after the performance the whole city took sides and discussions arose in the cafés, the *casini* and even in the ducal palace.

If the occasion did not warrant going abroad, the rich met in beautiful salons, hung with tinted or brocaded silks, gracefully furnished with delicate gilt or inlaid furniture, and lighted by many tapers

that brought out the sparkle of the colorful Murano glasses. The eternal round of music, dancing, gambling and eating was relieved by spirited conversation. The ladies discussed the arrival of a Parisian mannequin bringing the newest styles. Fashion was lord in Venice, of men as well as women. Clothes, jewelry, laces and coiffures, with the arts and latest scandals, were the chief topics of conversation. And the arts were largely founded on scandal.

In summer these delights were moved to the countryside whither wealthy and poor emigrated. The nobility possessed beautifully landscaped estates where festivities were the order every night. Uninvited guests were always welcome, and rascals and swindlers were often among them.

Everywhere throughout Europe one could find gayety and the same relaxation in morality. It is the eighteenth century, the century of gallantry. The philanderer is enthroned. No period for a grand passion, but it is the time for artistic courting, flattery, bows and compliments, dainty verses and piquant stories. A smile, and love holds sway; a lift of the eyebrow, and cupid is forgotten. It is a pastime. Life, itself, is a *fête galante.*

Into this time of gayety, into this *fête galante,* was born Giacomo Casanova. He should have been born a prince, he might then have given history a new model for royalty; as it was, he was sprung of a humble actor's family, though later in life he found the opportunity and perhaps the imagination to give himself a shining if dubious genealogy, of which the following is a résumé.

In 1428, Don Jacob Casanova, of Saragossa, Spain, the illegitimate son of Don Francisco, abducted Dona Anna Palafox from her convent on the very day after she had taken her vows. He fled with her to Rome where, after she had languished in prison for a year, Pope Martin III relieved her of her vows, at the instigation of Don Jacob's uncle, Juan Casanova, who was major-domo of the Vatican.

The only surviving son of this marriage, having killed an officer of the King of Naples, was compelled to leave Rome. He took refuge with his wife and child in Como, but soon went off to seek his fortune, and died on a voyage with Christopher Columbus in the year 1493.

His child Marcus Antonius grew up to be a well-known poet in the style of Martial. He was at one time secretary to Cardinal Pompeo Colonna at Rome, but having composed a satire against Julius of Medici, he was obliged to leave Rome and return to Como, where he married Abondia Rezzonica.

This same Julius of Medici, upon being elected Pope, pardoned the poet and had him return to Rome with his wife and child. When in 1526 the city was pillaged by the Imperialists, the soldiers of Charles V despoiled him and left him to die of the plague.

His posthumous son became a Colonel in the Farnese army, and died at an advanced age in France, leaving a son in Parma, who married Theresa Conti and who in turn left a son Jacques to marry Anna Roli. Of the two sons, offsprings of this marriage, one left Parma in 1712 and never returned. The other, Gaetan-Joseph-Jacques, also left the family in 1715, when he was nineteen, smitten with the charm of an actress named Fragoletta—that is, Little Strawberry.

Amorous, but without means, Gaetan determined to earn his living by the use of his body. He took up dancing and five years later went on the stage, but it was his conduct rather than his talents that earned him a reputation.

Whether out of fickleness or jealousy, he left Fragoletta and went to Venice with a troupe of actors who were then performing at the theater of Saint-Samuel. Across from the house where he boarded, there lived a shoe-maker and his wife and their only daughter, Zanetta, a perfect beauty, sixteen years of age. The bourgeois parents held actors in abhorrence, but to Zanetta, Gaetan proved irresistible. Their elopement caused her mother to give loud vent to her anguish, while her father actually died of sorrow and disgust.

Thirteen months later, to be precise on April 2, 1725, Giacomo Girolamo, the future Chevalier de Seingalt was born. His parentage is not totally undisputed. He himself was willing to call himself the bastard of Michel Grimani. The Grimanis owned the theater where Zanetta's husband played, and it is possible that as directors they exercised a kind of theatrical *droit de seigneur*.

Zanetta became an actress and with her husband left Venice for London a year after Giacomo was born. It was in the English capital that the second son, François, was born, on the first of June, 1727.

And here again there is historical rumor of a disputed parentage, for in a catalog of the paintings of the Louvre museum, where François' work is represented, there is a remark to the effect that he was the fruit of a relation between Zanetta and the Prince of Wales who later became George II.

Zanetta had other lovers, but they came after the death of her husband, who had left her with six children. It proved fortunate, then, that she had gone on the stage. She became a member of Joseph Imer's famous troupe, and went to Verona, where Goldoni, the celebrated playwright, wrote *La Pupilla* expressly for her, upon the wish of an admiring director. She went to Russia and subsequently to Dresden where she died at an advanced age. Goldoni had described her as a "beautiful and capable widow," but later a German critic said of her: "She is forty. Her body is big and heavy and her face appears aged even from a distance. Her hoarse voice would seem to suggest for her the rôle of a feminine demon rather than an amorous young girl."

CHAPTER II

Education in Love and Latin—May the Jews Be Permitted to Build New Synagogues?

GIACOMO stood in the corner and watched the blood flow from his nose. He was eight and a half years old and as yet could scarcely speak. Neither his father nor his mother ever addressed a word to him. No one believed that he would live very long.

His grandmother Marzia, who after her husband's death had come to live with her daughter Zanetta, was the only one who took care of him. She came to his corner and washed his face with fresh water. Then she took him by the hand and secretly led him to a celebrated witch, an old hag who sat on a low stool surrounded by six black cats. Upon receipt of a ducat, this woman undertook to cure the lad. She told him not to be frightened, put him into a chest and closed the lid. His senses were too dull to do anything but note the noises that penetrated from the outside into his dark trunk. He was not frightened nor did he move in any manner. He heard laughter, weeping, singing. He held his handkerchief to his nose to catch the flow of blood.

When he was removed from the trunk his nosebleed stopped. The old lady undressed him, put him to bed, burnt drugs before him and made him breathe the fumes. Finally she gave him five sugarplums, rubbed his temples and the nape of his neck with a sweet-smelling unguent and declared that he would steadily improve, provided he never whispered a word of these mysteries. She announced, too, that he would receive the visit of a charming lady that night and that his happiness depended on his keeping the matter a secret.

That evening he fell asleep at once, without recalling the witch's words. Several hours later, however, he awoke and saw—or perhaps

only fancied that he saw—a dazzling woman step down from the chimney. She had on a hoop-skirt, was draped in a magnificent wrap, and wore on her head a crown encrusted with precious stones which seemed to be sparkling with fire. She advanced slowly, with an air at once majestic and kind, and seated herself on his bed; then, taking from her pocket some small boxes, she emptied the contents on his head, mumbling all the while. She made him a long speech of which he could not understand a word and, having kissed him, retired by the chimney through which she had come. Little Giacomo fell asleep again and did not wake until his grandmother came to dress him in the morning.

As soon as she appeared at his bed she warned him on pain of death not to speak of what had happened during the night. This was sufficient to engrave the event forever on the young mind that had hitherto been blank, and was now for the first time awakening to its functions. Every day, from that night on, his hemorrhages grew less and less, until eventually they ceased altogether.

Casanova rapidly improved in mind. In a single month he learned how to read. But his health was still far from perfect, and after his father's death it was decided that a change of air would do him good. Thus it was that in 1734, at the age of nine, little Giacomo went to school in Padua.

One Baffo, an erotic poet whose fame is due more to the activities of the censors than to his literary skill, and M. Grimani, owner of Zanetta's theater, took charge of Giacomo on the journey to Padua. On this trip an event occurred that is so perfect and so typically eighteenth-century as to be almost incredible. Zanetta and her son and the two obliging friends were traveling over-night on a *burchiello*, a species of houseboat. In the morning Casanova awoke when his mother opened a window in the cabin, and the sun came in and struck his eyes. The motion of the boat on the river was so gentle that he could not perceive it. Through the open window he could not see the ground, for his bed was too low. In great astonishment he gazed at the trees which lined the banks of the river and saw them slip past one after the other.

"Ah, Mother, dear," he exclaimed, "look! The trees are moving!"

At that moment the two gentlemen came in and seeing Giacomo's stupefied air asked him what was troubling him. "How is it," he asked, "that the trees are moving?"

The two men laughed, while his mother sighed and said with pity in her voice: "It's the boat that is moving and not the trees. Come, dress yourself."

At once the reason for this phenomenon appeared to him in all its clarity and his nascent reasoning faculties forged ahead. "It is possible then," he declared, "that the sun doesn't move either, and that on the contrary it is we who move from the west to the east."

His mother at once bewailed his stupidity. M. Grimani shook his head sadly, and little Giacomo was on the verge of tears. At this point M. Baffo spoke up and saved Casanova's budding genius from extermination beneath stolid ignorance and superstition: "You are quite right, my child. The sun does not move. Be brave, reason always straight to conclusions, and let laugh who will." This, Casanova says, was the first pleasure of his life. Had not M. Baffo interfered, he would have timidly accepted the condemnation of his mother and M. Grimani, and his solitary old age would not have been comforted by the memory of this incident as his first moment of self-confidence.

The boarding house where Casanova was placed in Padua was run by an old Sclavonian woman who looked like a battle-scarred veteran. The house itself was filthy. The meals were of the cheapest food, served in the scantiest portions. On the beds the sheets had not been changed for months, and insects and vermin abounded. Rats scurried about and boldly climbed over Casanova's bed. In the morning he complained of the dirt and the pests. The other boys mocked him. He wept for mortification.

Six months he lived in this misery. The change of climate and the altered conditions had aroused a new sensation of health. But this health and his rapid bodily growth only made him suffer the more, for he was constantly tormented by insupportable pangs of hunger. At night, despite the insects, he slept like a log, untroubled except by a persistent dream of endless tables groaning beneath an abundance of fruits, viands and succulent dishes. To satisfy the cravings

of his churning belly he would rise in the dark and steal dry herrings and sausages from the pantry, and early in the morning he would secretly go hunting for eggs in the barnyard.

In these six months he learned to suffer with patience. In school he was wide-awake and intelligent, and grasped so readily that he was soon at the head of the class. He assisted the teacher in the correction of papers, and exploited the opportunity to take bribes of cutlets and roasted chickens in return for raising marks.

Doctor Gozzi, the master, who liked Giacomo in spite of his tricks, managed to have him brought to live at his own house. Doctor Gozzi was a young and kind clergyman who prided himself on his sermons. Little Casanova was evidently big Casanova in miniature, for, if we are to believe him, he disputed with his master. The latter's favorite subject on Sundays was the sin of the flesh, and that and his voice and his figure were enough to attract a large audience—of women, whom he hated so much that during his lecture he spoke with averted face. Is it not rather astonishing that at ten the little beardless Giacomo should declare that the sins of the flesh could be nothing but peccadilloes? Less surprising is his apt criticism of his master's habit of interlarding his sermon with Greek quotations, which he always took care to translate into Latin. When Casanova objected that he should not render them into Latin, but into Italian, since to his congregation of women Latin was as incomprehensible as Greek, the good doctor grew so angry that Casanova promised himself not to cross him any further. For Doctor Gozzi was really kind to him, paid especial attention to his needs and boasted everywhere that Casanova was a prodigy, for he had managed to learn Greek all by himself with only the aid of a grammar.*

* Whether Casanova knew Greek or not is not an unimportant question, for we have already mentioned that he translated Homer's Iliad, and now we have seen that he possessed a phenomenal language-instinct, for he learned Greek by himself with but the aid of a grammar. What then shall we say of an unpublished volume of the Iliad translated into the Venetian dialect, in the preface of which he boasts that: "I know no Greek whatsoever, so that this translation is the copy of a copy, a portrait painted from six others." This would accord more with observation, for though the Memoirs are full of Latin, Greek is noticeably absent. Then the translation of the Iliad into Italian verse, which, incomplete in three volumes, was published for a list of subscribers, including counts, chamberlains, prelates, diplomats and other wealthy patrons, was done from a "pony"? What a swindle! But that would seem to be the most admissible conclusion.

In preparation for his eventual religious profession, Casanova's grandmother had dressed him as a little abbé, though he was but eleven years old. Once when his mother was about to leave for Saint Petersburg, Casanova was called back to Venice to say good-by to her. Doctor Gozzi accompanied his pupil.

The first thing that shocked Casanova's mother was her son's blond wig, which was in violent contrast to his dark skin and his black eyes and lashes. She asked the doctor why he didn't have her son's hair combed, and he, with shy and averted eyes, blushingly admitted that thus it was easier for his sister to keep Giacomo clean and free from parasites. Zanetta asked if this was a married sister, and Casanova hastily interjected that Bettine was the prettiest girl in the quarter and but fourteen years old. Whereupon everyone burst into loud guffaws of laughter. Zanetta declared that she would reward Bettine handsomely if she would take care of Giacomo's hair.

Thereafter Bettine came every morning to Casanova's bedside and combed his hair before he arose to dress. She also fell into the habit of washing his face, neck and chest, an operation that she accompanied with little childish and innocent caresses. Casanova loved her but did not dare reveal his passion, for he felt that her interest in him could not be serious in view of his youth. And he was timid, too.

Bettine, less inexperienced, took the initiative, and Giacomo responded with precocious ardor. Yet the youthful passion, thanks to the rivalry of a fellow student and the rashness of Casanova's own jealousy, came to nothing; and thus his first affair remained innocent.

His amorous precocity manifested itself again when he was twelve years old. His mother was about to leave for Dresden, where the Elector had engaged her for his theater, and Doctor Gozzi took Giacomo to Venice. There the good Doctor and his charge went to the theater together. A little girl of about eight years danced a minuet so gracefully that the house went wild, and Casanova lost his heart to her.

This little girl was she who subsequently became the celebrated la Denis. Casanova was so charmed that he could not resist going to her dressing-room in order to compliment her. He was then wearing the frock of an abbé, and she was quite surprised when her father

ordered her to kiss her clerical admirer. She nevertheless acquitted herself gracefully. Casanova, on the contrary, received her embrace most awkwardly, but his delight was such that without hesitation he selected a ring from a tray of jewelry held out by an old woman who had been waiting there to display her wares. La petite Denis received his gift with evident pleasure and was moved by gratitude to kiss him again with all her heart.

The episode is amusing because the sequin which the ring had cost Giacomo belonged to Doctor Gozzi, and it was not surprising that when Giacomo returned to his loge his face bore a rather pitiful expression, for despite his love for the little virtuosa he knew that he had committed a gross stupidity, not only in spending money which did not belong to him but also in getting for it nothing more than a kiss.

Knowing that on the morrow he would be asked to account for the money, he spent a night cudgelling his brain to devise some plan to secure another sequin or to describe his loss so as to render it excusable. But the next day everything had to be revealed, for the old jewelry woman appeared at the house when all were dining and exhibited her tray of trinkets. Everyone found her prices too high, whereupon she declared that the pretty little abbé, pointing to Giacomo, had not found his ring too expensive. At once the cross-examination began.

Poor Giacomo was on hot coals, but amid a shower of cruel bantering questions flung by the amused guests, he had to confess his affair. He thought to end this torture by declaring that it was all the fault of love that had made him lose his good judgment. At that statement the whole company burst out into uncontrollable mirth. With tears in his eyes Giacomo swore that it would never happen again, whereupon the laughter redoubled. Casanova wished he could sink through the floor. He promised himself solemnly that never again would he so much as look at a girl.

Casanova now had learned all that Gozzi knew: his Latin, a little violin-playing, the Peripatetic philosophy and the Ptolemaic system of astronomy. Little Casanova was able to ask pertinent questions concerning these theories, and when Gozzi could not answer them

the boy took to mocking him. Good Doctor Gozzi was a strong believer. All that he had considered as true in his own childhood, whether in religion or in the humanities, he still continued to teach: that the deluge had been universal; that, previous to this catastrophe, men lived a thousand years and God himself spoke to them; that Noah employed a hundred years to construct his ark, and that the earth, floating in the air, was the center of the universe which God had created out of nothing. Casanova rebelled, as in every age scholars rebel against teachers.

He entered the University of Padua in 1737 and applied himself with some vigor to his new studies, but there were other things that he learned. Now that it was necessary for him to leave Gozzi's house and go to hear lectures, he found himself free for the first time in his life. It did not take him long to seek the most notorious students, the gamblers, the whoremongers, the drunkards, the seducers, for his friends. It was in the company of such boys that Casanova began to learn life.

He learned all there was to be studied in the streets among evil companions, but he did not fall into the clutches of prostitutes. He did, however, fall into debt, for there were some of his companions who had more money than he, and Casanova, unable to let himself be outdistanced, pawned or sold his possessions. Soon he was in such hot water that he wrote to his dear grandmother asking for help. Instead of sending him money, she came herself and prepared to take him away from Padua.

Bettine cried, and Doctor Gozzi, with tears in his eyes, gave him the most precious thing he possessed, a relic, which, if it had not been set in gold, Casanova would have kept forever. As it was, it really proved to be a miraculous gift, so he informs us, for its sale saved him on a dire occasion.

He continued his studies in Venice. "He has just come from the University of Padua," was the formula with which fifteen-year-old Casanova was presented. His equals in age and station looked at him taciturnly, he was congratulated by the men and fondled by the ladies. Being in the parish of Saint Samuel—his mother had played at the Saint-Samuel Theater—it was not unnatural that he should

be attached to the church of that parish. Tosello, the priest, took him in. The patriarch of Venice gave him the tonsure and conferred upon him the four minor orders.

Casanova lived with his brother François on the *calle del Commedia*, where his father had died and for which his mother, in spite of her absence in Dresden, still paid the rent. His sister and his youngest brother, the posthumous Gaetan, lived with the grandmother in the house in the *calle del Monache*.

The Abbé Grimani was still his rightful protector, but Casanova attached himself particularly to M. de Malipiero, who liked him for his healthy appetite and good looks.

Casanova's superior, the priest Tosello, soon quarreled with his abbé over his too carefully groomed appearance. He disapproved of the lad's elaborate hair-dress and the delicate odor of his pommade. But Giacomo was now traveling in the best society and was intent upon cutting a fine figure.

"Anathema to the cleric who permits his hair to grow," Tosello quoted to him and upbraided him for his use of powder and perfume.

"If I had preferences for filth and grime," Casanova declared, "I would have become a monk and not an abbé."

This quarrel took a serious turn when the priest, one early morning, cut off the sleeping lad's bangs. François, who wore a wig, saw the deed, but made no move to prevent it, being rather jealously pleased. Casanova vowed vengeance against the priest and in fact had a lawyer institute proceedings; but M. de Malipiero stepped in with his own barber, who concealed the damage so skilfully that Casanova thought himself sufficiently revenged by appearing before the priest with a coiffure elaborate enough to merit excommunication.

For a time Casanova was bent on joining another church, but he abandoned this plan when M. de Malipiero selected him to deliver the Christmas panegyric. Tosello was forced to consent and insisted only that the oration be submitted to his ecclesiastical censorship.

Casanova was thrilled. In his dreams he saw himself as the most famous preacher of the century. What was to prevent him from rising to such heights? He had a fine resonant voice, his presence was compelling, his gestures were both strong and graceful. As for his

ability to compose a sermon—why, in a flash he had written one that he remained proud of to his dying day. True, he had taken his theme from Horace instead of from the Bible, and Tosello at once rejected it as rank heresy. Again Malipiero healed the breach by proposing that the panegyric be accepted and a new text found. Tosello thereupon took one from the Scriptures, which was at least holy even if it did not fit the subject.

A select audience received Casanova's oration with vociferous applause and the bag wherein the congregation deposited their offerings to the preacher was found to contain more than fifty sequins and a number of love-letters. Nothing more was needed to convince him that he had found his vocation.

Soon he was offered another opportunity. He composed a panegyric on Saint Joseph. Being "young and presumptuous" he did not believe it necessary to learn it by heart for, having himself written it, he could not imagine that he could altogether forget it. But on the appointed day, having dined a little too well and drunk a bit too copiously, he mounted the pulpit with his stomach full and his head rather light. He finished his exordium very well and entered into the main portion of his speech, but hardly had he spoken the first few sentences when he realized that he was lost. He went ahead nevertheless, saying anything that came to his mind, trying to gather his wits. The growing murmur that arose in the audience completed his discomfiture. He saw some people rise to leave and thought he heard subdued laughter. He lost all hope and either fainted or else precipitated himself against the wall in a frantic desire to annihiliate himself. Two clerics carried him into the sacristy.

Meanwhile he had been pursuing those predilections which he had discovered with Bettine. He was guest at the country estate of the Countess of Mont Real. Lucie da Paesano was the daughter of the gatekeeper. She came every morning to his room—which opened on the garden—to serve him breakfast, and she fell into the habit of lying in bed with him because of the chilly exposure of the apartment.

"Don't you realize the risk you are running?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered, "but I know that you are an abbé and well-behaved."

Her confidence was her protection, for he was ashamed to undeceive her. The situation soon irritated him to the point where he had to confess that he could not sustain her presence. She wept—and joined him in ardors as indiscreet as they were inconclusive. When, at the end of the country season, he left for Venice, she, craving a more satisfying excitement, fell an easy prey to the first seducer. When he heard of her fate from her frantic parents, he vehemently blamed himself for "cheating nature and love," and swore thereafter to be honest in love.

A double opportunity to practise his new honesty now presented itself. Casanova was in love with Angela, but Angela was prudish. She was unwilling to respond even in the cautious manner of Bettine and Lucie, and Casanova, repulsed, took his troubles to her pretty friends, Nanette and Marton.

They were orphaned sisters living with their aunt, Madame Orio, in whose home they were allotted the top floor. Thither Casanova entered by means of a little trick. Through Malipiero, he assisted Madame Orio to obtain a pension, and for his services was invited to dine with them whenever he pleased. After dinner he would excuse himself. Then either Nanette or Marton accompanied him downstairs with a light. The door slammed, Nanette returned to her aunt with the candle, while Casanova, in the dark, crept up the stairway to the third floor, where he waited for his charming friends.

At first Angela came to these meetings. She was Tosello's niece, but she had permission to sleep with her two girl friends. It was really to see her that Casanova came, but she was consistently obdurate. The night was one long discussion, which dawn ended without solution. One night Angela did not appear. Then Casanova complained bitterly of her cruelty, and the two orphan sisters wept with him. Casanova appreciated their sympathy. He kissed them gratefully; then he kissed them tenderly; then he kissed them lovingly and at last passionately. By morning he had conquered them and had maintained at least his integrity.

In 1742, at the age of seventeen, Casanova returned to Padua to be examined for his doctorate in jurisprudence. His thesis in civil law

was *De Testamentis;* in canonical law he wrote on *Utrum Hebraii possunt construere novas synagogas*—that is: "whether the Hebrews may build new synagogues." There is no evidence beyond his own statement in the Memoirs that he received the degree, or that he applied for it, but several entries discovered by Bruno Brunelli in 1923 in the records of the University prove that Casanova studied there at least till 1739. Unfortunately, the certificates of the Venetian College of Law, where he would have had to present himself to receive his diploma, are incomplete. But there is no great occasion to challenge his word here, for at least he was capable of telling the truth.

CHAPTER III

Imprisoned at Fort Saint-Andrew

MARZIA FARUSSO, Casanova's kind grandmother, died early in 1743, after a lingering illness during which Casanova abandoned all his affairs in order to devote himself to her. A month after her death he received a letter from his mother, whose fortunes in Dresden and Warsaw were prospering. Since she did not consider her return to Venice likely for some time, she had decided to give up her house there, and she had so informed the Abbé Grimani, who was willing to take charge of the future of her son.

Since the rent was paid until the end of the year, Casanova stayed on in his house. Knowing that all the furniture was to be sold, he gradually disposed of most of the contents of the house, beginning with the more useless tapestries and porcelains and finally attacking beds and linens.

Four months later he received another letter from his mother: "I was able to help a holy and wise monk of the reformed order of Franciscans in his efforts to be appointed Bishop of Martirano, and in return he has promised to take charge of you. He will be able to put you in the way of the highest rewards of the Church. You can imagine what my joy will be if twenty or thirty years from now I can have the happiness of seeing you, too, Bishop. Abbé Grimani will take care of you until the Bishop reaches Venice, which will be within six months."

The Bishop enclosed a letter in Latin, repeating all that Zanetta had said. Casanova replied to both letters, while his head whirled. Good-by, Venice! Casanova at the age of eighteen was off to the highest positions in the Church. Farewell, vanities, women and song! Casanova was off to a future that was to be solid and impos-

ing. . . . It was too bad that he began his new ecclesiastical career by an incident that was slightly reprehensible. M. de Malipiero, despite his age, was violently in love with a young girl, Theresa, daughter of the famous director Imer, and he was paying for her education in music and dancing. His money, however, did not advance his suit. Theresa was more inclined to favor Casanova. One day they were so engrossed in each other that they did not hear the old man's approach until his cane came whistling through the air . . . But the loss of Malipiero's lucrative friendship faded in the light of Casanova's new prospect; was drowned in the din of compliments that resounded on all sides.

One day a swarthy, officious fellow in a black wig, a scarlet-coated person of about forty years, appeared at Casanova's house with an order from M. Grimani, and demanded that the furniture be turned over to him. He carried an inventory and carefully checked off the contents of the house. His haughty demeanor, his impertinent inquiries as to what had become of the missing pieces, angered Casanova, and he turned the fellow out of the house.

Giacomo hastened to Grimani, but the intruder was already there. Grimani, siding with him, called Casanova a swindler and insisted upon a complete accounting.

Casanova, red with rage, ran to a Jew, intent upon selling the rest of the furniture, but when he came to his house he found a bailiff who served him with a writ, upon the order of Antonio Razzetta. The house was under seal.

Antonio Razzetta must be the dark impudent fellow, Casanova decided and promised himself not to forget it. He hastened to an acquaintance, a lawyer, and the latter declared that Razzetta was acting illegally and the seal would be removed on the morrow. Then, since Casanova could not go to his own room, he went to pass the night with Nanette and Marton.

The next day Casanova found that the seals had really been removed and he was able once again to occupy his room. Razzetta did not appear to defend his actions, whereupon an order for his arrest was sent out. Grimani at once summoned Casanova and agreed to

give him a decent room in one of his houses if Giacomo would stop his actions against Razzetta.

Casanova consented very cheerfully, for in the house proposed by Grimani lived a dancer named Tintoretta, who, though neither ugly nor pretty, was famed for her wit. Zanetta heard of the new arrangements and objected to them. "It would be shameful," she wrote to Grimani, "if the Bishop on his arrival at Venice found my son lodged with a dancer."

The Priest Tosello and the Abbé Grimani thereupon decided that nothing would be quite so fitting as for the Bishop to discover Casanova lodged in a seminary. Casanova was willing. He was dressed as a seminarist, and taken to the Saint-Cyprian institution in near-by Murano.

Before he left Venice he went to spend a last night with Nanette and Marton and the hours passed in tears and laughter. He took care, before his departure, to deposit all his papers—early memoranda, comments and descriptions, which he preserved and enlarged throughout his life—in an immense bundle with Madame Manzoni, a middle-aged and respectable woman. She laughed when she heard that he was entering a seminary.

"You will not stay there a month," she declared.

"I beg your pardon, Madame, but I am really pleased at the prospect of going there, and I intend to remain there until the Bishop fetches me."

"You do not know yourself, Giacomo, and you do not know the Bishop, either. And I am sure that you won't stay with him."

Madame Manzoni proved to be inspired in her prediction that Casanova would not stay a month in the seminary. At the outset Casanova determined to be slyly rebellious, for the Rector began by assuming that his new pupil had been sent to school to restrain him from reprehensible conduct. Casanova saw through him when he first praised the charming and gay existence led by the students and then added: "and it will only be for six months, you know."

Again Giacomo was displeased to hear that, although a doctor *in utroque juris*, he would nevertheless have to pass an examination if he wished to enter the higher classes. Whereupon he purposely com-

mitted so many solecisms that he was put in the grammar grades among the little boys, and they of course made fun of the big gawky Giacomo, who, though only seventeen, had already attained his full height of over six feet.

Casanova enjoyed this situation. The recreation hour was especially agreeable, for his dormitory comrades were all at least "in philosophy," and as they strolled about discussing their sublime theses, they deigned to cast an occasional glance of kind pity on the poor overgrown fool, and smiled to see him listen so attentively to their arguments, which must surely be enigmas to him.

One day, however, Casanova's former professor of physics, Father Barbarigo, came from Venice to see his friend the Rector, and, spying Giacomo in the court, called to him and asked him what science he was studying. Grammar, Casanova answered, and Father Barbarigo looked at him quizzically. Surely he was jesting. At that moment the Rector arrived and Casanova excused himself.—An hour later the Rector called for him.

"Why did you make believe you were ignorant, on the examination?" he asked.

"Why," Casanova queried, "did you unjustly force me, a doctor in law, to submit to the insult of an examination?"

Rather testily the Rector took Casanova into the class of dogmatics. In the afternoon, during recreation, his comrades all gathered around him and heard the tale in which the Rector cut such a sorry figure. It brought him many friends; in particular there was a talented handsome boy of fifteen, in whose company Casanova now spent all his spare time, discussing Ariosto, whom they preferred to Tasso, and taking great delight in the odes of Horace and Petrarch's sonnets to Laura.

But Casanova's triumph was of short duration. Soon a scandal occurred in the dormitory, and Giacomo, suspected of complicity, was put into a cell and remained there four days, until his former superior, the priest Tosello, took him back to Venice.

Casanova took off his seminarist uniform, donned his abandoned abbé's costume and went to dine with Madame Manzoni, who laughed to see her prophecy so promptly fulfilled.

After a night with Nanette and Marton Casanova walked out intending to go to dine again with Madame Manzoni. But a soldier accosted him and, pointing to a gondola, said that there was someone there who wished to speak with him. "Then let him come here and have his say," Casanova replied; but the soldier very quietly insisted that he had a companion who would help him use force, if necessary, to compel Casanova to enter the gondola. It was not the moment for a display of bravery that might have attracted crowds and borne humiliating results. He entered the gondola. The curtain was pulled aside . . . there sat Razzetta and an officer. Now Casanova recognized M. Grimani's gondola. They went down toward the Lido and in half an hour reached the little fortress of Saint-Andrew, at the very spot where annually, on the day of the Ascension, the Doge comes in the Bucentaur to wed the Adriatic.

Casanova spent a bad night in the guard-house, among a troop of Sclavonian soldiers who smelled to high heaven of garlic and vile tobacco. In the morning Major Pelodoro, the Governor, came and apologized for having had to obey an order that was transmitted directly from the *Savio alla Scrittura* of Venice. "Now, however, Sir Abbé, my only duty is to keep you under arrest. Consider the whole fortress, then, as your prison. You will find your trunk in a comfortable room. Go wherever you please, remembering only that if you escape you involve my life. The government allows you only ten pennies a day, I regret to inform you, but if you have friends in Venice, do not hesitate to write to them. I myself shall answer for the safe delivery of your letters."

Casanova was conducted to his room on the first floor, a wide and spacious chamber with two large windows opening upon a superb view. A Sclavonian soldier came and declared that he would serve Casanova, the latter to pay him whenever he was able to do so. Giacomo at once ordered a plate of soup, which proved to be excellent, and then fell asleep and slept full ten hours very soundly. When he awoke he found an invitation to supper from the Major. He proceeded at once to the latter's quarters, found there a charming gathering, and began to realize that a seminary full of monks could not equal the pleasant fortress of Saint-Andrew.

Towards the middle of June the heat became very great and Casanova felt obliged to write to M. Grimani begging the latter to send him his two light summer suits which were in such and such a place, if Razzetta had not sold them.

Razzetta, accompanied by Petrillo (Pietro Mira), who had made a fortune in Russia as Czarina Anna's buffoon, came, a week later, and in the presence of the Major handed Casanova a package.

"Here are your rags," he said.

"Some day," Casanova retorted, "I shall have the honor of bringing you a *rigano*." Razzetta, in a fury, raised his cane. The Major came to Casanova's rescue. Did Razzetta wish to spend a night in the guard-house?

Whereupon Petrillo spoke up:

"Too bad you can't be in Venice now. I would like someone to be my guide on a wild night. You must know many good places."

"Are you looking for your wife?" Casanova asked. Petrillo contented himself with a remark to the effect that he had studied physiognomy and had no doubt that Casanova was born to be hanged.

Giacomo trembled with rage. A battle was imminent, but the Major contrived to separate the parties. Casanova vowed he'd be revenged.

The fortress was really a small island. The first step, therefore, was to find a boatman whom he could trust. He chose a pleasant-looking fellow from among those who came each day with provisions and a sequin finished the deal.

Having determined on little short of murder, Casanova prepared a strong alibi. On the day preceding the night set for his revenge, he was walking in the court with the son of the Adjutant. Suddenly he stumbled and fell. Two soldiers had to carry him to his room and the military surgeon diagnosed a subluxation and ordered him to keep to his bed with a camphorated compress to his ankle. Everyone came to his room to see him and wish him a speedy recovery. At ten they had all left, except the orderly, whom a glass or two of whiskey sufficed to put to sleep.

True to his word, the boatman appeared at nightfall beneath Casanova's window, and his long mast almost reached to the sill, so

that the problem of getting out and into a boat without being seen by the guards was easily solved.

Casanova embarked and directed his sailor to take him to the Sclavonian Quay. He wrapped himself in a heavy seaman's cape, for the weather was blustering, and, effectually disguised, had himself directed to Razzetta's house. Knowing that Razzetta would not be in at that hour, he rang without fear. No, he was told, through the closed door, Razzetta was not in evenings; if anyone wished to see him, they must come in the morning. Casanova sat down near the bridge and watched the street. At midnight Razzetta appeared, walking from the direction of Saint-Paul's Square.

Casanova rose out of his doorway and struck three blows, one on Razzetta's head, the second on the arm and the third on his body. He fell into the canal, crying out loudly: "Casanova!" At once a citizen came out of a nearby house, lifting a lantern to see what had happened. One blow of Casanova's stick caused him to drop the lantern and run as fast as his legs could carry him. Then Casanova ran like a flash across the bridge, jumped into his boat, and the boatman raised sail. It was midnight exactly by the church bells when Casanova entered his room by way of the window, tore off his clothes and jumped into bed. At once he began to howl that he was dying.

His orderly arose and Casanova begged him to fetch the doctor, crying that he was suffering of a terrible pain in his stomach.

The Almoner who slept upstairs, awakened by the noise, found Casanova in convulsions. Others came, bringing their favorite remedies, advice and consolation. After a half-hour of histrionics, Casanova subsided, declaring that he felt much better though weak and exhausted. He begged the company to leave that he might sleep.

The next morning the Major came in before going to Venice and said that without a doubt the colics had been the result of the melon Casanova had eaten the previous eve.

At one o'clock the Major returned.

"I have good news for you," he said laughing. "Last night Razzetta was severely beaten and thrown into a canal."

"Was he killed?"

"No, very fortunately for you, because everyone is convinced that you did it!"

"I'm glad the people believe that. I feel almost revenged. But no one can prove that I did it."

"No, for, as I told the *Savio alla Scrittura,* to whom the complaint had just been brought as I entered his office, the suspicion is absolutely ungrounded despite Razzetta and a citizen who claimed to have recognized you. Did I not myself see you here at midnight in your bed, convulsed with the colics, and what is more, confined because of a sprained ankle?"

"Was Razzetta attacked at midnight?"

"Yes, and if it had not been so, I'm sure I'd concur with the general opinion in believing you guilty. As it is I think you'll have no trouble, though you must expect to be subjected to official examination."

Nothing came of the matter. Casanova could not be implicated. His alibi was waterproof, but that did not fool everyone, some choosing to think him only the cleverer for having devised so perfect an alibi. As for Casanova, he preserved his air of innocence and waited patiently for his release, which came about the middle of August of the year 1743.

So Casanova went back to his angels, Nanette and Marton, who were overjoyed to see him, and sorry to hear that the Bishop of Martirano would soon arrive to take their sweet lover away forever. "This love," he says, "was my first, and taught me nothing of use in the world, for it was completely happy, untouched by the slightest trouble, untarnished by the least selfish interest. All three of us frequently felt the necessity of raising our souls to Providence and thanking the Lord for the immediate protection which He had thrown about us, keeping away from us all accidents that might have troubled our serene contentment."

CHAPTER IV

The Gil Blas of Italy—From Priest to Officer

THE new Bishop of Martirano finally did arrive in Venice late in 1743, and Abbé Grimani presented Casanova to him. The Bishop, a handsome monk, embraced Casanova, calling him his son, and in Latin informed him that although he could not take him along, he would await him in Rome, whence they would proceed together to Martirano in Calabria by way of Naples.

Casanova again took leave of Nanette and Marton and entrusted to Madame Manzoni's care various forbidden books which he had acquired. She prophesied that she would return the books to him within a year, and again she proved to be right.

Casanova had fifty sequins in his purse when he started out in the company of the Venetian ambassador Lezze, and the money and his prospects put him into an excellent mood.

A résumé of the adventures of Casanova on his way to the Bishop of Martirano and of his subsequent checkered career until his return to Venice in 1745, may not show us what actually happened, since historical records for this period are few, but they will demonstrate Casanova's genius in invention. Whether true or not we read with interest how Casanova set out for Rome with fifty sequins. How he first came to Chiozza and met members of the Macaronic Academy. How he ate more macaroni than any member and wrote better verses in praise thereof. How the next day he gambled and lost all his money. How on the next day wishing to regain his wealth and, feeling certain of success, he pawned all his effects for thirty sequins. "Keep at least some change of linen," said the pawnbroker. "No! I'll soon come back for my trunk," Casanova cried, but the honest merchant forced him to accept some shirts, some stockings and some

handkerchiefs. It was well that he did, for Casanova's thirty sequins followed the fifty of the previous day. Crushed, in deep despair, and again beset with a disgraceful illness, Casanova went to bed. But the master of the boat came to announce the sailing, and so Casanova rose, dressed and went on board.

The next day, at Orsara, fortune brought him a beggar friar who understood the art of getting food out of pious women: and it was in the company of this rascal, that Casanova had to travel to fill his belly.

At Veruda, Casanova's precarious condition did not prevent him from visiting the Roman ruins. The next day found him at Ancona where he had to enter the lazar-house and submit to a quarantine of twenty-eight days, because of the pest raging at Messina. The monk had Casanova write eight begging letters full of lies and Latin quotations, and these he took to various pious women of the neighborhood, who, much impressed by the lies and perhaps more by the classical citations, sent daily enough food for six to Casanova and his monk.

When the quarantine had expired, Casanova entered the city. He met there a Father Lazari, who gave him ten sequins to get to the Bishop in Rome.

Casanova took leave of his filthy Franciscan. After a three days' sojourn in Loretta, however, Casanova again met him and they pursued their voyage together until the monk's drunken brutality in a house where they had been invited to supper, led to a fight. Casanova beat him and left him by the wayside. A little later he discovered that he had lost his purse. He was again without resources except for some small change. He had to sleep in the poorest inns and, to add to his misfortune, he had a sprained ankle—an actual one this time—and he had to stay in bed.

Four days later, Casanova was on the point of selling his coat to pay his bills, when in came the monk. "Chi va piano va sano," says the monk. "Come, since you are well, let us set off for Rome, together."

"But I owe twenty paoli!"

The begging-friar went out and soon came back with forty paoli and off they went; only to separate again after another battle when

Casanova discovered that the monk had paid hospitality by robbery.

Finally he reached Rome, accompanied, so he claimed, by a burning will-of-the-wisp, a brilliant pyramidal flame. Was it a sign of God's protection like the pillar of fire that accompanied the Jews in the desert!

Well, the Bishop was not in Rome, but had left word that Casanova's passage to Naples should be paid. Casanova rode on to Naples. The Bishop had gone to Martirano, seventy-two French leagues away, and had left no word for Casanova. He resolved to go on, though he hadn't a penny. A few miles of walking gave him a good appetite. He entered a neat inn and had himself served. Then he took a room and the following morning he went for a walk advising the host to have dinner in readiness against his return.

At noon he found a merchant at the inn who had in his possession four flagons of mercury. Casanova remembered having heard that mercury could be augmented by the addition of lead and bismuth. He mystified the merchant by this trick, convinced him that he, Casanova, was wealthy and engaged on the task of augmenting gold. The merchant was properly impressed and offered two thousand ounces of gold for the secret. Casanova agreed. The merchant paid fifty ounces spot cash and gave a note for the balance, but when he found that he was cheated he declared that he would pay no more. Casanova offered to return the first payment; but as for the note, they would go to court over that, and "everyone would have a good laugh at your expense." That argument impressed the merchant and he was glad to settle the whole case for an additional fifty ounces, and even congratulated himself for having retired his note for two thousand so cheaply.

Casanova, wealthy once more, went on to Martirano. He found the Bishop in a large draughty house, poorly served and unable to satisfy his personal needs out of the meager five hundred ducats a year which his bishopric brought him. He had to share his bed with Casanova.

"Come with me," said Casanova, "leave this poverty-stricken country, and we will make our fortune together."

The Bishop refused, but provided him with letters of introduction. Armed with these Casanova returned to Naples where he met a

wealthy relative, Don Antonio Casanova, and was offered several excellent positions. Nevertheless he was afraid to remain in Naples, for eventually his humble origin must be discovered. Don Antonio furnished him with a magnificent wardrobe and a well-lined purse, and amid tears and promises to return Casanova entered the coach for Rome, with letters for Cardinal Acquaviva. In the coach he saw through his tears a pretty girl, the young wife of an old lawyer. He dried his eyes.

In Rome, he presented his letters to Cardinal Acquaviva and was established as his secretary. A new life began for Casanova. In the cafés he listened to abbés spreading tales of the intrigue and scandal that prevailed in the city. As there was no law against donning the garb of an abbé, anyone who was not a nobleman and wished to command respect, adopted the costume. Stories attacking the justice of the Pope and scurrilous gossip about a Cardinal caused general laughter. There were inflammatory sonnets against the government and a satire that tore a family's honor to pieces. Casanova, too, produced a clever sonnet concerning Frederick of Prussia's conquest of Silesia, wherein Silesia, speaking as a woman, bemoaned the fate that gave her to Frederick.

Casanova soon learned the ways of Rome, to his disadvantage. At first everything went extraordinarily well. He succeeded in a conquest of the lawyer's pretty wife whom he had first met on his way to Rome; and his poetical ability secured him the good graces and the mistress of Cardinal S.C. He even came to the attention of Pope Benedict XIV who granted him special privileges. Unfortunately, however, he became too deeply implicated in a friend's love affair, and the Cardinal advised him to leave.

"In order to stop the gossip, I shall pretend I am sending you on a mission. Tell me where you wish to go and I will provide you with letters."

"Constantinople," said Casanova, without a moment's hesitation.

"What!" exclaimed the Cardinal, taken aback. But he recovered himself and gave Casanova a letter to Osman Pasha, the famous French renegade to Mohammedanism, and Casanova departed.

His immediate destination was Venice, where he intended to embark for the East. On the way he encountered a family of actresses,

one of whom passed as a man. After some vicissitudes, Casanova unmasked and conquered her—with honorable intentions of marriage. But at Pesaro Casanova was arrested because he had lost his passport, and Thérèse, his fiancée, went on to Rimini, where she was to await him.

While he was waiting at Pesaro for another passport from the Cardinal, he chanced upon a horse belonging to a Spanish officer. Casanova had never been on a horse. Moved by a sudden whim, and with no real designs, he mounted the horse. It bolted and did not stop until Casanova rode into Rimini, which was held by the Austrians, then at war with the Spanish. The Commander laughed at Casanova's story, but as a courtesy to the enemy, exiled him from the town.

Casanova went to Bologna and awaited the arrival of his trunks. Fired by the military glory surrounding him, he conceived the notion of dressing up *à la militaire*. Bologna was neutral, and so it was perfectly safe to do himself up as a Spanish officer, in a uniform of resplendent white with a sky-blue vest, a shoulder-bow of gold and silver and a sword-knot to match. He promenaded the streets, carried off his arrogance with a high hand, was announced in the gazette as a courageous deserter who had killed his Captain in a duel, and was immediately a social lion. He went on to Venice, where his splendor and insolence secured for him a good commission in the Venetian service. He spent the month before his departure for Corfu on the way to Constantinople with his angels, Nanette and Marton.

All this fascinating story of Casanova rich, Casanova poor, Casanova on the road to fortune, Casanova in disgrace, now happy in love, now in despair, first abbé, then officer, in one city then in another, always engaged in some new adventure—all this is well enough. But here it becomes necessary to inquire into the truth of the tale.

History is but a fable cleverly disguised, to paraphrase a famous sentence by Voltaire, and who now after a hundred and eighty years shall say how many of these adventures took place? Perhaps Casanova only made mistakes in his dates. We learn from Brockhaus that the manuscript is full of dates that have been crossed out and others

substituted. The new Bishop of Martirano was not appointed until December 16, 1743. How then could Casanova leave him in Martirano and return to Naples by September 16, 1743, as he says he did? That is only one of a number of chronological errors. We have moreover the letters of Bernardo de Bernardis who was the Bishop of Martirano, and these letters never mention Casanova. But on the other hand one or two chance remarks made by Casanova are there surprisingly confirmed. How then can we decide, as some have done, that Casanova invented the whole story? He surely did not have access to de Bernardis' correspondence, still unpublished to this day. And as for surmising with Gugitz that Casanova composed all these adventures to explain his ejection from Martirano and Rome, that is unnecessary, since we know of no reason why he should have been ejected. In the future we shall find that the doors of many cities were closed to him, but where we see no reason to add to the respectable number of such cities, we shall not do so, merely to make of Casanova a worse scoundrel than historical evidence indicates.

Again, the campaigns of the Austrians and Spanish in the War of Succession on the Italian Peninsula were all the subject of innumerable reports from the officers to the Ministers at home, and here we likewise find Casanova in constant error. But it is when we go on to the much disputed Constantinople episodes that all these conflicts between history and Casanova appear in especially bold relief.

CHAPTER V

Turkish Mysteries with a Disquisition on the Stupidity of Servants

"I HOLD that a stupid servant is more dangerous than a malicious one, and is certainly a more grievous burden to his master; for it is possible to take proper precautions against an evil person, but no one can outguess a fool. One can punish a wicked deed, but never a stupidity, unless it be by simply removing the dolt, and then it generally happens that one falls from Scylla to Charybdis.

"This chapter and the two following were finished; they contained in detail what I shall have to write out in broad generalities, for the stupid girl who serves me, took them for her private purposes. She said, to excuse herself, that these papers being used, scribbled upon and full of erasures, she chose them rather than the clean blank sheets, being of the opinion that the latter must be more precious."

Thus Casanova introduces one of the most entertaining sections of his Memoirs, and at the same time one of the most suspect.

Many critics have inferred that Casanova merely shifted the responsibility for the mistakes in these three chapters on to a poor servant girl by giving the reader to understand that in the original version everything was set down accurately and in detail. Did Casanova really expect inquiries? It is quite possible that he did. In fact he says elsewhere that after his death, "my papers will be carefully examined by people who will accord me the fame that my contemporaries refused me." Casanova did have an eye toward the future. He worked for fame. Perhaps, one day, with a prophetic vision of scholars carefully collating his every line, he was suddenly frightened to realize how easily his errors and his lies might be uncovered. And then he composed the little tale of a stupid servant-girl to excuse his mistakes.

Or else it may all be true, and the servant-girl did destroy those sheets and Casanova's memory refused to serve him twice. One fact is in the adventurer's favor. In the Brockhaus Manuscript, these three chapters are actually written on cheaper, thinner paper.

"On the fifth of May, 1744," says Casanova, in effect, "well provided with cash, jewels and clothes, as ensign in the regiment *Bala*, I sailed to join my regiment in Corfu, where I had to wait a month for Veneiro, newly appointed Venetian *bailo* to the Sublime Porte, in whose company I was to sail to Constantinople."

Now, in Corfu was His Excellency Daniele Dolfin, Proveditor General, whose reports to the home office in Venice are still preserved in the Venetian State Archives, and they furnish us with a very accurate check on Casanova's story. Accordingly we find that if Casanova really went to Corfu to wait a month for Vaneiro, then he sailed in May 1745 and not 1744. And further that if he expected to join his regiment *Bala* there, then he sailed far too soon, for not until 1758 was the regiment *Palla* stationed in Corfu. There never was any regiment *Bala*. What kind of a soldier was Casanova, a critic may well ask, if he could not even write the name of his regiment correctly, nor find its quarters? Perhaps the manuscript was poorly transcribed, and so we have *Bala* instead of *Palla*, but that only answers one point.*

However this may be, Casanova, by his own account, spent his time in the café, gambling, and gradually losing every cent he had, earning nothing but the meager satisfaction of hearing himself called a good sport. At his lowest and darkest hour came Veniero with the man-of-war *Europa*, and after eight days of festivities Casanova, given six months' leave, went on board as Veniero's Adjutant.

"Sixteen days of fair winds," Casanova reports in his Memoirs, "and we reached the Dardanelles." Whereas Veneiro in his despatches speaks of the constantly unfavorable weather that prevented them from making the voyage in less than two and a half months.

The day after his arrival in Constantinople, Casanova went to Osman Bacha of Caramania, the former Count Bonneval. This was the

* It has been pointed out that *Bala* is *Palla* in the Venetian dialect, but that still leaves the matter unsolved since the Palla regiment was not at Corfu.

famous military leader, born in 1675 of an old and noble family of France, who, after distinguished service in his own country, quarreled with the Ministers and left to put his sword at the disposal of Austria. He soon became one of Prince Eugene's principal lieutenants. At the battle of Peterwardein he was seriously wounded, covered himself with glory, and was promoted to Field Marshal. He quarreled again and again, was finally court-martialed and spent a year in prison. Shorn of his titles he betook himself to Venice, where he remained for three years; then, fearing extradition he escaped to Turkey, turned Mohammedan and for fourteen years occupied high posts under the Sultan, distinguishing himself by his remarkable astuteness in diplomacy. His manners and his speech were always too free, at any rate for Western Europe, where his reputation, in spite of his conversion, grew almost into a legend. When Casanova saw Bonneval, he was seventy-one years old, a powerful old man, though corpulent and forced by reason of an ancient wound to wear a silver plate strapped to his belly.

Bonneval, so Casanova relates, received him kindly, laughed at the tale of how he, Casanova, had had Cardinal Acquaviva send him to Constantinople on no errand at all and congratulated him for abandoning himself thus to the whims of fate without care or fear. He invited Casanova to dine every Friday and promised to send a janissary for him to protect him from the inhospitable rabble, for at that early date Russia had not yet taught these people to respect the lives of strangers.

"Come," said Bonneval rising, "let me show you my library."

They entered a room lined with cabinets protected by wire netting and curtains. When these were opened, instead of books the eye encountered row upon row of bottles containing the best wines.

"That," said Bonneval, "is my library and my harem too. Being old, women could only shorten my life, whereas wine will keep me healthy—or at any rate happy."

"I suppose Your Excellency has a dispensation from the mufti?"

"Not at all. The Turkish pope has not, by far, so much power as the Roman Pope. He cannot permit anything forbidden by the Koran. But I need fear no authorities. Pious Turks pity libertines, they do not persecute them. There is no inquisition in Turkey. The

only dispensation I asked for, and received, pertained to circumcision; for at my age, you can imagine, such an operation might have been dangerous."

For two hours Bonneval conversed with Casanova. He asked of news of Venice and of his old friends there.

"You are still remembered with pleasure," Casanova declared, "but with some pity for your apostasy."

"I am a Turk just as I was a Christian," Bonneval replied, "I don't know my Koran any more than I ever knew the Gospels. I wear a turban just as any soldier wears his uniform. When I saw myself being reduced to penury by the machinations of my enemies, I was ready for any offer. If the Jews had given me command of fifty thousand men, I'd have besieged Jerusalem for them."

The most interesting figures that Casanova met at Bonneval's Friday dinners were Josouff-Ali and Ismail-Effendi. The first was a wealthy and noble Turk, a philosopher of irreproachable morals; the second was a no less wealthy and noble fellow, but neither philosopher nor moral. In fact, when Casanova went to see him Ismail-Effendi undertook to show Giacomo certain courtesies which offended Casanova, who was far from having any inclinations of the sort. Bonneval informed Casanova that Ismail-Effendi had only wished to show his utter friendliness, and that this little politeness ought not to be misunderstood. Casanova, he said, must cultivate Ismail and not fear any further overtures, for Ismail was indeed a gallant gentleman and had at his disposition the most beautiful slaves of Turkey.

Casanova did indeed cultivate Ismail's friendship and was rewarded by several piquant adventures. On one occasion when the night was merry with music, Ismail expressed the desire to see the Venetian folk dance, the *forlana*, a rapid dance, somewhat like the tarantella. Casanova said that it was impossible to dance the forlana without a musician who knew the music and a partner from Venice who knew the steps. The violinist was soon found. Then Ismail's eunuch led in a beautiful masked woman who danced twelve forlanas with Casanova, and so marvelously well that he was sure she

was Venetian. She proved so to be, and for a moment the two entertained vain hopes of a closer acquaintance.

On another occasion Casanova was invited by Ismail to a midnight fishing party. After they had fished, Ismail and Giacomo went to a certain kiosk, where they locked themselves in a room and bided their time until the inmates of the harem appeared for a moonlight bath—sport of a different kind, though ocular only, as Casanova bemoaned.

With Josouff, Casanova spent his time in a different manner. They spoke as philosophers, discussed the respective merits of Islamism and Christianity and analyzed their emotions. Josouff had objections to a religion which commended chastity as a virtue, punished masturbation as a sin, and left no recourse to a single man but to commit a crime or become a saint against his nature—and die, so Josouff declared, of a disease which continence inevitably produces.

"Your religion," Josouff opined, "is false, for it can never be a universal one."

"Why?"

"Wine and bread are lacking in three-quarters of the globe. Observe that the Koran may be followed everywhere."

The friendship between this wise Turk and Casanova came to such a point that he actually offered to give Casanova his only daughter, Zelmi, a ravishing harem beauty, fifteen years of age, who played the harp, sang, spoke Greek and Italian, and had never been seen by a man. Casanova was to go to Adrianople for a year, learn the Turkish language and religion, and return as Josouff's son-in-law and heir to all his fortune. Casanova refused gently, for he loved the old man and did not wish to hurt him.

The other Venetians of the embassy envied Casanova. They had not been able to make such friends, and, moreover, as Ministers they were barred from too close an association with foreigners. When Casanova told them of his adventures, they congratulated him on his good fortune in having avoided the three months of boredom to which they were condemned.

Three months, Casanova says, though the *bailo's* despatches speak of less than three weeks. The critic Raoul Vèze wants to know in what language Casanova and Ismail and Josouff conversed. Casa-

nova knew only French, Italian and Latin, and at that period it is not likely that he knew any but Italian well enough to hold such philosophic converse as he claims he did.

Gustave Gugitz, an Austrian critic, rejects the whole Constantinople episode as being too full of errors. It was made at Casanova's desk at Dux, he hazards. There is nothing in it that might not have been written without actually going to Turkey, especially by such a clever inventor of tales as Casanova often prides himself on being.

Various other writings of Casanova assign his trip to Constantinople to 1741, 1742, 1743, while the Memoirs give 1744 and history forces us to place them in 1745. If we pardon him his dates, we must still take into account the fact that his picture of eighteenth-century Turkey is not accurate. Josouff and Ismail are typical of those strange people which so populate the novels and romances of the period: the Chinese Sage, the Natural Man, the Noble Savage. The Turks appear in this gallery as exponents of the highest art of sensual enjoyment (Ismail) or as representative of the new tolerant philosophy (Josouff). This latter, says Gugitz, reminds one of a character out of Lessing or Voltaire. Turks of that day did not open their harems to the first-come stranger, especially to such giddy chaps as Casanova. What prevented Casanova, in the quiet of the library at Dux, from making good use of books like Fromaget's *Le Cousin de Mahomet, histoire plus que galante*, Leyden, 1742, and the romanticized life of Bonneval that appeared as early as 1738 under the title of *Anecdotes turques*. Casanova may have gone to Constantinople, but if he did he certainly took great liberties with the actual events. We must note, however, that the character Josouff-Ali is mentioned in other places by Casanova. In the manuscripts left at Dux we find it not less than three times.

Back in Corfu, Casanova continued his turbulent, richly adventurous, colorful existence. His pay as the Adjutant of Da Riva, Governor of the galleasses in Corfu, did not suffice for a man with Casanova's extravagant tastes. He and a partner held a bank in a gambling house and were unusually successful. With plenty of money, Casanova's next desire was a woman. He found her in Da Riva's mistress, a pretty woman, who, in addition to being the Governor's

leman was the wife of an officer in the Venetian navy—a lenient husband designated in the Memoirs as M. F. In this crowd Casanova found only standing room—he became Madame F.'s *cicisbeo*, her *cavaliere servente*, the perfect ladies' man of eighteenth-century Italy. Da Riva could not object to Casanova's assumption of this platonic position, which relieved him of performing all but the most essential services, while Casanova gladly undertook to be Madame's courtly cavalier, certain that at some time or other he would usurp Da Riva's private functions.

While he awaited Madame F.'s capitulation, he encountered some remarkable adventures. He had a servant, La Valeur, a clownish fellow whom he kept in his employ only because the fellow knew a host of bawdy tales and verses, and he had thought to learn from him the French idiom. One day, La Valeur was taken ill with pneumonia, and three days later, in expectation of death, he summoned a priest and left with him a last message, in which he impudently claimed burial as a nobleman, signing himself Prince de la Rochefoucauld.

Casanova, annoyed at being outdone at his own game, discovered, to his astonishment, that La Valeur's pretensions were taken seriously by local society. La Valeur, on the point of death, became the talk of the town; and when it was discovered that he still breathed and, indeed, was on the way to recovery, he became so great a hero that Casanova was eclipsed. This was too much for Giacomo. He sought out the imposter and administered a thorough beating.

But in this he had gone too far. A half-hour later an Adjutant came with an order for Casanova to put himself under arrest on board of *Bastarda*. Casanova said: "Very well," but instead of going to the ship, he went down to the shore, found an empty boat with two oars and rowed out to sea, met a ketch and had himself carried out to a large fishing vessel that was raising sail. At night the Captain wished to return to port, since the weather for fishing was unpropitious, whereupon Casanova paid him to be put off on a small island. It was the first of December and the weather was rather colder than it usually is in those mild regions.

In the morning he explored his island and found only a disagreeable Greek Orthodox Pope who would not even open his door to

him. Then a merchant with his vessel came ashore and Casanova, like every gambler with money in his pockets, bought all the merchandise he might need for a protracted stay, including a handsome gun. For his golden sequins the merchant gave him hundreds of little copper coins, so-called *gazettas*, which weighed his pockets down.

Again he tried the Pope's house, but admittance was still refused. Casanova saw a herd of sheep nearby, loaded his gun, fired, and a sheep fell dead. The shepherd cried out, the Pope yelled "Bandit!" and rang the church bells. Soon the tocsin was ringing all over the island, and down from the hills came crowds of shepherds and peasants armed with guns, pitchforks and clubs. Casanova surprised them by his calm, unwarlike demeanor. He waited until they were close and then began to throw them handful after handful of *gazettas*. When order was reëstablished in the host, their spirit, after this largesse, was more of gratitude than of rage.

A clever fellow came forward. He had once served as a soldier in Italy and spoke the language.

"Why did you kill this sheep?"

"In order to eat it, after paying for it."

"The Pope may now ask as much as a sequin for it."

"Here it is."

Thus everything was settled. The clever fellow became Casanova's bodyguard and was entrusted with the task of finding his master a house, a cook, and of forming a whole regiment who were willing to mount watch day and night for twenty *gazettas* each man.

Here was Casanova, kinglet on the Island of Casopo. Wherever he walked a detachment of his military guard accompanied him. His cook served him with choice woodcock and other delicious dishes. The best wine was on his table. And every night he had a new seamstress in his bed, for he had hired a whole company of them to sew shirts for him. His only enemies were the Pope and the lovers of the seamstresses.

One day the Pope sent him a message. On the next Sunday he would hurl a *cataramonachia*, a dreadful imprecation, at Casanova, who would thereupon die of a slow fever.

Casanova had no faith in curses, but he did fear that the curse

was only a mask to conceal the use of poison. He therefore went to see the Pope.

"The first suspicion of fever, do you hear, and I blow out your brains. Take heed of that. Either find a curse that kills me in a day, or make your testament. Good-by!"

Thereafter, each day, the Pope came to inquire concerning Casanova's health. Once Casanova had a bit of a headache.

"Ah! it is nothing," the Pope hastened to exclaim. "Nothing at all. It's the air here, you know. All strangers feel it at first."

But one day a galleass appeared in the harbor and an Adjutant came ashore. He was promptly taken in charge by the military guard and brought before Casanova.

He was from Corfu and demanded that Casanova return and put himself under arrest.

"Do you know," says Casanova, "that I could defend this island against three thousand soldiers."

"But not against a single traitor, who would blow out your brains for twenty sequins.—Come, be sensible. The affair of the Prince is being squelched. No one knows what happened exactly, but when the Proveditor General received news from Venice, the priest was liberated. And as for the Prince, he disappeared. Come then. You will not remain in prison long, you can be sure."

Such was Casanova's adventure with the false Prince. When he returned he was at the height of his fame in Corfu. He continued to win at cards. Madame F. appeared more and more amiable though she still kept him at a distance. Casanova was the lion of society in Corfu. At the carnival season he promised everyone that they should not lack for theatrical entertainment. He went to Otranto, and found two companies there. One was directed by a certain Battipaglia and the other by a Don Fastidio. Casanova chose Don Fastidio's troupe, brought them to Corfu and throughout the carnival season furnished Corfu with comedies and tragedies and pretty soubrettes.

Then his star began to sink. Mad with a raging passion that Madame F. would not consent to assuage, Casanova went one night to the infamous Melulla, a courtesan from Zante, a rare beauty, who

was at that time the delight of all the libertines of Corfu. When a few days later Madame F. finally signified that she was prepared to give into his entreaties, Casanova discovered he was in no physical condition to accept her favors. He confessed his chagrin to Madame F. She was horrified, and gradually she gave her *cicisbeo* to understand that she did not care for his company. His luck at cards deserted him and to cap his misfortunes the lieutenancy he had been promised was given to the bastard of a Venetian patrician.

"I learned great lessons in Corfu, and often recalled them in my life to draw useful counsel therefrom.

"Before my nocturnal adventure with the miserable Melulla, I was healthy, I was rich, I was lucky in cards, universally liked, and loved by the most beautiful woman in town. When I spoke everyone listened attentively and praised my wit; my sentences were oracles; and in a dispute everyone sided with me. After that fatal meeting, I rapidly lost my health, my money, my credit; good humor, prudence, wit, everything vanished with my money, yea, down to the ability to express myself. I chatted on, but everyone knew that I was miserable and my words no longer made any impression.

"I left without money, after having sold or pawned all I owned that was of any value. I had twice arrived wealthy and twice left poor; but this time I also had debts which I never payed, not because of unwillingness, but out of heedlessness.

"Wealthy and hale, everyone received me with open arms; poor and scrawny, I no longer was welcome. With purse full and a bold bearing, I was considered witty and amusing; with my purse empty and a modest air, all my stories were considered dull and insipid. Had I become rich again, once more I would have been haled as an eighth wonder. O men! O fortune! I was avoided as though my bad luck were pestilential."

And so towards the end of September, Casanova returned to Venice with the fleet under the command of M. Renier.

What mysteries upon mysteries did not the sly and testy librarian of Dux slip into those three chapters that the maid stole for her private purposes?! It would seem impossible for a man to overreach Casanova's art in weaving truth with lie.

One mystery, unimportant upon first thought, but upon second thought perhaps a strong lens that focuses directly on the object, is the little story of the theatrical engagement for the carnival season, of, it must be, the year 1746. We have mentioned that Casanova went to Otranto and found there two directors, Battipaglia and Don Fastidio. But these two names are the names of characters of the Italian stage like the French Harlequin, Pierrot and Columbine. And Don Fastidio's first appearance on the stage is 1746 in Naples, and therefore certainly not 1744, which is Casanova's date for the carnival show; while Battipaglia was not created until after 1750. What curious crotchet in the old literary roué led him to prepare this mystification? He, who is sometimes accurate down to the name of a servant, chooses to employ two stage-names of people who never existed except in the heads of the playwrights Cirillo and Cerlone. Why?—And a further mystery. Casanova claims to have given so and so many performances. His figures are correct for the carnival season of 1744-5, but not for 1745-6. (Carnival season in Italy begins on the 26th of December.) Wily Casanova, says Gugitz, in concocting this passage used a calendar, of course, so that having said 1744 he would be accurate.

When he says he returned with Renier's fleet he at once establishes exact dates recorded in the Venetian archives. But about La Valeur, the false Prince, and the incident of the Island of Casopo, the despatches of Dolfin, Proveditor General, usually so meticulous, completely fail us. Perhaps the Proveditor took care to deal privately with an affair in which he did not come out with any great honor. But again a name like that of Protopope Bulgari, mentioned casually once, is found to be perfectly exact, and yet we cannot say that this Greek Orthodox Bishop of Corfu cut any sort of historical figure that a confectioner of romances would readily find his name in far-off Bohemia.

To add to the confusion are the following facts. Venice once put a spy on the heels of Casanova. The reports of the spy Manuzzi are extant. He says somewhere that Casanova studied legal procedure with the lawyer Leze. Doctor Brunetti found Casanova's signature appended to three legal documents filed by the notary Manzoni, whose wife was such a good prophet. These three documents are

dated 1742, 1744, 1746 respectively, so that in the intervals between these dates Casanova may well have been away in Corfu and Constantinople. But there is still another document that we may arraign against the Memoirs.

When Casanova was exiled from Venice he sought to gain his country's favor by writing an attack upon a historian who mistreated Venice in his work. In his book, addressed to his contemporaries, which Casanova wrote twenty years or more before his Memoirs, and which was to gain him the pardon of the Venetian government, it is certain that he took care not to lie; and there we read of a voyage to the Levant, but not as an officer, only as the protégé of Da Riva, who, we remember, was the accredited lover of Madame F. Shall we say that Casanova was Da Riva's secretary? We know that he was secretary many times in his life. Or shall we say with at least one Casanovist, that he went and perforce, as a galley-slave? Oh, but it is so much better to go swaggering through Italy and the East in a brilliant uniform, that he, a Hercules in build, could surely wear to more advantage than the humble civil costume of a secretary or a lawyer's clerk—or a galley-slave.

CHAPTER VI

Rascally Tricks in Venice—Casanova Becomes a Man of Leisure—The Famous Henriette of Parma

THE days of military pomp and glory were over. Casanova returned to Venice, sold his commission and with the resulting hundred sequins conceived the notion of becoming a professional gambler. But luck was still against him. In eight days the hundred sequins had slipped across the green cloth.

He was twenty years old, over six feet tall, handsome, intelligent, capable, quick, pleasing in his actions, and yet without money he was lost, for he could never entertain any serious plans for a stable and honorable vocation. Still he was forced to do something to live, and so he chose to be a violinist on the slight foundation in that musical art which he had received from Doctor Gozzi. Through the influence of Abbé Grimani, he obtained a place in the orchestra of the theater where his mother and father had once played and there he scraped out tunes for a crown a performance, which was at least enough to live on.

He felt humiliated to have sunk so low, and he took good care not to show his nose in any of the fine houses where he had once been welcome. What would they have thought of him who had received an education that ought to have assured him of a solid place in the world, who had wit and a good grounding in science and literature, and, in addition, a sturdy attractive physique, and who yet could do no better than fiddle in a cheap orchestra?

Intellectually he managed to justify himself. As a lawyer, his distaste for hypocrisy would have soon hindered his advance, as a soldier, the discipline, self-abnegation, passive obedience which the military career requires, would have demanded more patience than Casanova could have commanded for long. As a violinist he was happy.

Every evening after the show, he and his comrades, sometimes joined by his brother François, who was now copying the battle-paintings of Simonetti and thus earning a precarious living, would go to a tavern, and leave when drunk, only to spend the night in worse places.

They took great pleasure in annoying the good peaceful citizens. In the dead of the night they would unmoor the gondolas and let them float down the canals. They would arouse sleeping midwives and send them on errands to young ladies who were far from needing their aid. They would awaken doctors and priests to go to a supposedly dying man, who was found snoring peacefully by his wife's side. They cut bell-ropes and destroyed knockers, slipped in open doors to frighten people with ghostly shrieks, or managed to get into the belfry and, ringing the tocsin, arouse whole parishes with the fear of flames.

One night they abducted a woman and the story of their escapade circulated throughout Venice. For a time they felt constrained to cease their nightly pranks lest they draw upon themselves the anger of the Council of Ten, who would not have scrupled to commit them temporarily to the galleys, had they identified them as the kidnapers. It was fortunate that the Council did not trouble itself to seek out the guilty parties; they would not have had much difficulty in finding them.

In the middle of April of the year 1746, Girolamo Cornaro was wedded to Canziana Soranzo and, to the splendid festivities which lasted three days, Casanova was invited—as fiddler. On the third day, towards dawn, Casanova, completely exhausted, left the orchestra to retire. Descending the steps, he saw a Senator in a red robe who was about to enter his gondola, and who, in pulling a handkerchief from his pocket, let drop a letter. Casanova hastened to pick it up and return it to him. The Senator thanked him and asked him whither he was bound. When Casanova had told him, the Senator insisted that he enter the gondola and be rowed home. Casanova accepted with gratitude and sat down on the bench within the canopy.

A moment later the Senator begged Casanova to shake his left arm, explaining that it felt so numb that he no longer had any con-

sciousness there. Casanova began at once with all his strength, when suddenly the Senator began to moan that he felt he was dying.

Casanova lifted the curtain, and, holding up a lantern, saw the Senator obviously in agony, his mouth all distorted. Realizing that it was a case of apoplexy demanding instant bleeding, Casanova cried out to the gondoliers to row to shore at once. As the boat's prow reached a leaping distance from the street, Casanova jumped out and was soon back with a barber-surgeon hastily attired in a bathrobe. While the doctor worked on the patient, Casanova tore up his shirt into bandages.

Assuming full charge, Casanova ordered the gondoliers to row with all possible speed till they reached the Senator's palace at Saint Marina. There Casanova despatched a servant for a doctor while the Senator was put to bed, and Casanova took a seat by his side to supervise every detail.

An hour later, two Patricians, friends of the sick man, entered and inquired concerning the accident. They were directed by the servants to Casanova, who now reigned in the chamber. But Casanova sat in mysterious silence.

In the evening, after a quiet luncheon, the elder of the two Patricians ventured to suggest that if Casanova had business elsewhere he might go, inasmuch as they intended to spread out a mattress for themselves in the Senator's room.

"As far as I am concerned, Gentlemen," Casanova replied, "I intend to spend the night here on this chair beside the bed. For if I should leave, this sick man will die, while I am certain that he will live as long as I remain here." Both Patricians looked at each other with surprise, but Casanova's sententious speech had impressed them.

They supped together and Casanova learned that the Senator was M. de Bragadin, the brother of the Procurator of the same name. M. de Bragadin was well known in Venice, not only on account of his wild youth and the many mistresses he had had, but because his brother, the Procurator, had once accused him of trying to poison him. The truth was that in his old age—he was now fifty-seven—M. de Bragadin had retired to live the life of a scholar and a philosopher, and he did not even resent the fact that the Procurator was depriving him of much of his rightful inheritance. The two Patri-

cians, M. Dandolo and M. Barbaro, were his only friends. They were two old bachelors, tenderly attached to each other as well as to their common friend.

Dr. Ferro, who had undertaken to cure M. de Bragadin, thought a mercury plaster on his chest would be the most rapid means. The effect was indeed rapid, and while the two Patricians rejoiced to see their friend reviving, Casanova was frightened lest the mercury plaster be too strong for the patient.

At midnight Casanova roused himself and, examining the Senator, found him in high fever, and unable to breathe. His eyes were turning up like those of a dying man. Casanova awakened the two friends and declared that the Senator would surely die if the fatal inunction of mercury was not removed. Without awaiting their decision, Casanova at once removed the plaster and washed the Senator's chest with lukewarm water. Three minutes later the sick man, to everyone's delight, began to breathe calmly and soon fell into a deep quiet sleep.

In the morning Dr. Ferro appeared and, seeing his patient in such good shape, congratulated himself, whereupon M. Dandolo informed him of what had been done. Dr. Ferro angrily inquired who had dared to destroy his cure and thus risk the life of his patient. The sick man himself spoke up:

"Doctor, the man who delivered me of the mercury that was choking me is a wiser scientist than you are." And he pointed to Casanova.

Dr. Ferro looked at the young man with an amused air of pity and scorn, turned on his heel and stalked out. He spread the story through the quarter, and friends of M. de Bragadin came to inform him that his "wise scientist" was but a humble violinist with none too good a reputation.

"Even a violin player may have more wisdom than all the doctors of Venice, it seems," said M. de Bragadin, "for this one, at any rate, twice saved my life."

Casanova, quick to see his opportunity, assumed an air of gravity, spiked his speeches with Latin phrases, and looked at everything from the medical point of view.

One day M. de Bragadin, in the company of M. Dandolo and M.

Barbaro, declared to Casanova that, for so young a man, he was far too wise. Consequently he, for his part, felt certain that Casanova possessed some supernatural power.

"I beg you to tell me the truth," he pleaded, "we, here, are all friends and your secret will be safe with us."

Casanova arose at once to the situation. He had, as amusement, practised the art of numerical writing, wherein letters are replaced by numbers corresponding to position in the alphabet, and it occured to him now to impress his new friends with his cleverness. He confessed that he did indeed possess a method of receiving replies to any question, and he at once wrote out a question, transferred all the letters into numbers, set these up into a pyramid and, by means of apparently complicated mathematical operations, drew out number after number, which when translated into letters, to the amazement of his three friends, gave a sentence in reply.

"Solomon's key," M. de Bragadin whispered in tones of awe.

"Where did you learn this science?" M. Dandolo inquired.

"From an old hermit in the Carpegna mountains, whom I met when I was prisoner in the Spanish army," said Casanova.

"There is a genius connected with this operation," M. de Bragadin affirmed, "for numbers alone have not the faculty of reasoning. You have a real treasure, here," he added.

"I don't think much of it," Casanova replied indifferently, "for the replies are generally too obscure to be of any use. However, it is true that had it not been for my pyramid, I would never have had the honor of meeting Your Excellency."

"How is that?"

"On the last night of the wedding-feast, I consulted the oracle and obtained this answer: 'Leave the ball an hour before dawn.' "

The three men were petrified; their eyes were wide. They stared as though before a visitor from a distant planet. Finally M. Dandolo asked Casanova if he would answer another question—a very private one, that no one but he knew anything about.

"Surely," said Casanova, and taking the question he repeated the numerical pyramid and extracted a string of figures which gave a little verse that meant either nothing or everything. But M. Dandolo was taken aback.

"This is divine, this is marvelous! This is a real heaven-sent treasure!"

"I am happy to think that you value this matter so," Casanova said modestly.

M. Barbaro and M. de Bragadin were jealous of M. Dandolo's success. They too wanted private questions answered, and so for several hours Casanova worked out one pyramid after another. To vary the results, to mystify his friends further, the resulting letters would sometimes be all mixed up, or they would spell out a sentence backwards, or the vowels would come first and then the consonants; while the answers were all ambiguous.

All three begged him to tell them how long it would take before they too could understand and operate this science.

"Not very long," Casanova declared, "the hermit taught it to me in a few weeks. He warned me that if ever I revealed the secret, I would die of a sudden death three days after, but I don't believe there is anything to that."

The Patricians, however, were of a different opinion. Such a warning, they observed, must be taken very seriously. Casanova was delighted to see how easily and skilfully he had convinced them that the only way to have the oracle was to have Giacomo Casanova. The question of imposture was soon lost sight of in the genuine friendship that sprang up between young Giacomo and the three noblemen. All Venice wondered at this strange assortment of friends.

Towards spring, when M. de Bragadin's health was completely restored, he called Casanova and spoke to him as follows:

"Whoever you may be, I owe my life to you. Those who tried to make you a priest, a doctor, a lawyer, a soldier, a violinist, totally misunderstood your aptitudes. God has been so kind as to lead you to me, and I know how to appreciate your merits. If you are willing to be my son, you have but to call me father. Bring your things to this house; an apartment awaits you with a servant to care for you and a gondola at your disposition. My table will be yours and you shall have ten sequins a month. Think no more of the future; amuse yourself, confide in me and never forget that I am your best friend."

Casanova threw himself at the feet of his benefactor. M. de Brag-

adin raised him, they embraced and called each other son and father. And the two Patricians who also lived in the Bragadin Palace welcomed their new relative.

Thus did Casanova rise from poor fiddler to nobleman of wealth, leisure and position. Thus, too, he acquired three friends who helped him all their lives and, dying, mentioned him in their wills. As for Casanova, he learned that gambling was but a crude way of extracting money from people. There were subtler, more elaborate, more respected and more profitable methods.

His good fortune, though capable of changing his position in life so radically, did not teach him to adopt a less profligate life. He was rich, pleasant to look upon, a determined gambler, a thorough spendthrift, haughty, quarrelsome, intrepid, immodest, perpetually involved with women; pushing out his rivals, caring for only amusing company.

Such conduct naturally displeased his three protectors, but they did not dare affront their oracle with moral precepts. M. de Bragadin contented himself with saying that Casanova was repeating all the follies of his own youth, and must expect to be punished in old age.

Casanova went on his gay way. He fell in love with a Countess A. S., and satisfied his desires with her while he duped her father and her brother into believing him her friend and savior. He did the same with a beautiful and wealthy peasant girl and married her off to a nobleman. And, of course, he fell in with such beautiful courtesans as Ancilla, famed throughout Europe, and with other such adventurers as himself—as, for instance, Count Tommaso Medin, which whom Casanova fought three duels in the course of his life.

The following summer Casanova went to the fair at Padua and in the neighboring countryside made friends with a group of Venetians. The days and nights were passed in feasting, gambling, flirting and practical mischief. Some of the pranks were far from being mild and innocent. Bed legs were sawed through, ghosts were imitated, the demoiselles were fed diuretic pills.

It was all good fun until one day someone cleverly sawed through a bridge over which Casanova had to pass. He almost drowned in

the mud and water. But he said nothing, and laughed along with everybody. Only he thought to himself that this trick had gone just a bit too far, and privily vowed vengeance.

Generous bribes to the neighboring peasants furnished him with the name of the guilty man, a Greek merchant by name Demetrio, from whom Casanova had once stolen a girl. Casanova cudgelled his brains to discover a good revenge. And one week in autumn when all were present again in the country-house, a plan occurred to him.

There had recently been a burial in the vicinity. Armed with a hunting knife, Casanova betook himself to the cemetery after midnight and, exhuming the body, cut off its arm at the shoulder. He buried the body again and, wrapping up the arm in cloth, carried it back to his room. The next night he excused himself to retire before the rest of the company, went to his room, took the arm and hid himself under Demetrio's bed.

In a short while Demetrio appeared, undressed, and put out his light. Casanova waited until the Greek had begun to fall asleep, then stretching out his hand at the foot of the bed, he seized the cover and pulled it down to Demetrio's hips.

Demetrio laughed, saying: "Whoever you may be, go away and let me sleep, for I don't believe in ghosts."

He pulled back his cover and composed himself again. In a few minutes Casanova repeated the process. Demetrio spoke up as before, but when he attempted to pull back the cover he discovered a resistance. He sat upright in the darkness and reached out to find the hand that was holding the cover. Casanova gave him the dead hand to grasp.

Demetrio, believing that he now held the hand of the man or woman who was playing the trick on him, began to pull. Casanova suddenly let the arm go. The Greek fell backwards without a sound.

The play being over, Casanova rose softly, went to his room and fell asleep.

The next morning the mistress of the house addressed him:

"That was entirely too much!"

"What do you mean?"

"M. Demetrio is dying."

"You are not accusing me of having killed him, are you?"

But this matter was not to be dismissed by a pretense of ignorance. Demetrio was found in bed trembling, shivering, unable to open his eyes or speak. The priest and the beadle who had been summoned laid a formal accusation against Casanova for body-snatching, for grave desecration, a serious case for both civil and religious courts to consider. Casanova protested his innocence, but no one would believe him.

At noon a doctor came; the Greek was bled and improved sufficiently to open his eyes. The next day he was able to rise and speak, but only with effort in a spasmodic and stupefied manner. He remained in this sad state all his life. His fate at first grieved Casanova, but he was always capable of rationalizing: after all the Greek might have killed him when he had sawed through the bridge!

The accusation of despoiling a tomb pursued Casanova to Venice. The ecclesiastical laws were not to be trifled with, and so M. de Bragadin took Casanova aside and advised him to leave Venice before the storm broke. Casanova did not lose a minute getting out.

Probably he had other, better, reasons than the one he avers in his Memoirs. Possibly he took the cadaver story from a similar one by Grazzini, as Gugitz suggests, for certain it is that in 1755 the spy Manuzzi says that Casanova fled from Venice in 1748 in order to escape jailing for some cabalistic tricks he had played on Giovanni Bragadino. But there is no doubt that he was sorry to leave his native Venice where his affairs had taken such a lucky turn. Fortune was just then most favorable to him in cards and he had several excellent gallantries in hand, all nearing success.

Late at night he left and next day found him already in Verona, where he stayed but a few hours and then hastened on to Milan. He was alone, richly clothed, with a generous wardrobe, much jewelry and a well-lined purse. His health was perfect and he was twenty-three.

In Milan there was on old friend who wanted to get rid of her lover. Casanova straightway fought a duel with the lover, beat him, collected his reward and was off to Cremona. The next day to

Mantua. There he was arrested and taken to jail, but it was only because the Captain of the Guard, O'Neilan, wanted a guest for a jolly evening.

In Casanova's hotel was an aged Hungarian Captain traveling to Parma with a young man. The police entered their room and demanded that he produce papers to show that he was married, for the Inquisition was certain that the young man was a girl. Casanova across the hall heard the argument, appeared, all excited, hearing talk of a girl disguised as a man, and, certain that she must be young and pretty, offered his services to the Hungarian, who was much hampered by his lack of the language of the country. He had come to Italy in the belief that Latin was currently spoken and found to his dismay that no one understood him. Casanova made things worse in order to arrange the affair ultimately with a greater show of power.

Of course "Henriette" was not a boy, and of course Casanova fell in love with her. True he had intended to go to Naples, but since she and the Captain were going to Parma, he would go there too, and invited them to share his carriage. He had no carriage, but he speedily purchased one, and off they went.

The Hungarian and his companion were ill-matched. He was over sixty and spoke only Latin and Hungarian; she, young, sweet and gay, was ignorant of any language except her native French, so that they were forced to limit their communications to such matters as could be conveyed by sign.

At Bologna the Captain was not averse to telling Casanova the story of his encounter with his young companion. He had found her traveling in the company of an officer. At Rome he had sent his servant to her to offer her ten sequins for a rendezvous. She came, refused his money, and gave him to understand that she wanted to travel to Parma. Whereupon they both set out together. He knew no more of her than that she was French and that her name was Henriette. But he intended to deal honorably with her and when he left her at Parma he would provide her with some money.

Casanova translated the Captain's tale to Henriette. She blushed, admitted that it was correct, and refused to add anything more con-

cerning herself, except that she had left her people and wished her whereabouts to remain unknown.

"As to his money, tell him," she said to Casanova, "that I thank him much, but do not need it. Tell him that all I crave of him is that he leave me alone in Parma and never strive to see me again; and if he should meet me by chance, let him pretend not to recognize me."

The Captain looked very sad when he heard this. Henriette rose to kiss him, for that was the only way she could show him that she regretted having to leave him.

Casanova seized an opportunity when he was alone with Henriette to ask her if the order she had imposed upon the Captain applied to him likewise. When she hesitated to say yes or no, he insisted that she reply. She teased him for his impetuosity and his fury, when the occasion actually demanded that he be tender and gallant.

"I cannot control my passion," Casanova replied. "If I appear to be angry it is only because this moment of uncertainty has put me in a state of paroxysm. If I am not to see you in Parma then I wish to leave at once."

"But do you even love me?"

"Of course, of course. Only tell me quickly, shall I go to Parma?"

"Why, you are actually angry!"

"How can I help but be angry when fate has brought me to a pass where a single word can make me miserable forever?"

She smiled: "Then come to Parma."

Come to Parma! No more was needed for a young man who forced time and place, money and thought to minister to his pleasures. The honest Hungarian went on ahead to journey sadly by himself, while Casanova and Henriette pursued their way by easier stages.

Their first evening meal tête-à-tête was not gay. They could not help recalling what their happiness had cost the poor Captain. And they were embarrassed, too; for the beginning of love, even as the end of love, is always accompanied by embarrassment. Their conversation was abrupt and dull; they sat wrapped in their thoughts. They felt their hearts pounding and yet did not wish to betray any

emotion to each other. They knew that they would spend the night together and beyond that their minds refused to function.

A day later they arrived in Parma, which, by the recently concluded treaty of peace ending the War of the Succession, now belonged to Spain. Don Philippe, the Infante, had just arrived to take possession and was awaiting his spouse, the daughter of Louis XV of France. The streets were crowded with foreigners.

At the sentry-house, Casanova gave his mother's name, Farussi, while Henriette inscribed herself as Anne d'Arci,* of France. Her male clothing would certainly have attracted attention in a city full of spies, and Casanova went to a lingerie-shop to buy fine linen for chemises, bombazine for petticoats, twill for corsets, and muslin and cambric for handkerchiefs.

When Casanova appeared before Henriette with all this finery she sent him a little smile that showed how deeply she was touched by his delicacy. But in the evening, over a lavish meal of daintily prepared dishes, she warned him that her love was not dependent on money.

"It is more for myself than for you," said Casanova, "that I am spending this money. I wish to see you properly dressed and able to enter the most exclusive salon of Parma. I have arranged for an instructor to teach you Italian or science, if you care for such things."

"This is all very well, my friend, and I thank you for your pains; but in view of the secrecy in which I must live, we must not go too far in attracting the attention of the townsmen, and especially that of the visiting Frenchmen."

Henriette had often spoken of music and Casanova thought to

* An enormous amount of historical research has been pursued, in the attempt to discover who Henriette may have been. The hint here given by Casanova (since he gave his mother's name, was it not likely that she gave that of her mother?) has been followed, as well as many other clews. They have all led to nothing. Arthur Symons in 1902 and ever since, as late as 1924, has repeated his assertion that he discovered Henriette to be Henriette de Schnetzmann, whose letters he found at Dux. He not only quotes largely from the letters, he even elaborates a pretty tale of these lovers having grown old, still adoring each other. But had he looked more carefully he would have read Henriette de Schuckmann, she was about 30 years of age, instead of Schnetzmann and he might have taken note of the following in one of her first letters: "You see, Sir, why I recall perfectly, the year 1786, when, in the month of July, I was introduced to you in Count Wallenstein's library at Dux."

please her by declaring his intention of renting a box at the opera. To his surprise she would not hear of it.

"But I thought you loved music!"

"I am mad about it. But I am afraid lest I be recognized. "

"Then we shall stay home. Better still, let us go to London, where we shall be perfectly safe. Only command me and you shall be obeyed."

"Take a box, but be sure that it is not too exposed."

Casanova found one in the second tier, and they went, Henriette without rouge, into the unlit box. Casanova had made some friends, as usual, but he forbore introducing them to Henriette and did not invite them to his room.

He and Henriette rode out together on fine days. In the evenings they stayed in their rooms, where Henriette would play on the violoncello, drawing such human tones from the deeply resonant instrument that Casanova wept with joy and fear, for he could not believe that such happiness could last. And one day, two months later, a courier approached Casanova with a sealed letter from his master, M. d'Antoine, addressed to Madame d'Arci.

Henriette read the letter with visible emotion. Casanova watched her, realizing that the end of his happiness had come.

"Alas," she said finally, "I fear we are found out. This M. d'Antoine knows all about me and my family, and he will use every means to force me to return to France."

"This then is the end. Ah, I knew it. Why, oh, why, did we stay in Parma? We had the whole world before us. Come, let us flee now."

She shook her head. "You understand that that cannot be. Once discovered, we can attain nothing but by diplomacy. For you realize that, in an effort to earn my parents' gratitude, M. d'Antoine would not hesitate to denounce us on any excuse to the authorities, and thus not only hold us securely but make us suffer as well."

Diplomacy proved to be of no avail, and perhaps it was best so, for Casanova had played the wealthy man of the world about as long as his purse could allow. All that Henriette could obtain from M. d'Antoine was a brief postponement, upon a promise that she would go to Geneva and there leave Casanova for home.

It was a sad voyage they made in five days to Geneva. They stopped at the well-known Hôtel des Balances and, as they sat down to eat, a banker appeared and delivered a thousand gold pieces to Henriette, assuring her that all was ready for her departure the next day. When he had gone she gave Casanova five rolls of a hundred louis each.

They spent their last night in tears. In the morning she gave him a letter to deliver to M. d'Antoine at Parma. It was early dawn, the road was bathed in mist. He watched her dully as she entered the carriage with her maid. There was a footman on the box with the driver and one mounted riding out in advance. Casanova followed the carriage with his eyes until it disappeared in the gray distance.

He returned to their room. She was gone. The room was cold and cheerless. Suddenly he noticed that she had left him a message on a window, where she had traced with a diamond the following words:

Thou wilt forget Henriette also.

Suddenly so keen was the bitter pain in his heart that he could not stand. He lay down on the bed and strove to fall asleep, but could not.

Despite the bad season he took the Saint-Bernard road and crossed the mountains into Parma in three days, and having delivered Henriette's letter to M. d'Antoine, went to a cheap inn in order not to meet anyone.

Two days, passed in inactivity and without food, left Casanova in a languor which he hoped heralded his death. He was in this state when suddenly the instructor he had once hired for Henriette, de la Haye, entered. He saw that Casanova was ill, felt his pulse, asked him what he had eaten.

"Nothing, thank God, for the last two days."

De la Haye at once ordered up a broth and insisted that Casanova eat. And he began to talk to him of God, of immortality, of man's duties on Earth, in so engaging and serious a manner that Casanova allowed himself to be convinced.

When, a day later, food had caused blood to flow more strongly in his veins, he felt that he owed his life to de la Haye, and invited

him to dine. Soon they were great friends. But Casanova was cured of his melancholia only to become infected with de la Haye's piety. Every day they went to Mass, and their conversation from night to morn was of religion.

Casanova began to write such letters to M. de Bragadin that he soon had his three friends plunged into like fanaticism. De la Haye had once had as pupil a young man of a wealthy and noble Protestant family. He had converted this lad to Catholicism and estranged him from his parents, so that he was now without means. Casanova wrote all this to his three protectors and urged them to help the good and pious tutor and his pupil. They consented, congratulating Casanova on his change of heart.

Casanova returned to Venice and everything was prepared for the arrival of de la Haye and young Bavois. The latter turned out to be no miniature of de la Haye. He was a handsome young man who thought of nothing but wine, women and cards. "De la Haye loves my soul," he explained to Casanova, "and thinks to cure me of my way of living. I let him think so, for it costs me nothing."

The end of this affair came when Casanova perceived that de la Haye planned to supplant him in the affection of his three kind friends. Casanova, with the example of Bavois before him, was soon cured of his piety, and at once put a stop to de la Haye's intrigue, by using his oracle to such advantage that the Jesuit's reputation was destroyed.

And, leaving Masses, sermons and confessions, Casanova took up his old life again.

CHAPTER VII

Casanova Goes to Paris, the City of Cities for an Eighteenth Century Adventurer

DURING the Carnival season of 1750, Casanova was fortunate enough to win three thousand ducats in the lottery. He had been winning heavily all through the winter and now found himself affluent enough to carry out his long meditated plan of a trip to Paris. He gave M. de Bragadin a thousand sequins to hold for him and abstained from gambling until summer, when, in the company of his friend, the dancer Balletti, he set out to see the fair land of France.

He was not disappointed. The country was as glowing as the reports he had heard of it. The inns were clean, the roads were good, the people were prompt, attentive, willing and polite. And accommodations were inexpensive.

In Lyons, Casanova made the acquaintance of M. de Rochebaron, who obtained for him the honor of admission to the Society of Freemasons. Some months later in Paris, Casanova became Companion and, still later, Master of the Order. This was but one more means of meeting the best people wherever he went. The Freemasons formed a powerful organization with lodges in all the principal cities of Europe. Some think that many of Casanova's inexplicable travels can be ascribed to his activity as a secret agent for this order. In the eighteenth century the Freemasons were regarded as a subversive society. They were, perhaps, but hardly as dangerous as many gullible people supposed, and certainly they did not merit the suspicion and denunciation of Pope and King. That Casanova was a secret agent for the order is possible, but no good proof of it has yet been discovered.

After nine days of initiation ceremonies, Casanova and Balletti left by diligence. In Fontainebleau, where they arrived five days later, Balletti's father and mother, Mario and Silvia, awaited them. These two were celebrated actors at the Comédie-Italienne of Paris. Silvia, especially, was the idol of France; her brilliant performances in the comedies of Marivaux having brought her great renown. She was famed, too, for her virtue, and this at a time when actresses were frequently not paid, their opportunities being considered handsome remuneration.

Silvia's friendship was worth much to Casanova. She invited him to come to her house whenever he pleased; she helped him over those first awkward weeks which every newcomer encounters when he settles in a strange city where he knows no one. The very first day she gave a luxurious dinner in honor of her son's homecoming and there Casanova met at once so many of the finest people that he was straightway lifted into the best society of Paris, and moved thereafter in its exclusive circle.

Crébillon the elder was present at Silvia's supper. Casanova declared that for eight years Crébillon's poetry had charmed him, and to prove it recited a portion of his translation into Italian blank verse of *Zénobie et Radamiste*. Crébillon was eighty years old, and still hale. He was a perfect Colossus in size, overtopping even the tall Casanova by three inches. The old poet was taken by his impetuous wit and volunteered to correct his French.

"It is exactly to learn French that I have come to Paris," Casanova said, "but where shall I find a master? For I am an insupportable pupil, insatiable, curious, importunate, perpetually asking questions. No teacher can abide me."

"For forty years," Crébillon replied, "I have been looking for just such a pupil as you. And if you are willing to have me teach you, it is I who will pay you."

So throughout his stay, Casanova went three times a week to Crébillon's house to receive lessons in French and literature.

Casanova was amused at the good people of Paris, as they were amused at him. When he made comical mistakes they laughed at him genially; while he laughed at them most often on account of

their wild attachment to the fashion of the moment. If a duchess stopped to buy snuff at a certain tobacconist, the people supposed that it must be the best in the world, and lined up to buy like ants. When the King, after a hunt, praised a tavern-keeper's *ratafia,* declaring it the best he had ever drunk, that man's fortune was made and he was soon able to build himself a splendid establishment.

At the theater a supposedly Venetian comedy was given. The backdrop represented the Place of Saint-Mark, but quite inaccurately, and to cap it all, the Doge and his council appeared in fantastic costumes to execute fancy steps. When Casanova laughed, someone addressed him drily:

"Monsieur is from abroad?"

"From Venice."

"I have been there, and I laughed heartily at your recitatives."

"No doubt, Sir. And I am sure no one presumed to stop you."

In a neighboring box was Madame de Pompadour.

"Are you really from down there?"

"From down there?"

"Yes, from Venice."

"Why, Venice, Madame, is not down there, but up there."

Whereupon the whole box engaged in a solemn discussion as to whether Venice was *down there* or *up there.* Casanova had the good fortune to make two perfectly shocking remarks, quite unintentionally, due to his imperfect French. At once he was a celebrated character, and the jokes traveled all over town, so that everywhere he went he was pointed out. His Italianisms became the slang of Paris.

Although he came from Venice where courtesans were often received in the best drawing rooms, he was surprised at the Parisians' lack of prejudice. A beautiful woman introduced her three children. Casanova commented on the marked difference of expression between them.

"That is not surprising," the woman replied. "The eldest is the son of the duke of Anneci; the second is the son of Count d'Egmont, and the father of the youngest is Maisonrouge, who has just married la Romainville."

"Why, I beg your pardon, I thought you were the mother of all three!"

"But I am." And all the company laughed at Casanova.

On another occasion a young girl of fourteen complained of a headache. Casanova offered her his smelling salts.

"Did you sleep well?"

"It isn't that," she said; "I think I am pregnant."

"Ah! I didn't know you were married."

Everyone present looked at him with surprise and, turning to each other in wonderment, burst into loud laughter.

He determined thereafter to reserve doubt for the other side and suspect the worst until informed of the better. And soon he was much more than merely initiated into this society. Debauching his landlady's daughter was but an old trick of his. He found his way to the famous Hôtel de Roule, whose nymphs had oft been honored by the presence of Voltaire. And finding in his inn a poor girl and her brother, who had come to Paris to make their fortune, Casanova was now at no loss to introduce the girl to advantageous society.

One day a friend took him to a Flemish actress named Morphi, whose original family name was Murphy. After supper his friend wished to retire with La Morphi, whereupon Casanova demanded a couch on which to pass the night.

La Morphi had a little sister, a dirty little brat about thirteen years of age, who offered to give up her bed for a half-crown. Casanova agreed. She led him then into a dingy little room where a straw mattress lay on four planks.

"My God, child. Do you call that a bed?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Well, I don't want it, and you shan't have a half-crown."

"Were you thinking of undressing?"

"Of course."

"But we have no sheets."

"So you sleep in your clothes?"

"No, I sleep in my skin."

"Then go to bed and you shall have the half-crown."

"I'm afraid."

"You needn't be, for I shan't touch you."

She undressed and went to bed, covering herself with an old

torn curtain. Casanova was as much attracted by the classic beauty of her body as he was disgusted with her filthy condition. For another half-crown she consented to be washed. Soap and water brought out a figure worthy of Praxiteles' skill. On subsequent days Casanova disbursed other half-crowns for the mere joy of seeing her and for permission to have her painted. A canvas by the master Boucher still exists showing us her pretty and enticing young body lolling on velvet cushions. Casanova had it inscribed with the Greek words, O Morphi.

By strange chance the picture was seen by M. de Saint-Quentin who begged that he be allowed to show it to the King. His Most Christian Majesty Louis XV was incredulous, and wished to see the original. It was M. de Saint-Quentin's business to execute just such missions.

The little O-Morphi was brought to the King's seraglio, the well-known Parc-aux-Cerfs and shut up in a room where she was carefully guarded. The King came, examined her, found her to his liking and sitting down, held her on his knees and caressed her.

O-Morphi looked at her master and smiled.

"What makes you smile?" His Majesty inquired.

"It's queer how you look just exactly like a six-franc piece."

O-Morphi was given a beautiful apartment in the King's harem and remained there three years.

Casanova remained in Paris over two years, sometimes rich and sometimes poor, but always involved in some affair of the cabala or of gambling or of love.

The Duchess of Chartres employed his services as oracle. (She it was who once asked Louis XV if it were true that the King of Prussia was coming to Paris. When he assured her that the report was an idle tale, she replied: "I am sorry to hear that, for I am dying to see a King.") Her caustic wit did not prevail against Casanova as a male Pythoness. She suffered of an acne for which Casanova asked a cure from his genius of the pyramid. It ordered her to perform various rites, but it was strict diet and baths and rest in bed, cleverly injected into these ritual performances, that actually relieved her.

When Parrocel, the last great painter of battle-scenes, died, Casanova thought the time most opportune for his brother to come to Paris, where good painters are always in demand. François came, and painted assiduously. Finally, when he thought he had a canvas that was worthy of himself, he took it to M. de Marigni in the Louvre, where it was hung.

Giacomo and François sat down near by and watched the people who soon began to fill the hall. They heard one man say: "How terrible." And then they heard another person stop and say to his companion: "It's the work of a student." François sweated blood to see that most of the spectators did not even honor his picture with a second glance.

Finally the two brothers could stand it no longer. They ran out and sent a servant back for the painting. When they reached home, François slashed his canvas to bits with his sword. And he decided to leave Paris and go to study in Dresden.

The two brothers went to Dresden together. Their mother and sister received them with joy. François stayed in Dresden four years, engaged in constant work, copying all the famous battle-paintings in the well-known Electoral Gallery. Giacomo remained in the pretty town for only a few months, during which he composed a piece for the troupe of actors in which his mother appeared. This comedy had the good fortune so to please the King of Poland, Frederick Augustus II, who was also Elector of Saxony, that he presented Casanova with the handsome gift of a snuff-box and money.*

In all this we have followed Casanova's own tale of himself, for there is nothing to lead us to believe that in essence it is not true. Dates are hopelessly confused and names are no doubt often wrong. He brings together people who could not possibly have met, he reports facts which did not take place until much later, so that he

* Two plays by Casanova were performed in Dresden. The one here referred to (1753) is a parody on Racine's *Frères ennemis*. The other, performed in 1752, was an Italian translation of Voltaire's *Zoroastre*, which was published. Casanova tells us nothing of this publication, nor of the eight-page-long and extremely favorable review thereof in the *Mercure de France* (May 1752) where "Casanouva" is hailed as a coming poet. A single copy, the only one known, of the *Zoroastre*, was found in the Library at Dresden. The cast shows that Casanova's mother played Giovanna, and his sister Marie-Madeleine performed in the play.

could not have been present, and when he says that he left Paris in the middle of August of the year 1752, we are left without a proper filing place for this little notice found in the Paris Police Inspector Meusnier's reports:

". . . the dancer Rabou, wife of Pitrot, had no wish to join her husband in Saxony, for she was beginning to learn not only to tolerate, but even to appreciate her widowhood, by passing the recent winter with Casa-Nova, the Italian, who at present is living at the expense of Miss Silvia."

The report is dated July 17, 1753, in other words about a year later than the date he gives for his departure. The year 1753 is moreover in agreement with a number of events which Casanova puts in 1752 when we know that they actually occurred in 1753.

As to the dancer Rabou, Casanova never mentions her. Among so many, one forgotten may be excused. And as for Silvia, whose reputation was so high, we are permitted to believe that Meusnier lied. After all it was part of his business to prepare interesting reading for the erotic King Louis XV. The date is probably exact.

There is, moreover, a suspicion that Casanova made a trip to London, about which, however, he tells us nothing. Of this trip, as of his clerkship in a law-office, we are left to inform ourselves from chance remarks made by himself or by others. These remarks allow us to conclude that he may have made a trip to London, but no more. Casanova says in another work of his: ". . . M. de Businello, . . . whom I had met in London as Resident of the Republic." In a satiric description of Casanova made by Abbé Chiari, 1755, we read: ". . . his mouth is full of London and Paris . . . London and Paris serve as models for his life, his clothes, his studies, in a word for all his nonsense." And finally the spy Manuzzi in his reports on Casanova to the State Inquisitors declares: "He traveled as man of letters in France and England."

From Dresden Casanova went to Prague where he found a few days amusement with Madame Morelli, and proceeded still further South to Vienna to stay for some time. He met the famous Metastasio, composer of operas, and despite Maria Theresa's Chastity Commissioners, he found many delightful *fräuleins* and many

tables spread with green cloth where he won and lost indifferently. And he met the usual actresses and actors from Italy, and the usual adventurers Talvis and d'Afflisio, knaves errant like himself.

Early in 1754 he left Vienna by post and in four days reached Trieste where he took ship for Venice. After three years of absence he had the good fortune to see again his dear patron M. de Bragadin and the latter's two inseparable friends, who congratulated him on his fine appearance, his excellent health and prosperity.

Thus ended Casanova's trial flight. For a fledgling adventurer he had not done badly. His next flight was to last fourteen years and lead him both to his zenith and to his nadir.

CHAPTER VIII

Adventures of a Nun—The Cardinal Rises to Defend Himself

FOR a long time now we have let Casanova tell us his own story and have not gone to the trouble of pointing out his errors of a minor nature. We noted, however, that he said nothing of a dancer Rabou-Pitrot with whom, according to the Police Inspector Meusnier's report, he lived in Paris during the winter of 1753. Casanova pretends to have left Paris in 1752. It may be then, that when he dates his arrival in Venice early in 1754, he should have said early in 1755.

"It was to gain a year," says his most redoubtable critic, Gugitz, "for his affair with M.-M., the nun, with C. C., the little pupil in the convent, and with Tonine, his pretty servant, and with the 'beautiful statue of wax.' "

And truly Casanova's complicated adventures with M.-M. were of more than ordinary novel-length, but that does not mean that he needed more time.

When Casanova returned to Venice he took up his old life on a grander scale. As a gambler he was more intrepid, risked larger sums, going up and down on the scale of fortune with breath-taking velocity: one day a rich man, thinking of retiring to England or France, with enough money to insure himself a decent income for life; the next day, after a night at the gaming tables, deeply in debt, not knowing where to find a few sequins.

In a period of good fortune he met C. C. * a very young girl who so truly infatuated him that he could not bring himself to say to her: "I love you. You are so beautiful," for he had so often spoken these words when he did not mean them that they seemed to him to contain an intrinsic lie.

* Probably Catherine Campana.

Casanova wanted nothing so much as to marry C. C. He appealed to his protector, M. de Bragadin, to solicit her hand for him from her parents. But, going blithely ahead, he consummated the affair before the slower-minded elders had come to a decision. And that decision was: No!

C. C.'s father refused to marry his daughter to anyone but a merchant and he cruelly shut her up in a convent in Murano, to remain until he considered her old enough to wed. C. C. found means of communicating with Casanova and invited him to visit her in the parlor. Casanova did so, and he regularly attended Mass at the convent church on Sundays and feast-days. The poor nuns, whose empty hearts had nothing better to do, observed the tall stranger, undoubtedly a nobleman, to judge from the luxury of his toilette—the lace, the embroidery, the diamond-studded rings, the fobs, trinkets and charms that dangled from his watch-chain. Casanova became the puzzle of the little convent. Everyone had a theory: the elder nuns supposed that he was a man with great troubles on his mind, while the younger ones made him a melancholy and misanthropical genius.

Casanova was pining away under the strain of a self-imposed asceticism. He was made to be happy with women, but here he was sighing for a girl beyond his reach. He grew thinner and thinner.

One day he received a mysterious letter. It proved to be from a nun, M.-M., who had not been satisfied merely to puzzle over who the attractive stranger might be. She wanted to meet him. And she offered to do so either in Murano or Venice. Casanova was surprised to think a nun might enjoy such liberties, but to protect himself he first desired to see her in the parlor of the convent. She had him appear, ostensibly as escort to a friend who wished to visit her.

Casanova saw behind the grill a marvelously beautiful woman, both in the gracefulness of her body and the nobility of her carriage, and in the regularity and perfection of her pale features. Never had he seen anything to compare to her. He gazed at her, unable to take his eyes away. While she spoke to his companion Casanova remained silent, that no one might suspect that his presence there had any other purpose than its ostensible one.

By means of letters secretly conveyed, she and Casanova agreed

upon a rendezvous. When he came to the parlor she gave him the key to her casino: "You will go there masked and once inside you may amuse yourself at your ease until I arrive." Casanova could scarcely credit his ears. What? A nun would come to Venice to a casino! She explained that it was her lover's casino, and that he was not averse to her seeking a little independent amusement. A lover? And such a generous lover! It was too much for even a Venetian rake. For though stories of libertine nuns were widely circulated, he had not believed them possible.

Casanova was prompt and found a lavishly furnished apartment, extravagantly illuminated *al giorno*. In girandoles were wax candles whose light was reflected in mirrors. On a table strewn with books were four superb candelabra. M.-M. was already there, waiting for him. She quieted his impatience. "Let us honor Comus first," she said. "Venus will be the better therefor." She rang.

An elderly woman came and set a table for two, bringing up another table, upon which she put eight platters of Sèvres porcelain kept hot on silver chafing dishes, so that servants would not be required. Casanova, from the taste of the first dish, recognized the French cuisine. Their drink was Burgundy and champagne.

This was her rightful lover's casino. Casanova, from the cooking, had divined that he was French. That he was wealthy he could see by the furnishings, and that he was extravagant he deduced from the fact that there were no snuffers chained to the candelabra. That he was powerful and accustomed to his own way was plain, for he had chosen a nun for his mistress, knowing that only an undrying fountain of gold could make so dangerous a liaison possible.

Temporarily fortunate at cards, Casanova bought his own casino, one that had formerly belonged to an Ambassador from England. He suspected that the reason his nun had not fully given herself to him on the first night was that the casino was her lover's. In his own casino she would feel more at ease.

His salon was piquantly decorated with rock crystal lustres, superb mirrors, gilt bronze girandoles, a pier glass on a white marble chimney surrounded by china tiles of nude lovers in amorous postures. The walls, floor and ceiling of the adjoining octagonal room

were entirely covered with mirrors. There were other tastefully furnished rooms, boudoirs, alcoves, dressing rooms, and there was a bath room in Carrara marble. Everywhere the panelling and wainscoting and moldings were of carved wood gilt or molded and painted with garlands of flowers and arabesques.

M.-M. came dressed in rose velvet with gold embroidery, with priceless jewelry in her ears and on her fingers. Casanova could not contain his admiration both of her and of the lover who procured her such expensive and beautiful clothes and jewels.

This time she was his entirely—until the daylight warned her to hasten back to her convent before morning prayers.

They met frequently. Masked, they strolled through Venice, frequented the theater, went to the Ridotto to gamble, and eventually found their way to the casino, either Casanova's or that of her lover.

Casanova had given C. C. a ring displaying the portrait of St. Catherine in miniature. The nuns could not object to so pious an object. But with the point of a pen one could release a catch in the ring. Back flew St. Catherine, and Casanova's portrait appeared in its stead. Now he made a similar medallion for M.-M. The two inmates of the convent divined their secret and recognized their kinship through Casanova's love. C. C. wrote that she was not angry. She was even pleased at Casanova's choice. Casanova did not deny his love, but he insisted that his sentiments for M.-M. in no way affected his desire to marry C. C. But when M.-M. substituted C. C. for herself one evening at the casino, Casanova was thunder-struck, and could not believe that M.-M. had not meant to punish him.

When this affair was righted, a new confusion arose. M.-M.'s powerful lover revealed himself. His reason for keeping hidden was that he preferred to enjoy himself as spectator to their meetings. A cleverly concealed room with openings to allow everything that took place between Casanova and M.-M. to be seen and heard had been contrived in this man's casino just to satisfy such desires. This *bon vivant* and *voyeur* with strange erotic tastes and lack of jealousy was Abbé de Bernis, Ambassador from France to Venice, member of

the French Academy, poet with a talent for tender *vers de société*, and great friend of Madame de Pompadour, who was largely responsible for his rise in diplomacy.

Now the four of them met, for C. C. had joined the festivities. The Ambassador fell in love with her and at these *parties carrées* the diagonal was drawn accordingly. Casanova was at first incensed. Eventually he learned to console himself, though he felt that C. C. had lost her claim upon him forever.

Easter of 1754 marked the end of these orgies. Abbé de Bernis was called away to Vienna, where he was to negotiate the famous treaty that, after centuries of warfare, ended the enmity between the houses of Bourbon and Hapsburg. He left Casanova in possession of all the furnishings of the casino, and M.-M. and Giacomo resumed their amours. But M.-M. felt that all would soon be over. And she repented deeply the whim of her youth that had made her take the veil.

Casanova had not the secure fortune that had enabled the abbé to keep a nun as mistress. He could not bribe porters, boatmen and lay-sisters with the prodigality of the ecclesiastic. Moreover he began to lose steadily at cards. The casino rent was paid only to January, 1755, and they were forced to give it up. As culmination of the evils that befell them, M.-M. was attacked by a severe illness that brought her near to death.

Casanova had long ago surrendered his own casino and when he heard of M.-M.'s sickness he rented a little place in Murano in order to be near her. With the rest of their money and M.-M.'s jewelry they plotted to escape as soon as she was better, and to live somewhere in Europe on the income. But Casanova continued to lose at cards and little by little M.-M.'s diamonds were sold and the resulting money followed the rest across the table. And Casanova's love thinned out, too. He was not made for celibacy. If C. C. were not at hand, then his love went out to M.-M. When she failed, it was Tonine, the daughter of his landlady. And when he surrendered Tonine (or did he perhaps sell his women?),* because Tonine, to become the English Ambassador's mistress, was offered a house and income of her own, then he found the "living statue of wax" who

* Gugitz makes out a rather frail case for Casanova as a pimp for royalty and wealth.

only needed the spark of Casanova's love to set her aflame and cure her of her illness.

It is thus, then, that he spent the year in Venice when as we know he was actually in Paris. Must all this charming story be dropped from Casanova's life as pure invention?

Stendhal says: "The Memoirs of Marmontel and those of Duclos will apprise you of what Cardinal de Bernis was like at heart, and the Memoirs of Casanova will explain you what he did in Italy. The Cardinal sups with Casanova at Venice and takes his mistress away from him. The manner in which he does it is full of interest."

And in the gossipy *Histoire de Madame la Marquise de Pompadour*, London, 1759, we find: "The Abbé de Bernis, who is of a nature excessively amorous, devoted himself entirely to the beauties of Venice, instead of taking care of state matters. And indeed he experienced in Venice certain adventures that never happen to a man who devotes himself thoroughly to the interests of Princes."

But the Abbé (subsequently Cardinal) de Bernis wrote his own Memoirs. Therein there is not a word of Casanova. We read: "The people (of Venice) expected the same from me. (In reference to the abominable conduct of the previous ambassador from France * and those of England † and Spain.) But I deceived them. My house was kept like that of a monk's—libertinage was banished. That altogether new mode of living excited jealousy." "I had no mistresses," he says, "and the evenings were long."

Whom shall we believe, the Cardinal or Casanova?

Note in Casanova's story how well described are those luxurious boudoirs, with their Murano mirrors and their tables covered with the obscene works of Meursius, Aretino and Chorier! How closely detailed and accurate are the topographical indications that allow us to conclude that it was the convent of San Giacomo di Galizzia in Murano that Casanova refers to by three asterisks, and where,

* Count de Froulay actually went mad when his nun-mistress Maria da Riva ran off with another lover.

† Lady Montague writes May 30th, 1757: "Our British envoy is a scandalous fellow, in every sense of the word, . . . ever surrounded by pimps and procurers who are his privy councilors."

among the sixteen nuns domiciled there, there actually was a Maria-Maddalena.

Neither is the period falsified. Nuns were not incapable of such intrigues. "You can't blame them if they don't obey the vow of chastity very strictly. They didn't choose to be nuns. Their parents forced them," says Pilati di Tassulo, while the President de Brosses reports: "Everywhere you will find nuns masking themselves to go to the Opera, to the Comedy, or to Saint-Mark's Place to meet their lovers."

But the dates are bad—wrong consistently. Abbé de Bernis was not in Venice at the dates mentioned. He left Venice a year later than the date given by Casanova. And neither did he go to Vienna as Casanova says he did. He never went to Vienna.

If we take a look into the lair of the old librarian at Dux we find so many papers scribbled upon by the bored superannuated libertine that it is a work of years to make head or tail of them. But there is one inconspicuous little sheet of paper on which are found some lines of prose. Except for such slight changes as of indirect to direct discourse, the words agree almost exactly with those of a letter from M.-M. incorporated into the text of the Memoirs. Is it a bit of tell-tale evidence that demonstrates that he himself composed the letters of M.-M. which he assures us he so carefully preserved throughout his life?

Was he in his old age amusing himself with the composition of an erotic tale? Then he succeeded remarkably well, for his picture of Venice of the 1750's is done with the palette and the brush of a genius—aye, even down to the name of an inmate of an obscure little convent.

CHAPTER IX

In the Prisons of the Inquisition—Casanova's Miraculous Escape from the Leads

IN 1754, the Venetian patrician, Zorzi, thinking that in addition to his merits as legislator he possessed those of the dramatist, wrote a comedy which the public hissed off the stage. Zorzi firmly believed that the man responsible for the failure of his play was Abbé Chiari, then the most highly reputed playwright of Venice —though only so because the stage had fallen into evil days when mediocre talent can shine. Zorzi decided to pursue the abbé and his pieces in retaliation.

The quarrel did not confine itself altogether to paper; it spread in devious ways until the city was split in two camps. Bernardo Memmo, Antonio Braida, Casanova, Simonetti and many others joined with Zorzi. They met in Menegazzo's Café on the Merceria and amused themselves by lampooning Chiari. Casanova composed certain doggerel verses cleverly in the Martellian fashion, and Zorzi had these copied and distributed. He paid to have Chiari's plays hissed whenever they were given at the S. Angelo Theater.

A M. Condulmer, a man of about fifty-five, took a great dislike to Casanova. He had not only suffered in his pocketbook from the failure of Chiari's plays (for he was part owner of the S. Angelo Theater), but had also suffered in his heart, for, since Casanova's advent, Madame Zorzi was no longer kind to him.

This M. Condulmer di Pietro was still a hardy man, despite his age. He loved money and women. He gambled and practised usury, but he knew how to make himself appear a saint. Every morning he went to hear Mass at Saint-Mark's and wept before the crucifix. He, too, determined on revenge. He ordered one of the State Inquisition spies, the jewel-setter, Manuzzi, to report on the conduct of

Giacomo Casanova, and when on the 15th of February, 1755, Condulmer became "Red Inquisitor," he redoubled his efforts in this connection and it was a foregone conclusion that just as soon as the Inquisition received sufficient justification therefor, Casanova would be summoned.

But for some time Manuzzi's reports were of little value, indicting Casanova for no worse crimes than his low origin, charlatanism and dissipation.

Such information did not offer Condulmer any opportunity to seize the person of Casanova. Manuzzi was told to be on the lookout but for a long time there were no new developments. Meanwhile Chiari had published a novel: *La Commediante in fortuna,* a kind of *roman à clef* wherein no one in Venice failed to recognize Casanova under the name of Vanesio, whose description is given in the second volume.

"There was in particular a certain M. Vanesio, whose origin is unknown: he is said to be a bastard. He has a comely figure, his complexion is dark-olive, his manners are affected and his assurance is well-nigh incredible. He wished to become my *cicisbeo* but he had nothing wherewith to please me. He is one of those strange phenomena that the air of cities engenders. No one knows how they arise, nor whence comes their brilliancy, I mean how they manage to live in affluence among people of quality, for they have no property, no position, nor even the necessary good breeding which would give their display of luxury an honorable *raison d'être.* M. Vanesio is of this type. He is madly infatuated with all that comes from across the mountains. He swears only by Paris and London, as though the world outside of these two capitals simply didn't exist. In fact he did live there for some time, but in what condition and cutting what sort of figure, I do not know but can well imagine. London and Paris enter into all his conversation. London and Paris regulate his life, his clothes, his studies, his deportment; all of his nonsense is from Paris and London.

"Personally his appearance is as meticulous in every detail as that of Narcissus. He cocks himself up, he puffs himself out like a balloon, he is forever on the go like a wind-mill. His only desire is to show himself everywhere, to flirt with all the women, ever to dis-

cover new ways of acquiring money or hearts. Among the greedy he poses as an alchemist, with women he is a poet, among the great he is a close student of political affairs, in short he is everything with everybody, while in the eyes of intelligent people he only manages to make a fool of himself.

"But he is subtile as the air that fills his head. In one single day he may be your greatest friend and your most mortal enemy. In my presence he elevated me among the stars; no sooner was my back turned than he precipitated me into the nethermost regions. His policy, I repeat, is to be everything to everybody. As a result of which, since every individual has a different character, he is really no one's friend."

Casanova was not the only one to recognize his portrait, etched with acid, true, but fairly accurate. Abbé Chiari took care not to be alone in the streets at night lest the morrow find him floating on the tide down a canal, or the day reveal him stretched on the flags, bruised and bleeding from a vigorous bastinado.

In addition to the Chiari affair, there was a Countess Bonafede, who one hot day in summer ran naked through the streets of Venice crying for Casanova. And Memmo's mother was complaining that her son was being misled and debauched by Casanova. The relatives of Bragadin bestirred themselves. Decidedly this Casanova was going too far, Condulmer thought, remembering his Madame Zorzi; and he urged Manuzzi on to his task. But tales of women and gambling in which Casanova was involved were of no particular use. All the prisons of Venice could not have accommodated those who sinned after that fashion. Moreover the Republic of Venice had long outlived its usefulness as the port of Europe, receiving all the products of the Orient: she had become a city for tourists, and many a nobleman drew the largest part of his income from the gambling halls.

On the seventeenth of July, 1755, however, Manuzzi followed up a new track. "Monday last," he reports, "at the tavern of 'Rolando Triumphant,' Casanova read an atheistic poem which he had written in the Venetian dialect. I do not believe that it is possible for anyone to express himself in any more reprehensible manner

on the subject of religion. Casanova holds that those who believe in Jesus-Christ are feeble-minded. When one speaks to him, one recognizes in him incredulity, deceit, lewdness and debauchery carried to such heights that one is horrified."

This was another matter. The Inquisitors sent a brief order to Manuzzi: "Secure the poem and bring it to us." But Manuzzi could not get possession of the poem. He did, however, manage to meet Casanova and ingratiate himself by pretending that he had diamonds to sell on credit, so that Casanova invited him to his rooms.

There Manuzzi kept his eyes wide open. He acted as though everything he saw were utterly strange to him and thus led Casanova to display with pride all his forbidden books which told of how to raise elemental spirits and how to talk with the dead. Manuzzi said:

"I have a friend who would pay a high price for such books, if he were sure they were genuine."

"Bring him here," said Casanova, falling into the trap.

"I imagine," said Manuzzi, "that he would prefer his name and person to be secret, so, if you permit, I will be glad to take them to him, and bring you the money or the books, as the case may be."

And Casanova, whose luck had been bad for months, agreed.

When the State Inquisitor saw *Solomon's Key, Zecor-ben, Picatrix, Instructions concerning Planetary Hours,* and heard from Manuzzi that Casanova "possessed a leather apron and other strange objects such as the people who call themselves *Masons* wear in their lodges," they needed no more. July 24, 1755, they ordered Messer Grande to arrest Casanova.

Mattio Varutti, Capitan Grande executed the order and reported: "July 27, 1755. To their illustrious and excellent Lordships of the Inquisition.—According to Your Excellencies' orders, I did my duty and put Giacomo Casanova under the Leads. I also minutely examined his house and found all the papers which I hereby transmit to you with my profound respects."

Four weeks later the Secretary of the Inquisition noted in his journal: "The Tribunal having learned of the grave errors committed by Giacomo Casanova, principally public outrages against our holy religion, Their Excellencies had him arrested and locked up

under the Leads." On the margin is a note: "Condemned for five years."

On the day previous to the arrest, Casanova had gone for an early morning walk through the Erbaria, where it was customary for the wildest bloods to go walking after a night spent in the service of Venus or Fortuna. On his return he was astounded to find that his room had been broken into. His landlady was loud in bitter complaints.

"Messer Grande was here," she exclaimed, "with a troop of *sbirros* and broke into the house. He claimed to be seeking a trunkful of contraband salt."

Casanova hastened to find M. de Bragadin, told him the tale and asked his advice as to how to obtain satisfaction.

The three friends looked at Giacomo sadly.

"Far from thinking of vengeance, my dear friend," M. de Bragadin advised, "you should be thinking of putting yourself beyond the reach of the Inquisition. The trunk of smuggled salt was just an excuse. You must understand that. The *sbirros* were looking for you. You have been so lucky as to have escaped once. Don't tempt fate again. Go at once to Fusina and from there lose no time in getting to Florence. Stay there until I write to you that you may return without danger. If you are short of money, here are a hundred sequins, which will do for the moment."

But Casanova countered that he was guilty of no crime except that of conspicuous and fashionable dissipation. If he should run, it would be a tacit admission of the accusation. His friends tried to persuade him that when his skin was in mortal danger it was not the moment to caress his reputation. They urged him to consult his oracle. Casanova concealed his smile. "I never consult it unless I am in doubt," he said. "Then stay here in the palace," they pleaded, "at least for a few days," but Casanova had an amour in progress that demanded his presence outside.

M. de Bragadin began to weep.

"Please, please," Casanova cried, "you tear my heart!"

The Patrician controlled himself.

"Well," he said, "perhaps I am destined never to see you again. We must bow to fate."

They embraced tenderly and Casanova left. The prediction was fulfilled, for they never met again.

At daybreak next morning, the terrible Messer Grande entered Giacomo's room.

"Are you Giacomo Casanova?"

"Yes, I am Casanova."

"Then give me all the books and manuscripts you possess, whether your own or others, and dress at once and follow me."

"By whose order, pray?"

"By order of the Tribunal of the State Inquisition."

Casanova dressed, slowly, in his best clothes, and deliberately shaved and combed himself.

"Do you think you are going to a wedding," said Messer Grande, with an ugly smile. Casanova did not answer but, as they went out, he too smiled, seeing that the city had done him the honor of sending an escort of forty *sbirros*.

They proceeded by gondola to the prisons, entered one building, walked up several flights of stairs and crossed the *ponte dei sospiri*, the famous Bridge of Sighs, to the Ducal Palace. They traversed several rooms and reached one where an individual, dressed in patrician's robes, sat waiting to examine Casanova.

He said: "It is he; put him in safe-keeping."

Messer Grande thereupon turned his prisoner over to Lorenzo Basadonna, warden of *i Piombi*, the *Leads*, a prison maintained in the garret of the Ducal Palace, so-called because the roof was covered with sheets of lead.

Lorenzo led his charge up two narrow staircases, along a dark gallery, through one locked door and then another, before each of which he stopped to insert and turn a heavy key that grated as the bolt retreated. Finally he stopped in a dirty attic-room lighted from a small sad dormer-window.

Casanova surmised that this was to be his prison and his eye was at once attracted by a strange device protruding from the wall very much like a large horseshoe.

The jailer smiled: "I see that you would like to know what that is used for. When Their Excellencies decide to have someone strangled, they seat him here with this iron collar about his neck. A strand of silk is passed through these two holes and is fastened to a winch. A man turns the handle until the patient has surrendered his soul to our Lord, which cannot fail to happen, for the confessor stands by him, thank God, until he has expired."

"Very ingenious," Casanova commented. "No doubt, Sir, it is you who have the honor of turning the winch."

The jailer did not answer. Instead he opened another door, and motioned Casanova in. The prisoner had to bend to enter, for here the ceiling was only six feet high and he was several inches taller. The jailer closed and locked the door and then addressed Casanova through a grill fashioned in the door.

"What will you have to eat?"

"I haven't thought of it," Casanova answered, whereupon Lorenzo walked away. His steps trailed off in the distance interrupted now and then by the sound of bolts shooting home.

Not until that moment did Casanova feel how thoroughly abandoned he was. He was completely cut off from the world. What little light could find its way through the wicket was all he had to temper the darkness of his cell. Only in the immediate vicinity of the grill was there light enough to see clearly. He explored, more by feeling than by sight, his abode, and found it to be about ten feet square with a little alcove for a bed. But there was no furniture at all except a slop-bucket, and a shelf along the further wall. There Casanova put his fine Padua-silk cape, his beautiful new coat, and his hat trimmed with Spanish point lace and a trailing white feather.

The heat was overpowering. Casanova went to the wicket, where there was a ledge, the only place in the room where he could rest his body by leaning on his elbows. Here he passed eight hours, without moving, hearing the bells strike and listening to the terrible noise made by the nearby clock of Saint-Mark, which was so loud that it seemed almost as if it were in the room.

Outside in the attic room rats wandered about freely. His blood ran cold at the sight of these beasts. He was reminded of the dirty house in Padua where he had stayed as a boy with the old Sclavonian

hag. He had been unable to sleep then, even as now. A great beam in front of the window in the outer room obscured the light and brought him an earlier twilight. Now someone will come, he thought, but no one came. He was not hungry; he did suffer a little from thirst, but especially of an acrid taste in his mouth.

Afraid that in the dark the rats would invade the cell, he pulled the shutter across the grill and also closed a little round hole in the door, made for the passage of food. He remained standing in a dull revery for another three hours, still leaning on the ledge.

He began to wonder if he was expected to sleep on the floor. He had no appetite, but his jailers were ignorant of that. Surely they should have brought him food before now. Or did they mean him to die here? He called. There was no answer. Midnight sounded. It seemed that no one would ever come. He shouted again, kicked at the door, stamped and raved, beat his fists against the walls. There was no response. He grew furious, swore and screamed until he tired, and threw himself down on the floor full length. How had he merited such treatment? To be left to die in a miserable hole with rats snuffling at his corpse. He had been a libertine—true—overfond of the pleasures of life, but what crime had he committed against the state?

At last sleep closed his eyes and brought him dreams of freedom.

It was pitch dark when he awoke. He was lying on his left side; he stretched out his right arm to find his handkerchief which he remembered having left thereabout. He felt around in the darkness. Suddenly, oh God, how horrible! His hand had encountered another cold as ice. Fright sent electric shivers through his body from head to foot, the hair rose on his head. A notion of his situation struck him at once. While he had slept they had strangled someone in the outer room with the horseshoe and the strand of silk, and they had thrown the body into his room.

His fear gave way to rage at the thought of his captor's barbarity. He stretched out his hand boldly, encountered the icy hand of the dead man again and, wishing to rise by leaning on his left elbow, discovered that he was holding his own other hand. His arm had

been wedged between his body and the hard floor and had lost its body heat.

Casanova determined thereafter to reason calmly, to call upon philosophy to guide his thoughts and his emotions. This was more easily said than done. He alternated rather between dull despair and rage, when his imagination outstripped reality. He pictured himself at the head of the oppressed people of Venice exterminating the odious Republic and massacring all the aristocrats.

Finally at half-past eight there came the welcome sound of the warden's keys grating in the locks of the corridor.

"Have you had enough time to decide what you want to eat?" Lorenzo shouted in a hoarse voice through the wicket.

Calmly Casanova replied that he would like some rice soup, some boiled beef, some roasted meat of any variety, and bread, wine and water.

"And how about furniture? For if you imagine that you're here only for a day, you're sadly mistaken. Here is paper and pencil; write down what you want and where I should go to get it."

Casanova gave his address and inscribed a list of clothes of all kinds, a bed, table, chairs; further, books, paper, pens and ink. The jailer, not knowing his letters, demanded that Casanova read off the list.

"Cross them out, Sir, cross them out," he cried. "Books, cutlery, pens, mirrors, razor, paper, all that is strictly forbidden. And now let me have money for your dinner."

Casanova found a sequin in his pocket.

At noon some men returned with the jailer bringing Casanova's furniture and clothes.

"Give me your order for to-morrow's meals for I cannot come here more than once a day at sunrise," the jailer said. "The Secretary will send you some proper books. The ones you chose are forbidden."

"Thank him for having given me a room to myself, instead of putting me with some criminal."

"Criminals! Why here are only the very finest people whom Their Excellencies have wished for some reason to separate from society. It is to punish you that you are here alone."

Casanova soon discovered that the jailer was right. Any company would have sweetened his existence in that lonely limited cell where he had only the walls to speak to, and for answer the scurrying of rats and the booming of Saint-Mark's. Unless a million fleas that drove him into convulsions with their bloodsucking counted as company.

When Casanova's own money was exhausted, the Tribunal awarded him a daily allowance of one-and-a-half lire * which was ample for his needs during the hot weather, when his appetite was small.

The two books which the Secretary chose for his prisoner were religious works, exasperatingly dull. One of them, *The Mystical City*, by Sister Mary of Jesus of Agrada, was rather more exciting than the other; and Casanova, by placing his table close to the grating, was able to spend a week reading it.

The dog-days came. The sun, beating down all day on the leaden roof, heated the poorly ventilated cell beneath to oven temperature. The air was hazy, the room was like a vapor bath. Casanova, nude, lay panting in his arm-chair. He had no appetite. For two weeks his bowels had refused to function.

His body was ill from deprivation of light, air, movement and good food, his mind weakened by Sister Mary's book. At night he had the most amazing and vivid dreams that pursued him into the day. He feared that soon he would go completely mad.

The condition of his bowels brought on an attack of hemorrhoids, so severe that he thought himself dying. This was the origin of a disease that he complained of at intervals throughout all his life, except when he was in Russia, where his illness was considered a sign of good fortune and people complimented him thereon.

Lorenzo, seeing Casanova haggard and visibly wasting away, called in a doctor, a grave and kindly personage who with lemonade and barley-water cured his patient's bodily affliction and by the loan of a copy of Boethius brought about a salutary change in his mind. By September he was well enough to think of escaping, and

* Casanova says two and a half. But the accounts still extant contradict him.

night and day he cherished hopes of freedom while through his mind passed scheme after scheme.

In the garret where he was permitted to walk every day for half an hour—a brief and welcome respite that enabled him to stand—Casanova noticed a pile of broken furniture and several boxes, some containing paper, others full of pens or twine, some nailed shut. A piece of black marble one inch thick, six inches long by three in width, attracted his attention. He took it and concealed it in his room, not knowing exactly what he could do with it.

Later he found a long heavy bolt. For eight days, uninterruptedly, he rubbed it on his bit of marble, making eight long triangular facets that came to a sharp point. He managed to produce a fine defensive and offensive weapon, as thick as a cane and twenty inches long, and as well proportioned as if it had been turned out by an armorer. It was a beautiful *spuntone*, but had cost him much trouble. He had had no oil, and had been forced to spit on the stone. His right arm had become so stiff that he could not use it, while his palm was an open wound of bleeding and crushed blisters. But when he looked at his shining weapon he forgot his pains. He hid it carefully in the stuffing of his armchair.

It occurred to him one day that beneath him must be the room in the Ducal Palace where the Secretary had examined him. Could he cut through the floor and escape? He would have proceeded to work at once had not a companion been given to him just then, a poor hairdresser who had had the misfortune to fall in love with the daughter of his noble employer and to succeed too well in his love. For this he spent a few weeks with Casanova while his case was examined and he was sent to other prisons where he spent many years.* He wept all day long. Casanova pitied him and blamed those who had stupidly brought a handsome lad and a pretty girl together.

The hairdresser was followed by an abominable old wretch con-

* The descriptions Casanova makes of his companions are in general so accurate and complete in detail as to have elicited the admiration of historians, one of whom suspiciously declares that he must have had access to documents in his later life, for in his Memoirs are facts he could not have known otherwise. The papers in the above case exist. There is a letter from the pregnant girl terminating: "Good-by my soul, my all, my heart, my dear Lorenzo. Good-by sweet, good-by, good-by."

victed of usury. Casanova was glad to be rid of him in a short time. He had found another amusement of late. He had discovered in the attic many papers sewn into booklets. They concerned criminal cases, some of them as much as three hundred years old, and the style and customs were both odd and interesting. There were cases of virgins seduced, flirtations pushed too far by men employed in girls' schools, confessors who had listened to another voice in their penitents, schoolmasters accused of pederasty and tutors who had deceived their pupils.

New Year's Day Casanova received presents. Lorenzo brought him a fox-fur bath-robe, a quilt and bear-robe, which the prisoner received with joy, for the cold was intense. M. de Bragadin, it now appeared, had made continuous efforts on Casanova's behalf, but had not even been able to communicate with his adopted son. One day he had appeared before the three Inquisitors and with tears in his eyes had begged them to transmit these gifts to his son, if he was still alive. They had not been able to refuse this and had even consented to allow Casanova to buy what books he pleased and to receive the gazette out of a monthly allowance of six sequins made for this purpose by M. de Bragadin.

To cut through the floor to the room below—that was all Casanova could think of. What he would do once he was in the lower room, he could not say. He was confident that once out of his cell his good fortune would take care of him.

How was he to dig out a hole unobserved? It was a task that would require days, perhaps weeks, and every morning Lorenzo came with his archers, and the cell was swept out completely; even the bed was moved for this purpose. The warden was under obligation to Casanova, for upon every presentation of the monthly accounts Casanova had said to Lorenzo: "with the balance have masses said for my soul," knowing full well that the jailer would know how to make better use of the money than to give it to the priests. So that when Casanova had begged that his cell be swept out daily in order to discourage the fleas, Lorenzo took scrupulous care that this was done. Now the problem was to stop the sweeping.

Giacomo began by pretending that he had a violent cold, and that

the dust raised by the sweeping made it worse. This worked only for a few days, whereupon Casanova added a neat detail: he pricked his finger and the next day exhibited his blood-stained handkerchief to the jailor. "You see," he said, "what the dust is doing to me. I cough so violently that I have broken a small blood-vessel."

The doctor was sent for and concurred with Casanova's diagnosis. That very week he had seen a young man die of breathing too much dust. Lorenzo grew frightened to think of losing the monthly balance and ordered that Casanova no longer be disturbed by sweeping. He had only done it, he assured his prisoner, in order to please.

The nights were long in the dark garret. Nineteen hours each day it was impossible to see. He had a small earthenware pot which he filled with salad oil and a wick improvised from frayed portions of his counterpane. The next question was to light it. He pretended to be suffering of a toothache and begged Lorenzo for a piece of pumice-stone. Lorenzo looked blank. What was pumice-stone?

"Oh, flint will do as well, if I soak it in vinegar," Casanova said carelessly. Lorenzo fished in his pocket and brought out a half a dozen stones. There was a steel buckle on Casanova's underdrawers, so that left only sulphur and tinder to be considered. For tinder he used the *amadou* with which tailors pad fine coats, and the sulphur he obtained by exhibiting an eruption he had on his thumb.

Now that everything was ready a new interruption arrived in the person of a Jew, Gabriel Shalon, a usurer of Venice famed for the ability with which he managed to ensnare young men of good family by finding money for them when their luck was bad. For two months Casanova had to bear this man's company, and the consequent delay in his plans.

On Wednesday in Holy Week the Secretary made his annual visit to the prisoners. It was a cold day. Casanova shivered as he left his warm bed, but he had to dress to appear before the official. In his gala day's dress made for an amorous assignation, with an eight months' beard, tall and thin, Casanova left his cell to confront the visitor in the garret. Since he had to bow to get through the door, he considered that a sufficient greeting, and stood before the Secretary, who for his part kept equally silent. There was nothing to be said. Casanova felt that anyone ought to know that he wanted his

freedom without troubling him to get dressed to say it. And he would not imitate the Jew, who on his knees had begged and wept before the sneering Secretary. After two minutes of silence, the Secretary nodded and left. Casanova returned to bed.

A few days later a Jesuit came to hear confession. He was dissatisfied with Casanova's laconic report.

"Do you pray to God?" he asked.

"Night and day, from morn to eve and from eve to morn; for you understand that, in the position I am in, my agitation, my impatience, the very wanderings of my mind, are but prayers addressed to the Divine Wisdom who sees into my heart."

"Since it was from us of the Society of Jesus that you learned your religion," said the follower of Ignatius Loyola, "practise it as we do, pray as we do, *and remember that you will not leave here until the day of the Saint whose name you bear.*"

This man's prophecy left a deep impression on Casanova's mind, and he studied his almanach carefully in order to determine on what day this would be. After relying on Saint Jacques and then on St. Mark (as a Venetian), Casanova determined to rely on his Holy Dagger, with which he would dig through the floor and so escape. But the Jesuit's prophecy was fulfilled, for it was on All Saints' Day that Casanova left the Leads.

A fortnight after Easter the Jew was removed to serve a two-year sentence in another prison and Casanova was at last free to get to work on the floor. He pulled back his bed, lit his lamp and dug into the wood with his dagger, putting the chips into a towel in order to empty them on the morrow behind some of the cases in the garret. The Ducal Palace had been built to last; the floor was composed of not less than three layers of solid larchwood planks each over two inches thick. Beneath that was a *terrazzo marmorino* made of bits of marble and cement. Four days of work were required to crumble up this massive rock-like aggregation. Beneath that was another plank, which Casanova surmised must be the last.

Now came a new interruption: another prisoner, but, fortunately, one that proved to be an old friend, Abbé Fenaroli. For a week the two amused themselves talking over old times. Fenaroli brought the news of the outside world and told of the many reasons that had

been advanced to explain Casanova's commitment under the Leads. For some time Venice had buzzed.

Casanova showed him the hole through which he hoped to escape.

"It will cost Lorenzo's head," said Fenaroli, "for it is the rule here to hold the warden accountable on his life for the safekeeping of the prisoners."

Too bad for Lorenzo, was all that Casanova thought. Since he knew the rule when he accepted the post and since Casanova was equally willing to take whatever risks existed, it was a game two were playing and for God to pick the winner.

When the last plank had been cut through and only a layer of plaster remained, a new delay was caused by the position of a supporting beam in the room below, which cut off part of the hole and made it necessary to widen it on the other side, for Casanova's body would not have been accommodated in the reduced opening. Finally, late in August, the hole was finished.

"Freedom, freedom," Casanova rejoiced. Against his desire, he decided that he ought to delay until the twenty-seventh, because on that day there would be an assembly and the room below was more likely to be empty. Reason told him to postpone his flight, and he did so, much to his later regret. For on the twenty-fifth Lorenzo suddenly appeared and cried:

"My congratulations, Sir, on the good news I bring you."

Casanova felt that he was going to die. Here he was to be freed just when he was ready to escape, and of course the discovery of his hole would cause the Inquisitors to revoke his pardon.

"Follow me," said Lorenzo.

"Wait until I am dressed."

"You needn't dress. Come as you are, for you are only going to step out of this miserable cell into another one that has been just recently built and is light and has moreover two windows in the corridor facing it, from which you can see half of Venice, and you can stand upright . . ."

Casanova thought his last hour had come, and his heart sank. He followed Lorenzo through many narrow galleries to his new cell, where indeed all was beautiful and the open windows, through which one could see as far as the Lido, allowed a fresh breeze to

enter. But Casanova noted all this sadly, for it meant the end of his plans for freedom; possibly it meant much worse. They would put him down in the subterranean cells where water flows perpetually through the sole opening that brings a little light and air to the sorry man who knows he must spend his life there perched on a trestle. His only ray of hope was the fact that he still possessed his dagger hidden away in the springs of his armchair, which, with all his furniture, was transported to his new cell.

Lorenzo had left Casanova in his cell and did not return for two hours. Casanova surmised the reason for this delay. By and by steps were heard. Lorenzo, foaming at the mouth, returned with his *sbirros*. Amidst horrible curses he ordered Casanova to give up the tools he had used in cutting through the floor and further to point out the soldier who had furnished them. The *sbirros* now began to search every inch of the new cell and Casanova answered wisely:

"If any tools are found I shall say you gave them to me." Lorenzo stamped his feet and tore at his hair.

"I suppose you will say I gave you a lamp."

"Indeed I shall. For at least you gave me all the necessary parts," and Casanova recounted how he had obtained oil, flint, wick, sulphur and so forth.

For eight days Lorenzo abused Casanova with poor and insufficient food, but when Casanova threatened to report directly to the Inquisitors he took fright.

"I cannot believe that you really mean to go to the Inquisitors with a tale which puts things in so false a light. Remember that I am a poor man with children."

Casanova realized then that the existence of the hole had been concealed from the Inquisitors. Lorenzo was looking out for his own neck.

One day Casanova ordered the warden to buy him the works of Maffei. Lorenzo grumbled at what he considered an unnecessary expense, which would leave him a smaller balance at the end of the month.

"What need have you of more books?"

"I want new books. I've read all these."

"I'll have a prisoner here lend you some of his in exchange for a loan of some of yours."

"Novels, no doubt, and I can't bear them."

"No, indeed, scientific books. You needn't imagine that you are the only intellectual person here."

"Very well, then, take this book to that other intellectual and ask him to lend me one in exchange."

Casanova handed him Petau's *Rationarium* and Lorenzo went off and soon brought back the first volume of Wolff. Casanova was delighted, not so much at the book of philosophy as at the prospect of a possible correspondence with a fellow-prisoner. He noted with pleasure that a like idea had struck the lender of the volume of Wolff, for he had written on the fly-leaf six lines of poetry in Latin, paraphrasing Seneca's: *Unhappy is the mind anxious concerning the future.*

Casanova wrote a reply by trimming into the shape of a pen the nail of his little finger, which he had allowed to grow long that he might use it to clean his ears. He wrote on a loose piece of paper, added a list of his books, and slipped the sheet into the binding where it was well concealed. Near the title of the book he wrote the Latin word: *Latet.* And the next day when Lorenzo appeared Casanova said: "Here, I've finished this book. Return it and get me the second volume."

As soon as he was alone, Casanova opened the book and discovered a loose sheet of paper thus inscribed:

"There are two of us in the same cell, and we are both overjoyed that the prospect of corresponding with you is opened to us as a result of the ignorance and cupidity of our jailer. I who write you this am Marino Balbi, a Venetian nobleman and a monk, and my companion is Count Andrea Asquin of Undine. He wishes me to tell you that you will find a list of the books he owns in the back of this volume. They are at your service. Be warned, Sir, that we must be very careful in our commerce in order that Lorenzo may not become suspicious."

Later this same monk Balbi wrote Casanova a letter sixteen pages

long recounting all his misfortunes. He had been incarcerated for the seduction of three young girls and for having baptized the resulting offspring in his own name.

Casanova replied curtly, telling of himself and mentioning that he hoped soon to be free. He saw that Balbi was necessary to him, but he realized what kind of man he was from a perusal of the letter he had written. He was imprudent, since he had written on a loose leaf which he had not taken the trouble to conceal in the binding; sensuality, eccentricity and lack of logic marked his career as a monk; while spite and ingratitude were revealed in the manner in which he described his wealthy old companion Count Asquin.

When Balbi asked how Casanova had managed to make the big hole of which he had heard from one of the *sbirros*, Casanova replied that he had done so with a big knife which he now concealed on a ledge over the door. He gave this reply as a test, and when three days had passed and still no one came to examine the ledge he knew that Balbi, for all his faults, was safe, and certainly he was indispensable; for Casanova's cell was now so carefully examined each day that it was out of the question for himself to hew his way out unaided. But if Balbi could make a hole in his ceiling and then, climbing up into the space between the cells and the leaden roof, make another hole through the wall separating his cell from Casanova's cell and finally make a third hole through the ceiling of Casanova's cell, then the two of them together could go out on the roof and from there they would have no difficulty in making their way to the streets and out of Venice to the country. Once across the border they would be perfectly safe.

They discussed this in various letters. Balbi was to purchase so many large holy images that even his ceiling would be covered with them. That being done, the really difficult matter of sending the dagger was broached. Balbi suggested that since Lorenzo had frequently spoken to Count Asquin of Casanova's fur cloak, it might be sent to their cell so that the Count might examine it and order himself a like one if it pleased him. Casanova, then, had only to wrap the dagger up in the cloak making a package of it. Only in order to show Balbi how foolish that idea was did Casanova pretend to fall in with it. Of course Lorenzo threw the cloak over his arm, as any one

would. Balbi wrote bewailing his stupidity for having proposed the plan, as well as Casanova's for having so readily agreed to his suggestion; for when the cloak arrived thrown over the jailer's arm he could not but imagine that Lorenzo had discovered the *spuntone* and confiscated it. But Casanova hadn't been so foolish as to wrap his precious dagger in the cloak.

Casanova had hatched up a new plan. First he had Lorenzo purchase him a large edition of the *Vulgate*, which had recently appeared. He hoped to be able to conceal the dagger in the back of the binding. The book was a few inches too short! Then Casanova added a new and masterly detail. On the feast of St. Michael Casanova told Lorenzo that he wished to make himself a dish of macaroni seasoned according to his own tastes, and that he would also like to send a platter of it to the person who so kindly lent him books.

Lorenzo brought all the ingredients and Casanova mixed up a large dish brimful of macaroni swimming in butter and cheese. He had hidden the dagger in the back of the Bible and now putting the dish of macaroni on the book, bade Lorenzo stretch out his arms and loaded him with both objects. "Be sure," he cautioned, "not to spill any."

"If I do, it will be your own fault," Lorenzo grumbled. He had to walk carefully, with his eyes glued to the steaming macaroni, and had no opportunity to notice anything strange about the book. A moment later he returned to say that everything had been accomplished and he had not spilled a drop of grease.

Balbi went at once to work, although in his letters he made all manner of silly objections. "Once out," he wrote, "we will only be in a garret. What then?" "Leave it all to me," Casanova replied, "I have a plan all prepared." He had no plan whatsoever; he was depending on his wits.

The work was proceeding satisfactorily and Casanova had even determined upon the following night for his great attempt, when Lorenzo brought in a miserable spy, in the employ of the Inquisitors, who had turned traitor. Casanova found the weaknesses of this vile person to be garlic, wine and religion, and by plying him with these in strong doses robbed the fellow of what little sense he had.

Lorenzo came one day to inform Soradaci that on the morrow the Inquisitors would summon him to be questioned. The spy believed that he would be set free, and Casanova, pretending to think so too, although he was sure that the Inquisition would not so readily liberate a traitor, begged him to deliver two letters for him, certain that the wretch would turn them over to the Secretary. He wrote two harmless letters full of creditable sentiment but no more and sewed them up in the lining of Soradaci's coat.

Soradaci was absent only a few hours. When the jailer had locked the door on him and left, Casanova said:

"What! Have they not freed you?"

"I shall be free in a few days," said the spy.

"Then let me have my letters, I wish to add a few lines."

"It's too dangerous," he replied, "the jailer may return any moment now."

"Give me back my letters," Casanova cried out in a deep voice.

Then the wretch threw himself on his knees and confessed that when confronting the tribunal the letters had weighed on him like lead, and had caused him to tremble so noticeably that the judges had questioned him and forced him to confess.

Casanova pretended to feel unwell. He flung himself before the image of the Virgin Mary and demanded vengeance on Soradaci for breaking his vow, while inwardly he pondered on a scheme to make use of the fellow's treachery. While the latter protested his repentance with tears in his eyes, Casanova lay with his face to the wall and did not move or answer.

The next day he wrote to Balbi to come at seven and finish the circular channel in the ceiling of Casanova's cell. This had been agreed upon, since no signs of any work must appear in the cell, while the hole, to be completely finished within an hour, required only the digging through of the thin edge that had been left to sustain the disk of wood. "Come sharp at seven," Casanova warned, "for our liberty depends on rigorous exactitude."

It was the twenty-fifth of October and Casanova was aware that now or never must his project be carried to a successful execution. The State Inquisitors always went to pass the first few days of No-

vember in the country and Lorenzo would be sure to take advantage of their absence by getting drunk every night, and coming late for his daily visit. That was the moment that must be utilized for the escape.

Casanova had fallen into such a mental state that he even used his cabala upon himself, though none knew better its utter worthlessness. He had decided to consult Ariosto and, to determine the song and verse that was to apply to his flight, he wrote out his question in numbers and received for answer: "seventh line in ninth canto."

With bated breath and tremulous fingers, as though he himself now believed in his oracle, he opened the book, turned the pages and read at the indicated place:

Between the end of October and the beginning of November.

These admirable words, so apt and so precise, merited faith: but Casanova did not accept them idly.

To Soradaci he thundered: "Know that Our Lady of the Rosary appeared to me at daybreak and ordered me to forgive you, and for my generosity I shall be rewarded by the appearance of an angel to liberate us."

"An angel?" Soradaci queried with eyes and mouth wide open.

"Yes. But you will not see him. He will be here at sunset and you will hear him work until half-past eleven."

At seven Casanova knelt and forced Soradaci to kneel likewise. Noises were heard above. Soon distinct blows were heard. Balbi was at work. Soradaci was impressed. And Casanova took advantage of the moment by forcing him to swear not to reveal anything to Lorenzo. He took, however, the further precaution of threatening to strangle him if he as much as opened his mouth while the jailer was by.

The next day Casanova told Soradaci that the angel would enter the cell at noon and he would bring a pair of scissors and Soradaci must trim their beards.

"Will the angel have a beard?"

"Yes, he will. And after you have trimmed our beards, we shall break through the roof, descend to Saint-Mark's Place and from there make our way to Germany."

Soradaci did not answer. He ate his meal in silence, while Casanova wandered to and fro, unable either to sleep or eat. His heart and his mind were too full of his projected escape.

At the agreed moment noises were heard on the roof of the cell. In a short while the circular plank gave way and Balbi slid through the hole. Casanova embraced him, and Balbi returned the *spuntone* and presented Soradaci with a pair of shears. The spy, for his part, did not quite know what to make of an angel with a heavy beard whose appearance was nearer that of a devil than a saint. His expression was so strange that Casanova and Balbi could not suppress their laughter.

Casanova hastened over to Count Asquin and found a venerable old man whose corpulency and lameness effectually precluded any attempt at flight across a steep and slippery leaden roof. Count Asquin wished them luck, but was not inclined to do any more for the cause. Casanova had hoped to borrow thirty sequins from him. Two were all he managed to extract.

"If you fail," the Count repeated again and again, " I shall have lost my money." Casanova itched to lay his hands on the man's throat, but he had more important things to attend to. "Don't forget," the Count warned him as he left, "to return me my two sequins if you decide not to take the risk of escaping."

Casanova now examined the roof and found, as he had expected, that the beams were rotten and that the leaden plates were easily bent apart and rolled back. But a single glance at the sky warned him to delay his flight, for a brilliant crescent moon illuminated Venice. If they ventured on the roof, their prolonged shadows would surely reach down to the Square and attract the attention of the people who promenaded there on moonlit nights. He informed Balbi that they must wait three hours until the moon sank.

While he returned to his cell to inspect his sheet-rope and his package of clothes, Balbi accused Casanova of having deceived him.

"You assured me that you had a plan all prepared," he whined. "I see now that unless we can manage to grow wings we shall either perish in the canal or on the flags below. Or else the soldiers on guard will capture us."

Casanova's blood boiled in anger, but he controlled himself. He still needed Balbi. As to Soradaci, he did not mind the latter's objections. He was quite happy to agree to the fellow's decision to stay in the cell and took advantage of it to compose the following letter which the latter was to transmit to Lorenzo, who would of course hand it over to the Inquisitors.

"I shall not perish but live to sing the praises of the Lord.

"It is the duty of the State Inquisitors to use every means of holding a guilty man in prison; while the latter, if happily he is not on parole, should do his best to escape. If their right is based on law, his is founded on nature. They did not ask his consent to imprison him. He need not ask theirs to set himself free.

"Giacomo Casanova, who, in the bitterness of his heart, writes this, realizes that he may have the misfortune to be recaptured, in which case he appeals to the humanity of his judges not to make his lot any harder than the one he is now seeking to escape. If he succeeds he wills the contents of his cell to Francesco Soradaci, with the exception of the books, which he gives to Count Asquin.

"Written one hour before midnight, without a light, in Count Asquin's cell, this thirty-first of October, 1756."

He gave the letter to Soradaci, and the moon having now set, he loaded himself with half the rope and Balbi with the other half, and then the two of them, hatted and carrying their clothes on their back, made their way out onto the roof.

And then we went out to contemplate the stars.

By folding back the edges of the sheets of lead and holding on to the ledge thus formed, Casanova managed to reach the gable, where he could sit astride. The journey up over the slippery lead would have been difficult enough alone; with Balbi clutching his belt it was a task for a mule. Halfway up Balbi let go his package of clothes, which rolled down the roof and disappeared. Casanova would have liked to send him after them. Once astride the gable, another misfortune struck the monk. His hat fell off and followed the clothes. Balbi declared that this was indeed a bad omen, but Casanova pointed out to him that it was on the contrary a piece of

good fortune that the hat had fallen to the left and into the canal. If it had fallen to the right it would have tumbled at the very feet of the guards in the court below.

Casanova left Balbi perched on the ridge and went exploring. He spent an hour sounding out every possibility and at last determined on a dormer window which was protected by glass and an iron grating. A quarter-of-an-hour's work sufficed to remove both these obstructions and, discounting a bleeding hand, Casanova returned to inform Balbi of what he had done.

The latter received him with gross insults. He had been certain, after waiting so long, that Casanova had fallen off the roof, and had fully made up his mind to go back as soon as it became light enough.

"And this," Casanova said, "is the way you show your joy at my safety!"

At the garret window Balbi declared amiably:

"Lower me down with the ropes. Once inside I shall find a way of helping you."

Casanova would have liked to reward the fellow's brutal selfishness by putting his dagger in his ribs, but he restrained himself again, for there was nothing to be accomplished by giving way to personal animosities when liberty was at stake. He let the monk down and found upon drawing up his rope that the distance was perhaps twenty-five feet. This was more than one could risk with a jump. In this dilemma Casanova was surprised to note a little terrace some distance away, which he had failed to see until then, and on it he spied some plasterer's tools, evidently left forgotten there. But what particularly struck him was a long ladder which, if he could manage to push it through the window, would probably reach to the floor. To manipulate the long heavy ladder on the steep slippery roof was a task that took all the strength he had.

Lying down on his stomach he inched his way across and succeeded in inserting one end of the ladder into the window. He had pushed it in about a foot when suddenly he slipped and rolled over the roof and remained suspended in the air, with only his elbows clinging to the gutter. Fortunately the ladder had caught in the window's framework. Casanova, with a supreme effort—more of will than of muscle, for physically he was completely spent—regained

the ledge and returned to the window, where he finally managed to push the ladder completely inside with one end resting on the floor and the other on the window-sill. Now Balbi held the lower end firm and Casanova climbed down.

He noted casually that they were in a lofty room, and this was the extent of effort he could make. Had torture or death or perpetual imprisonment been the certain result, he could not but give way to nature. He lay down upon the hard floor and slept.

Three-and-a-half hours later the monk roused him with much shouting and shaking. Balbi could not understand how he could sleep when their condition was so precarious; but Casanova had not slept or eaten for two days, and now his body and mind were all the keener and more capable for the nap.

They found their way along a gallery lined with shelves piled high with papers. They descended a narrow stone staircase, a second gallery and then a second staircase, into a large hall which Casanova recognized as the ducal chancery. The door out of this was locked, but they managed to smash through the panelling with the *spuntone*. Balbi, small of stature, went through the hole easily and then dragged Casanova through. The jagged wood tore his clothes into rags and bit into his flesh, leaving ugly bleeding wounds.

They went down another stairway, found their way barred by a heavy door and realized that they were at the head of the Giant's Staircase. The dagger was of no avail against the massive portals that confronted them. Calmly Casanova said to the monk:

"Here we must wait. I have done all I can. It is for God to do the rest. To-day being All Saint's Day, I do not know whether the sweepers will come or not. But here I intend to wait until someone opens the door and then I shall make a run for it."

The monk flew into a great rage, calling his companion a liar, a madman, a seducer who had promised to give him freedom and would only succeed in having him incarcerated in the underground wells. Casanova merely prepared himself for appearing in the street for the first time in fifteen months. His condition, in torn clothes covered with blood, was frightful. He undressed, tore up handkerchiefs and bandaged his wounds. Then he put on clean stockings, a lace shirt and two others on top of that, his summer suit and his fine

hat trimmed with gold lace and a long white feather. He looked like a reveller who had misspent a night in some house of ill-fame. Balbi looked fairly presentable in his simple costume. Casanova flung his rich-looking cloak over him and the poor wretch looked as though he had stolen it.

After dawn Casanova went to one of the windows. He attracted the attention of some loungers in the courtyard and they notified the janitor, who, no doubt believing that he had locked someone in the night before, came puffing up the Giant's Staircase with a heavy ring of keys. Casanova motioned Balbi to his side and, holding his dagger under his clothes in case of necessity, waited until the door was opened.

Paying no attention to the puzzled expression of the concierge, they rushed past him, ran down the staircase and out on the square. Balbi cried: "To the church, to the church," but Casanova, paying no attention to him, walked to the quay and entered the first gondola that he saw. Balbi followed perforce.

"Better call another gondolier, for I want to go to Fusina quickly."

What a beautiful morning! The air was so fresh and clean; the sun was just rising and flecking the water with gold and red; the two young gondoliers were cleaving the water with sturdy strokes. Casanova thought of the dangers he had passed through, he remembered his stuffy close cell, and gratitude towards God moved him to tears.

"How soon shall we reach Mestre?" Casanova asked.

"Mestre, Sir? You said Fusina!"

"You're crazy; I told you I wanted to go to Mestre quickly."

"You're wrong," said Balbi. "I myself heard you say Fusina." Casanova would have gladly kicked him, but what would be the use? The monk simply never would understand.

"Very well, then, I made a mistake," Casanova admitted. "But I want to go to Mestre."

"It's up to you," said the boatman. "Mestre or even England, if you like, as long as I'm paid."

"Bravo! So let it be Mestre."

At Mestre, while Casanova waited for the horses to be hitched to the coach that was to take them to Treviso, Balbi went to a café to have a chocolate and flirt with the bar-maid. When the horses were harnessed, Casanova had to go looking for Balbi from one café to another. Meanwhile a certain Tomasi, agent of the Inquisition and former friend of Casanova, came up, and cried out:

"How now, Sir? I am delighted to see you. How did you escape?" Casanova's heart sank.

Since no one else was near, he drew his dagger with so threatening a demeanor that the poor fellow at once took to his legs. When he judged himself to be at a safe distance he turned around, waved his hands and blew kisses to Casanova to show that he had meant no harm and wished him a safe voyage.

At Treviso they ordered a chaise, but only as a ruse to sidetrack any pursuers. They struck out into the country across fields and walked twenty miles. They bought a meal from peasants and rested. Casanova deemed it wiser to separate, certain that soon everybody would be on the lookout for *two* fugitives, and as such they would be recognized at once, whereas alone each might pass unnoticed. Moreover he was anxious to be rid of a hateful companion, who was spoiling his first precious experience of freedom in fifteen months. To urge Balbi to leave him, he was even willing to give him every bit of money he possessed, while he himself went on feeling confident that alone and in the country he was a match for all the inhabitants of the Republic.

As soon as Balbi was out of sight Casanova walked to a nearby village, where the finest house was pointed out to him as that of the Captain of the local force of *sbirros*. And though he fully realized that this was the house above all others to be avoided, some instinct led him to select it for his night's rest. A pretty young woman, *enceinte*, came to meet him, mistaking him for a friend of her husband come to assist at the baptism. She excused her husband's absence on the ground that he had to hunt for two prisoners recently escaped from the "Leads." Casanova fell in with her error, and apologized for his ragged appearance as being due to a fall from his horse. And it was fortunate that the police-captain's wife had not the acumen to notice his silk coat and white stockings.

She gave him supper and a fine bed, and her mother bathed and bandaged his wounds. After twelve hours of profound sleep, he rose and dressed and went out as if for a walk, and did not stop until he had put many miles between himself and his kind hostess. He met the nephew of the State Inquisitor and asked him for money, but was refused. Apparently no one would give him a cent for fear of being considered a traitor. Luck favored him in the evening; he obtained another free meal and a good bed at the house of a man who, having had to leave, had given his servants orders to entertain whatever friends of his might call.

The next day Casanova came to the villa of an old friend. He was shown into the study where the man was sitting at his desk. Casanova asked him to cash him a note of hand for sixty sequins drawn on M. de Bragadin, but was again refused. Shaking with rage at such repeated penury, Casanova seized his present offender by the collar and threatened him with his dagger. In fright the miser opened a drawer full of gold.

"Count me out six sequins," Casanova commanded.

"You asked for sixty."

"Yes—as a friendly loan, but since I must take them by force, I'll content myself with six; and I shall see to it that all Venice is informed of your conduct."

That night Casanova slept at a peasant's hut. The next day he bought himself some quieter clothes and continued his trip in a wagon, and thus finally crossed the frontier and reached Borgo di Valsugano, where Balbi was waiting for him. After two days spent in bed, writing letters home, Casanova continued on to Bolzan where he waited to hear from his patrons. When a messenger came with a hundred sequins, Casanova rose and journeyed to Munich. Here he managed to get rid of Balbi by recommending him through a friend to the Dean of Saint-Maurice at Augsburg.

Here, too, he found old friends who offered to meet him later in Strasbourg and take him to Paris, where anyone with his wits about him could make his way. Casanova remained in Munich four weeks, restricting himself to a severe regimen, for he had worn his nerves thin by the efforts he had made to escape from prison.

It has been thought expedient to give the story of Casanova's escape largely as he himself recounted it both in his *Histoire de ma fuite*, Prague, 1788, and his Memoirs. Though we now possess so great a number of documents that, had Casanova never written a word, we could still tell the tale in full, we have yet used his own words as source because they seem to us to ring true. But despite the agreement between Casanova and the records, there have been at least three great Casanovists who have attacked his veracity.

Is it possible that Casanova lied here as extravagantly as we believe he did in the story of his trip to Constantinople? There is this difference between the two episodes: Casanova gloried in his escape, he told it orally to dozens of his contemporaries and, when old and toothless, he made of it a book which was fairly widely distributed, yet in his own day no one accused him of falsehood. The Constantinople episode, on the other hand, does not appear fully except in the Memoirs.

Moreover, for the trip to Turkey all documents point to errors; while for the sojourn in prison, all documents point to truths. Thus two Venetians of the day, Benigna and Gradenigo, who both kept diaries, noted down the escape of Casanova and Balbi in their books.

Again, the bills for the repair of the damages caused by the escaping prisoners have been found. They are from a carpenter and a glazer. The former repaired "the hole whence they fled" and made "a new door" while the latter put a new grill over a dormer-window.

Finally the Venetian writer, Allessandro Verri, met Casanova in Rome in 1771, and expressly states that he heard the story from Casanova's own lips and is "certain, according to many testimonies, that this man fled from the 'Leads.' " Thus Verri wrote to his brother, who answered, detailing his doubts, and Allessandro replied with renewed affirmations clearing up several points. He adds: "There may be some romantic elements put in for the sake of ornament, but the whole is undoubtedly true . . . Casanova seems to speak the truth and readily refutes all objections." And when Casanova's book appeared in 1788, Pietro Zaguri, also a Venetian, wrote: "Of all stories it is the most interesting and of all interesting tales the most truthful." Andrea Memmo wrote likewise in a way that demonstrates that he had no doubts of the truth of the escape as written by

Casanova. And this does not exhaust the list of people who commented on Casanova's escape without ever calling it in doubt. Lorenzo da Ponte and the Prince de Ligne could be added here.

Lorenzo da Ponte, who criticized Casanova severely, nevertheless says: "He fled from that prison in a marvelous manner." And the Prince de Ligne writes: "His book bears the stamp of truth, and I have moreover been assured of its veracity by a goodly number of Venetians." We need not therefore add Casanova's testimony: ". . . its chief value . . . is the truth of all details," for we know that Casanova's own word, though not without value, is best taken with a seasoning of contemporary records.

The first critic was Allessandro Verri's brother, whose objections, we may suppose, were eventually fully answered. Next, in 1789, Casanova's book on his escape was translated from its original French into German and a reviewer took it to task in the *Allgemeine Litteratur-Zeitung* of Jena. Casanova, then at Dux, replied in great choler, but his letter, still extant, was not published. In 1827, Ugo Foscolo attacked him, but his wild criticisms reveal his total lack of knowledge on the subject.

The first serious opponent is the Venetian, Abbé Fulin, to whose researches in 1876 we owe the publication of many of the abovementioned documents. That does not prevent Fulin from crying: "Liar!" Casanova says he was never judged. But we have documents showing that witnesses were called. And Casanova wants us to believe that he was never sentenced when we know he was sentenced for five years. Fulin thinks that Casanova was convicted because of his activities as a Freemason, and that he was permitted to escape when Inquisitors favorable to Masonry acquired office. And that, says Fulin, is why there was no inquiry after the escape. And Casanova only invented the story to show himself off. The answer to these objections has been made by other students. Fulin defeated himself, however, when he discovered the fact that Lorenzo Basadonna was condemned to prison for his negligence. The Inquisitors, if they really allowed Casanova to escape, went too far with their realism.

Dr. Guède and Gustav Gugitz have given a more detailed criticism of Casanova's story. Dr. Guède believes that the escape was pre-

pared by Bragadin's gold, and that it was to protect his patron's political standing that Casanova invented his tale. One asks oneself how Balbi enters into this. Well, Balbi, the chopped holes and the door, all that was decorative material, intended to deceive. Casanova himself has to admit that he was finally let out by the concierge who came with his keys!

Dr. Guède alleges furthermore that the mechanics of the escape show that Casanova never executed it except in his imagination. He has to bring a long bolt and a piece of marble into a garret. How did they get there? Then he has to find a ladder on the roof. How did that ladder get there? Finally, how did Balbi and Casanova know where to cut to reach each other? How did they know that they occupied neighboring cells?

Dr. Guède went to Venice and tried to follow Casanova's every move. Unfortunately the prisons of the Ducal Palace were destroyed many years ago, and indeed the whole interior has been altered so that Dr. Guède could not find proof positive or negative. But after this examination, Dr. Guède nevertheless persisted in thinking that Casanova had accomplices on the outside to effect his escape.

As for Gustav Gugitz, his criticisms of Casanova form a most astounding piece of historical research that has awakened every Casanovist's admiration. Gugitz has discovered so many errors in Casanova that I am afraid he is incapable of appreciating any truth. It is almost a part of his routine to accuse Casanova of having lied; most engagingly—who can doubt it?—for the Flight has long been one of the most widely read and repeatedly published books of the world; but still, Gugitz believes, only a lie.

But in this case I am tempted to believe the liar despite his execrable chronology. Gugitz asks how Balbi, having made a hole in his ceiling and got into a room (what room? how was there a room above the cell?) and then having made a hole through a wall and entered another mysterious room, knew that he was above Casanova's cell? Did he have plans? This is a good objection, but later Gugitz wonders why Casanova made the death-defying effort of inserting a long ladder into the dormer-window. Could he not have laid the ladder across the dormer-window, tied the cord to a rung and climbed down? I think this objection invalid, and anyone who

will think it over will begin to see what almost insuperable difficulties would have been involved in executing such a plan on a steep roof covered with smooth plates of lead.

Myself, I have found but one contradiction in the tale. It was a brilliant night, says Casanova, with a crescent moon aloft. An almanach of October 31, 1756, will show the truth of that. In other words it was a clear night. But a little later there is a heavy fog which makes the steep slopes of the roof extremely slippery. I suppose this to be one of the "romantic details" like the "hanging by the elbows over the void" which one may take or leave. The escape, as a whole, stands, despite a hundred and fifty years of criticism. And well that it does, for Casanova's Memoirs contain many card-houses that collapse at the slightest breath of criticism.

CHAPTER X

In Paris Again—Casanova Turned Financier—The Rake Progresses to Fortune

FOR the second time Casanova arrived in the maze of narrow crooked streets that was Paris, the center of the world. Unpaved, unlighted, unsewered. Dirty and unsanitary. Palace against hovel, park against slum. The water of her wells filtering through streets covered with filth—or, worse, through the graves of newly dead. In her hospitals six patients allotted to each bed.

In the ante-chambers of the nobles a huge host of courtiers, artists, poets, philosophers, schemers, petitioners, treading on each other's toes, seeking support or protection, or at least an invitation to a dinner where the lavish service will be such as to stock all the second-hand food markets on the morrow and rejoice the bellies of the poor and thrifty.

Sixty thousand public girls enlivened the city. Quacks and police were busy and Louis XV never lacked the quota of gossip from the police-courts. Paris amused the world.

Casanova had wisely determined that this city should henceforth supplant his perfidious Venice. Here, he knew, even a jail-bird was welcome. Provided he had wit and friends no one would molest him. On the contrary the report of his miraculous escape was likely to distinguish him from the host of minor adventurers that glutted Paris, and lead to fame and wealth. He promised himself seriously to avoid any disreputable entanglements. His character must be irreproachable. He must cultivate his abilities, display his talents, avoid bad company, and then, without doubt, he would soon manage to procure some remunerative employment which would enable him to enjoy life in comfort.

He reached Paris early on the fifth of January, 1757, during the height of a cold spell, and went at once to Balletti's house in the

street called Petit-Lyon-Saint-Sauveur, where he was received with open arms by the whole family. Silvia looked at him quizzically. Her beauty was rapidly fading beneath the advancing ravages of disease, but her ability was such that she still monopolized the best rôles on the stage.

"But who is . . . ?"

"Surely you remember Manon."

Can this ripened beauty be the little girl he left behind six years ago? Giacomo's gloomy and serious mood passed. Manon was Silvia's youngest daughter and had just come home from the convent where she had been raised. She was still so shy of company that she did not enter the room, but remained half on the threshhold of her own chamber.

Casanova desired her at once, with all the accumulated desire of months of prison rectitude, and the desire whipped his blood to a froth. He began to talk loudly, boastfully, of his escape, of the famous people he knew, of his glorious plans for the future—a medley of garish truths and lies studded with a thousand anecdotes. He hinted at a wealthy friend who had once been his accomplice in a most extravagant amorous adventure with a pair of nuns.

What did the shy Manon think of this glittering impetuous giant who talked of princes and prisons as one who had lived a dozen full lives, and who was yet a young man? In spite of herself, in spite of her convent breeding, she was attracted to the dazzling Chevalier. Her sensitive spirit, however, was disturbed by some vague allusions which her young, only half-comprehending, mind vainly puzzled over. What strange events had taken place between M. de Seingalt and her mother?

Though Casanova has forgotten to tell us, we know how she felt, for a package of her letters was found among the dusty, yellowed manuscripts of the recluse of Dux. Her tender passion lives again in these faded love-letters. And her beauty, also, still exists for us in an exquisite painting by the hand of Vanloo. The very furnishings of her room are known to us by the inventory preserved in the National Archives of France.

Casanova noticed with keen pleasure the rapid effect of his social skill. The gray memory of prison life began to dissolve. With the

hum of all Paris outside the windows in the frosty January weather, with the stir and agitation inside of a room full of hot-headed Italian actors welcoming a compatriot, his nostrils dilated, his body tingled; he felt that this was his milieu, this was his life.

His next visit was to M. l'Abbé de Bernis. En route he mentally rejoiced at the pleasant chat they would have about those most romantic and intriguing nights spent with C.C. and M.-M. M. de Bernis, however, had gone to Versailles.

Nothing daunted, Giacomo walked to the cab-stand at the Pont-Royal where the so-called *enragés* drove you to Versailles at a mad clip. But as luck would have it, he missed the Abbé in Versailles, the carriages having no doubt crossed on the road. There was nothing to do but return in the gathering darkness.

Suddenly the way was barred. People were seen running about in the greatest confusion amid a growing flicker of torches. Cries: "The King has been assassinated!" An officer appeared and requested Casanova to descend, and hurried him off to the guard-house where some twenty surprised and frightened prisoners were already gathered, eyeing each other suspiciously. "Can it be," says Casanova, "that I must succeed in escaping the Leads of Venice only to fall into the oubliettes of France?" He had heard enough of unknown prisoners languishing for years in the Bastille on the most insignificant of charges. The infamous *lettres de cachet* were whispered about in all circles of society. Bold voices were beginning to cry out against the injustice.—In a very short time however official news was received that the guilty man was in custody, and that M. de la Martinière, the court surgeon, had examined the King and found the wound to be slight.

Gossip too traveled as fast as the official bulletin, and soon everyone knew that a certain Damiens, formerly a butler, of late an itinerant vendor of stain-removers, had struck at the King as the latter was entering his carriage. On account of the cold weather the King had donned two heavy coats, one of them fur-lined, and it was this fortunate precaution that had prevented serious injury. At first the King had not suspected that he was even wounded. He said: "That drunkard just gave me an awful blow with his fist." Then putting his hand to his side he withdrew it wet with warm blood. He went

pale at once. "I have been murdered!" he gasped. Then he shouted: "Hold that man and do him no harm!"

At that time the court was being held at Trianon, and the King's own palace, where they took him, was found denuded of every comfort. Even sheets were lacking. The King, despite all reassurances of his medical advisors, feared the worst and demanded a confessor in order instantly to be absolved of all his sins. The priests came and extreme unction was administered to Louis, who was really suffering from no more than a scratch.

Casanova congratulated himself on his speedy release, found his carriage waiting for him and rode off to Paris. On the way he was passed by some two hundred couriers bearing dispatches to all the provinces of France.

Although the hour was late, the Ballettis were still lingering over their meal.

"I have just come from Versailles," Casanova announced to them as he entered.

"The King was murdered?" they cried excitedly.

"Not at all. He may go to the Trianon or to his Parc-aux-Cerfs, if he is in the mood. I know all about it!"

And he told his story in his impressive gesticulatory fashion, changing his voice to suit the action or the characters, disposing the furniture of the room as a map or a stage-setting to illustrate his narrative.

The servants had carried the tale through the quarter and more neighbors came every moment to beg the news, for in those days the people of France still loved their King. Casanova had to repeat his story ten times. And he did it each time more engagingly than the last.

It was very late when Manon retired to the adjoining room, where she slept with her old aunt. As she slipped into the darkness of her large baldaquin bed, her mind swarmed with images of a tall hawk-eyed man about whom all the most important events of the day had taken place.

Casanova spoke truly when he declared that the King might go to the Parc-aux-Cerfs if he were in the mood, but for a few days he

was in no mood to go to that private seraglio which Madame de Pompadour kept, since her beauty had failed, to retain her hold upon him. But until the King's intense fear of death had passed he had no mood for her, or indeed for anyone but priests to promise him safe-conduct to heaven. On the third day, however, he rose and things resumed their normal course.

In a dark hole lay Damiens, the murderer, stripped naked and chained to a heavy mattress so that he could move only a forearm, and that was only that he might eat. In the hope that he would reveal the Jesuits as his confederates and inspirers, he was tortured with red-hot pincers. His own statement, that he did not wish to kill the King, but only to arouse him to the bitter hardships of the poor during this exceptionally cold winter, were discounted as obviously suggested to him by his Jesuit backers.

Tortured, given "the point of the diamond," he spent hours of anguish and even attempted death by self-mutilation.

Casanova meanwhile hurried about his affairs. He finally saw M. de Bernis. The abbé gave him news of M.-M., asked about Casanova's escape and declared that Giacomo ought to write out the story of his flight. The abbé would see that it circulated among men of influence, and thus form a kind of introduction. As Casanova took his leave he felt M. de Bernis slip him a *rouleaux* of louis.

Casanova at once ordered himself a suit of fine clothes and other necessary articles. He diligently set down a version of his escape from the Leads, which, when complete, he conveyed to the genial abbé with permission to have as many copies made as he thought wise.

Three weeks later Casanova received an invitation to the house of M. de Choiseul, and that very evening he was invited to M. de Boulogne. Here, either in sport or in earnest, M. de Bernis introduced Casanova as an expert on finance. Casanova had difficulty in restraining his laughter. Unaware of Casanova's confusion an old gray-haired man began to speak:

"Now there's M. Pâris-Duverney who needs twenty millions for his military school. The State can't spare a penny, and yet the school must run."

Casanova, emboldened, followed his glib tongue:

"I have in mind a scheme that will produce for the King the interest on a hundred million."

"How much will it cost the King?"

"The expense of collection."

"It is the nation then that is to provide this money?"

"Certainly, but voluntarily."

"I know what you're thinking of."

"I beg your pardon, Sir," said Casanova. "I would be very much surprised if you should, for I have not yet discussed it with anybody."

"Nevertheless," said the old man, "if you will do me the honor of dining with me to-morrow, I shall show you your scheme and have the pleasure of pointing out the insurmountable obstacles in the way of its realization."

"I shall be delighted."

"Very well then, I shall expect you at Plaisance," said the old man and left.

"That," M. de Boulogne declared, was M. de Marmontel, of the treasury. He is a brother of the Pâris-Duverney, director of the Ecole Militaire."

Casanova had to get away from the crowd in order to have the quiet and leisure necessary for his complete metamorphosis into a financier, for as yet he had not the faintest notion of what his scheme really was. He went walking in the Tuileries and the more he thought about the matter, the more pleased and excited he became. For this bizarre situation was quite to his taste.

The following day Casanova was no better prepared; rather sadly and pensively he entered a coach and had himself driven to M. Pâris-Duverney's palace. M. Duverney was one of four brothers in Paris, sons of a poor country inn-keeper. They had risen to be the most powerful bankers of France, their stability having become almost proverbial when they weathered the panic caused by the bursting of Law's grandiose schemes.

Casanova, in a daze, was led into a magnificent room where seven or eight gentlemen were gathered about a huge fire. It was with little pleasure that he heard himself designated as a well-known figure

in Italian finance, and caught in return the names of celebrated bankers of Paris and men prominently connected with the Royal Treasure. For an hour and a half he maintained a most dignified silence, allowing this Harpocratian eloquence to vindicate his elaborate introduction. The conversation concerned at first the terrific weather which had frozen the Seine solid, then the recent death of M. de Fontenelle, then the subject of Damiens, and it was declared that the trial would cost the King five millions. The war was now touched upon, and very naturally from the financial side, for it was draining the country. The conversation became more and more technical.

Casanova listened and stifled his yawns. Finally dinner was announced and another hour-and-a-half passed during which Casanova filled himself to his heart's content. Dessert was served when suddenly he noticed M. Duverney signalling him. M. Duverney then rose and Casanova and two of the guests from the treasury followed him. They passed through several rooms and came at last to a small office where they found a pleasant-looking individual who was introduced as M. Calzabigi. M. Duverney then produced a tablet and handed it to Casanova, saying: "Here is your idea."

Casanova read: "*Lottery of ninety numbers of which five winners are drawn every month . . .*"

Very calmly Casanova returned the tablet and said quietly: "I admit that was indeed my project."

"Then Sir, you have been anticipated. The idea originated with M. Calzabigi, whom you see here."

"Charmed, I assure you," said Casanova bowing. "Not because I have been anticipated, but to note that this gentleman and I are in agreement. May I ask you then why the scheme has not been adopted?"

"There is much to be said against it."

"I can see only one objection," said Casanova coldly, "and that is that the King will not allow his subjects to gamble."

"The question is not whether he will allow them to gamble. There is no doubt that he will. But the question is: will they?"

"I am surprised that anyone should doubt it. Only they must feel sure of being paid. For that a royal decree creating a fictitious fund of one hundred million is all that is necessary."

"A hundred million!"

"Yes, indeed, Sir. One must dazzle the people."

"But if the King should lose on the first drawing."

"That would be a stroke of luck."

"What do you mean? Why, that would be a great misfortune."

"No, for the people would thenceforth have confidence in the lottery, and since the mathematical probability is such that the State must eventually make a twenty percent profit, such confidence is not too dearly purchased by an initial loss."

This was Casanova's own territory. Far from being a matter of finance as he had anticipated with fear, the subject was one of gambling, of which it would have been hard to find a more learned master.

Casanova was asked if he were prepared to maintain his stand before a committee, and agreed to. Three days later Calzabigi appeared at Casanova's apartment, and after a few minutes' conversation came to the point. Would Casanova join hands with him? After all, their projects were much the same. For each alone the difficulties were perhaps too great. Both together, however, they might hope to vanquish the opposition and the lottery once established, there would be profit enough for the two of them in managing it. Or perhaps Casanova was too wealthy to bother with such a slight matter?

"One can never be so wealthy as to despise an opportunity created by one's own endeavor," said Casanova sagely.

"Moreover," said Calzabigi, "you may enjoy the profits without any hardship, for my brother will take care of the whole affair."

"Isn't the plan yours, then?"

"No, it is my older brother's. If you care to, you shall see him, but I warn you, he is not good to look upon."

A few minutes later Casanova was introduced to a bright and witty man whose hands and face were covered with a leprous disease.

"God has given us nails to scratch ourselves with," he averred, with a sprightly flicker in his eyes. "Society must get along without me, then, if it insists that good manners prohibit scratching."

"So you subscribe to the doctrine of final causes," Casanova re-

plied at once. "My compliments, Sir, but I believe you would scratch yourself even if God had forgotten to give you nails."

Thus happily begun, the meeting passed very favorably for Casanova. Calzabigi the elder promised to send him a complete and detailed mathematical exposition of all possible combinations and chances. Within a few days, Casanova, provided with Calzabigi's tables of probabilities, was able to face the committee and answer all questions. The next day the affair was decided. Casanova was given permission to open six offices for the sale of lottery tickets, he was allowed six percent commission on all receipts and in addition an annual pension of four thousand francs. The management was put into the hands of the Calzabigis who moreover were to direct the main office of sale where the winners were to be paid a week after each drawing, and they received in addition thirty-six thousand francs a year.

Casanova sold five of his offices at once in order to have the necessary fund to open a sixth office luxuriously decorated. And here he announced that all winning tickets purchased at his office would be honored on the day following the drawing. He attracted large crowds to his bureau, for the glamour of the lottery lay in the speed of delivery. This step nearly ruined the other ticket sellers, but it brought Casanova an annual income of a hundred thousand francs a year . . .

An annual income of one hundred thousand francs a year—if we are to believe Casanova—for the preceding tale is all extracted from his Memoirs! But what is the truth? It is certain that Casanova had something to do with the Lottery of the Military School, but his share does not seem to have been as important as he describes it. Indeed his name is altogether lacking in the minutes of the Board of Directors of the Military School, but he did have a ticket office, that much we know, because the police-reports mention that fact on any number of occasions, and there are plenty of police reports.

The Calzabigis were not exactly good company. Within a year they were both put out of the lottery and they had to quit France leaving behind memories that were not of the choicest.

CHAPTER XI

Casanova Becomes a Rosicrucian and Acquires a Privy Purse—Madame D'Urfé

DESPITE his many affairs, financial and amorous, despite a growing number of embroglios, shady business ventures, gambling debts and law-suits without end, Casanova found time to cultivate the love of Manon Balletti.

During the first few months after his arrival he frequently went to Silvia's to dine in the evenings. There was usually a gathering of musicians and actors who, after the meal, left the dining-room for the comfortably furnished drawing-room lit by the multitudinous candles of a carved rock-crystal chandelier. Here they smoked and conversed or amused themselves with music. Someone played the violin or the guitar, while Manon accompanied on the harpsichord. Perhaps Casanova himself joined them.

Those were Manon's happy days. Casanova was near her and she desired nothing more than his presence. If only she could be sure of so much, she would not seek to tie him to her with closer bonds. Who, however, could be certain of such a glittering personage, desired by every woman? Casanova reassured her. Every now and then he found a propitious moment to caress her furtively and whisper a few passionate words to her.

Then her heart overflowed. The noise of conversation, the silly music, the acrid tobacco-smoke and the many hot candle-flames made her feverish. As soon as the guests had gone she sought her cool bedroom, lit a single candle on her little cherry-wood *écritoire* and wrote a letter to her dear Giacomo, her darling Giacometto; and the tears of emotion that she had had to restrain for hours, she let flow without fear. She recalled every word he had said and she answered freely. "You say that you can not live without my love. Then, dear

heart, all is well, for you own all I have to give. I do not divide it. It is wholly yours." Another time she says: "Is it to test the depth of my affection that you said that I would not even think of you in a month?" And she explains to him how she must keep her love secret. She does not feel that she can confide in her mother at this stage. And she is afraid of her hot-headed brother and father. And finally, her solicitous friends have already taken things into their own hands and have proposed a dozen matches and promised her to any number of men. But she can think of only one.

Casanova answers her missives with short responses, sometimes politely affectionate, sometimes tender, as though to a little child on the verge of tears, but mostly he is merely hasty. He is not insensible to the affection he has fostered, but the lottery-business usurps more and more of his time, and with the little affluence his old habits came crowding back upon him. He is soon surrounded by a pack of scoundrels, all of whom have left their shabby records in the Parisian police archives. He is no less a scoundrel than they, "albeit a scholar and a gentleman."

Is it any wonder that as his visits grow rarer and rarer, Manon can no longer contain herself? Already she is a prey to the fear that her love has been in vain. When he does come he sits for hours, smoking steadily and talking of a thousand projects. The company is always numerous and she knows that not until they go will she have a word with him alone. Would they never leave? Her patience is quickly exhausted. She excuses herself to go into the dark silence of her bedroom and cry there perhaps until her hopes slowly rekindle and she seats herself at her desk to jot down the waves of emotion that sweep over her.

"While you are there, chatting away, my dear friend, I shall write to you. I was pleased to hear that you were finally convinced of my sincere affection (certainly you would be doing me a great injustice if you doubted it) but more than pleased would I be if this assurance led you to love me all the more. . . . They are leaving at last . . . M. Rodrigo isn't going? Well, finally! That terrible person. Hurry up and take your guitar! My dear sweetheart, you must hasten if you wish to see me to-night. Oh, good God, it must be that you do not love me much since you take your time so leisurely.

No, no! I do not mean that. I no longer realize what I say. You love me, darling, but I am so impatient . . . Ah, now I hear them move. At last! No, I am mistaken. Decidedly I can no longer wait . . . They're leaving, they're leaving, thank God. How happy I am to know that soon I shall see you. What is the matter with Madame Jules? Will she stay the night? Well, well. 'Tis about time she left! Thank the Lord! . . . And now I wait for you. Ah, if you dawdle now—surely darling, you feel as impatient as I myself. If you love me, then come! Half a dozen times I have dropped my pen to greet you. Ah! there you are!"

Thus she wrote to him with all the torrent of emotion that a young girl, unlearned in the higher arts of intrigue, innocently pours forth to her first love. She had but one thought in her heart and in her head, Casanova had a dozen.

Meanwhile Casanova had been conducting an affair with Theresa de la Meure and this had come to the inevitable Casanovesque conclusion. No sooner had it reached that point than he felt the tie irksome. And though he remembered poignantly the beautiful glow of her body as she rose on a frosty night and threw fagots on the dying hearth-fire, he could not bring himself to marry her, despite her fortune of 150,000 francs.

Nor was time lacking to pursue the mercenary beauties who glittered on the avenues of Paris. He frequented the theaters and there made many conquests, some by power of love and some merely by gold. Among others he wooed the beautiful Camille, but she was faithful to her avowed lover, Count d'Eigreville; and, perhaps, also faithful to the Count de La Tour d'Auvergne. With such rich loyalties to contend against Casanova found himself balked.

One day Casanova visited Camille and found the latter about to leave to see La Tour d'Auvergne, who was kept abed by a severe attack of sciatica. There, after luncheon, Casanova declared that if he were given free rein he would cure the Count of his affliction, which was not a true case of sciatica, but a damp wind which could be expelled by means of Solomon's seal and certain magic phrases. The Count laughed: "Go right ahead, my friend."

"But you must neither of you laugh."

That command made the execution almost impossible, for though Casanova maintained the severe visage which suited the occasion, neither Camille nor the Count could keep a straight face, more particularly so when Casanova revealed the necessary ingredients which went to compose the sign of Solomon. In intervals of gravity, however, they obeyed Casanova's injunctions; finally, muttering incomprehensible gibberish, he drew with a sweeping gesture the five-pointed star on the Count's thigh, while Camille rubbed away for all she was worth. The thigh was then wrapped in towels and Casanova promised a complete cure if the Count would stay in bed twenty-four hours. Neither Camille nor La Tour d'Auvergne was any longer in a laughing mood.

Four or five days later, when Casanova had almost forgotten his little comedy—enters La Tour d'Auvergne, embraces Giacomo and cannot thank him enough for his marvelous cure. "Your fortune is made, my dear Casanova, for I know at least a hundred men and women of the highest society of Paris who are stricken with this same affliction and would give half their wealth to be cured."

Needless to say Casanova was quick to find excellent reasons why this could not be. But he did not completely escape the Count's gratitude. The latter had an old and wealthy aunt, the Marquise d'Urfé, known all over Paris as a devotee of the arts of alchemy. Hearing of Casanova's remarkable magical cure, she insisted that her nephew bring him to her house. Although his heart must have leaped at the opportunity, Casanova at first feigned unwillingness, and finally agreed provided no other guests would be present.

It is by this chain of romantic events that Casanova would have us believe he met the Marquise d'Urfé.

This woman was a descendant of the celebrated d'Urfés of the seventeenth century, one of whom, Honoré d'Urfé, is still remembered as the author of that enormous pastoral romance Astrée, an important landmark in the history of literature. The Marquise, wealthy and old, was known all over Europe for her interest in magic and sorcery, and her intercourse with gnomes and sylphs. Far from being a woman whom Casanova would have met by chance and

upon persuasion, she seems more likely to be just the type of person he would have sought out, and there is some plausibility for the belief that he made the Marquise's acquaintance by a series of less brilliant and less interesting occurrences. But to return to his own account:

On the appointed evening Casanova found himself dining in the Marquise's magnificent dwelling on the Quai des Théatins where they gradually approached the subject of alchemy and magic. They spoke of the philosopher's stone; the Marquise smiled graciously as she declared that she possessed it and was in fact acquainted with all the major processes of alchemical research.

She took him to see her marvelous library which had belonged to the great Honoré d'Urfé and his wife Renée of Savoy, and which she had increased with manuscripts worth a hundred thousand francs. Her favorite author was Paracelsus, who, she insisted, was not man, woman, nor hermaphrodite. He had died unfortunately of an overdose of his own wonderful universal elixir—the panacea.

She next took him into her laboratory which presented an astounding spectacle with its wealth of intricate contraptions. She showed him a substance that she had been keeping over a flame for fifteen years and which would have to remain there for some four or five more. This was a powder of projection, which would, when ready, instantaneously transmute any base metal into gold of the most exquisite fineness. She showed him how the coals were carried down by means of a tube in such a manner that the fire maintained itself perpetually. At times, as much as three months had passed without attendance, while the fire nevertheless did not vary in the least. The ashes escaped by means of another equally ingeniously contrived tube, which at the same time served as a ventilator.

She showed him subsequently a tree of Diana, which was a kind of artificial metallic vegetation growing in a solution of various metals in a mixture of acids. She showed him also a keg full of platinum which she declared herself capable of changing into gold at will. She demonstrated to Casanova her method of dissolving this highly resistant metal and her manner of melting it by means of a burning glass.

The conversation turned upon the magic expulsion of La Tour

d'Auvergne's sciatica and Madame d'Urfé declared that the talisman used by Casanova was explained in one of her books. She fetched the book at once and excused herself for a moment. Casanova rapidly riffled the pages of the volume and by chance struck the five-sided star he had employed. It was surrounded by the names of five planetary genii.

"Do you know the talismans of the Count of Trèves?" Madame d'Urfé asked upon her return.

"I have never heard of them," Casanova replied. "I know only those of Polyphilus."

"It is said that they are the same."

"I do not believe it."

"It will be easy to verify the matter," said Madame d'Urfé, "if you will be so kind as to write out the names which you pronounced as you drew the pentacle on my nephew's thigh."

Casanova obligingly wrote out the names he had seen in the book. Madame soon found the star, and recited these names to him, while he, pretending great astonishment, handed her his paper. She was delighted to note that the names were identical.

"You see," she said, "Polyphilus and the Count of Trèves both possessed this science."

"I shall agree to that only if their directions for pronouncing these names are the same. Are you acquainted with the theory of planetary hours?"

"I believe I am, but it is not necessary in this operation."

"On the contrary, Madame, it is most indispensable," said Casanova, "I painted Solomon's pentacle on La Tour d'Auvergne's thigh in the hour of Venus, and if I had not begun by calling out the name of Ariel first, for he is the spirit of Venus, my operation would have had no effect.

He launched into a complicated explanation of the theory of planetary hours.

"I see that you have this science at your fingertips," Madame d'Urfé praised.

"Without a thorough acquaintance of the planetary hours, Madame, nothing can be accomplished in the realm of magic. A month's study suffices to acquire the necessary knowledge. The application is

more difficult, however, but by no means impossible. For myself, I may say, that I never leave the house without knowing how many minutes are contained in each planetary hour of the current day, and I take care to keep my watch in perfect condition, for a minute more or less is often a decisive factor."

"I should love to have you teach me this theory."

"You will find it in Artephius, and even more clearly in Sandivonius."

"I have both these authors in my library, but they are in Latin."

"I will make a translation for you."

"Would you be so kind? I shall be delighted."

"I cannot refuse you, Madame, for you have revealed things to me that make it impossible for me to deny you any request. To-morrow, perhaps, I shall explain you why."

"Why not to-day?"

"Because I must first find out the name of your genius."

"How do you know that I have a genius?"

"You must have one, if it is true that you have the projection powder."

"I possess it."

"Then give me the oath of the confraternity."

"I do not dare," she said, "and you know why."

The oath of which they spoke was that of the Princes of the Rosicrucian order, and her hesitation was due to the nature of the sign that accompanied the oath.

"You know," she continued, "that this oath as found in the scriptures is followed by the words: *He swore, placing his hand on the other's thigh.* But it is not the thigh that is meant, and so we rarely find a man who will give the oath to a woman, for woman has not the *word.*"

At Madame d'Urfé's Casanova subsequently m[illegible] some of the most extraordinary characters of this period, among them that aged, fatuous dandy, the Chevalier d'Arginy, who studiously affected the costume and habits and interminable politeness current during his youth at the Court of the *Roi Soleil,* the luxurious Louis XIV. With odoriferous flowers in his buttonhole, his wig heavily pomaded

with ambergris, his eyebrows painted and perfumed and his false set of ivory teeth, much more useful for talking than for chewing, he was a fascinating sight to behold. He was an old epicure so fond of life that he maintained his willingness to receive the bastinado every morning, if that could prevent him from dying during the day. Casanova could not abide the nauseating mixture of odors, but was captivated by the Chevalier's flow of reminiscences.

Another visitor at d'Urfé's was the famous Comte de Saint-Germain, who for his part claimed to have discovered this miraculous bastinado or some equivalent system, for he maintained that he was past three hundred. Casanova disliked him for his insolence, but admitted his charm, his enormous knowledge, his ability to astound. No one knew whence he had come. He had appeared suddenly, with an enormous repertoire of languages, music and cosmetics, whereby no doubt he secured the good-will of Mme de Pompadour. After he had designed for her a bijou laboratory, she was so delighted that she aroused the King's lukewarm enthusiasm, and that amiable monarch was so perpetually bored that he entered upon the study of chemistry if only to find distraction in the formation of pretty colors. Saint-Germain received an apartment in the palace of Chambord and a hundred thousand francs for the construction of a chemical laboratory where discoveries were to be made that would enrich all the factories of France. He pretended to possess the universal panacea and the secret of making diamonds.

Madame d'Urfé had given Casanova a manuscript, written in cipher, which she said contained the formula of the philosopher's stone. He brought it back to her saying that he had deciphered it and found nothing new in it.

"Pardon me," she countered, "but I did not think it possible to do that without a knowledge of the keyword."

"Shall I tell it to you?"

"Please."

Whereupon Casanova pronounced a tortured cluster of syllables that belonged to no known language. The Marquise opened her eyes and mouth with surprise. "That's too much, that's too much," she repeated. "I believed that I alone in this world possessed that mysteri-

ous word, and I have never written it down nor pronounced it out loud."

"I did not know," she continued, "that your genius had the power to force mine to reveal my personal secrets."

"There was no question of forcing your genius, Madame, for my own tutelar spirit knows everything already."

"Does he know the innermost secret of my soul?"

"Of course, and he must reveal it to me if I question him."

"Can you question him at any time?"

"Yes, I need only pen and ink and paper. And I can have him answer your questions by revealing his name to you."

"And would you dare tell me his name?"

"That power is at my disposal. His name is Paralis. Write him a question, addressing him as you would any mortal. Ask him, for example, how I managed to decipher your manuscript and you shall see that I can force him to reply."

Trembling with joy the Marquise wrote out her question. Casanova showed her how to transform the letters into numbers and put these into a pyramid, and then he gave her the mathematical operations to perform which resulted in a whole series of consonants. A second operation brought out the vowels and lo! when the two were put together they formed the word which was the key to her manuscript. The Marquise was too utterly astounded to speak. And Casanova left her, taking with him her mind, her heart, her soul and whatever good sense she may still have had.

The great ambition of the Marquise was to fit herself for conversation with the spirits of the invisible world, and for this purpose she imagined that it was necessary for her to be reborn as a man. Casanova insists in his Memoirs that had he believed it possible to bring her to her senses he would have undertaken the task: but he was persuaded that her mania was incurable and that he might better second her folly and profit thereby, for she was one of the wealthiest women of France. Her friendship flattered him. He knew her to be sincere, and was certain that she would never refuse him anything. He claimed that he had no preconceived plan for making use of her power and money.

On numerous occasions she told him that she was prepared to give away everything she had in order to become a man, and that she knew it was in his power to help her. One day when she spoke in this fashion, he replied that he was indeed capable of performing the operation, but that he could not bring himself to execute it, for it would entail her death. If he believed thereby to deprive her of the ambition to become a man, he was mistaken.

"I know," she said, "and I am even acquainted with the nature of the death which I must submit to. But I am ready."

"And what may the nature of that death be?"

"It is by the same poison which caused Paracelsus to die. Will you ask your cabala," she continued, "if there is anyone in Paris who possesses this poison?"

Casanova divined at once that she believed herself possessed of it, so he directed the operation of the pyramid accordingly. When the answer was decoded and her name appeared, he feigned great astonishment, while she, with a triumphant air declared that all that was required now was a child having the masculine word. "You must not," she said, " be moved by a spurious pity for my poor old carcass."

Casanova tells us that he wept, but he nevertheless allowed her to believe that he would find the required child. Meanwhile he was busied with several other affairs.

CHAPTER XII

The Banker d'O. and His Daughter, or His Son Perhaps—The Lie of the Returned Ship

ABOUT this time, the year 1758, Silvia became mortally ill, and Casanova, whose attentions to Manon were now being taken seriously by the Ballettis, promised her on her deathbed that he would take care of Manon. It is for this reason, some critics have argued, that he went to Holland: to procure himself a remunerative occupation with his marriage to Manon in view.

Casanova places his first trip to Holland in 1757, but we have proofs in his own correspondence and in the archives of France that he actually did not leave Paris until late in September, 1758—fully a year later.

It is difficult to discover whether these chronological errors, which are so numerous in the Memoirs, were intentional, some carefully planned Machiavellian scheme to distract his enemies, or whether they are due to mere carelessness. For both sides there are supporting arguments, and a sensible attitude would assign some errors to a lapsus of pen or memory, while others are most evidently due to deliberate design. It is impossible that Casanova should have written his reminiscences from memory. There is no reason to believe that he worked without consulting the many papers, letters, memoranda, that he had carefully gathered throughout his life and which he so studiously preserved to his dying day. At the same time there is nothing but conjecture that assigns a motive to his every deviation from veracity.

No portion of his career is so difficult to reconstruct as the period between the years 1757 and 1760. Patient historical research has amplified and corrected the material found in the Memoirs. Contradictions appear, omissions are plentiful and deliberate lies are there, but what Casanova's intentions were when he committed them it is im-

possible to determine with absolute certainty. Perhaps he wished only to amuse the reader or flatter his own ego by devising a tale more romantic than the life he had lived. Unquestionably he did not care to reveal the shabbier details of his life. There were accusations of forgery, bad checks, unpaid debts and embezzlement that he preferred to pass over, either because he was actually guilty, or else because he realized the impossibility of adequately proving his innocence.

However, the view that Casanova industriously promulgated an entertaining fiction can be very plausibly maintained. In actuality he had to live three lives at once: that of a gentleman, that of a charlatan and that of a lover. And before he died he lived them all over again, wrought them into as fascinating a design of falsehood and truth as ever a man conceived.

In the Memoirs it appears that Casanova was commissioned to go to Holland to exchange twenty millions in French bonds for the money of some other country whose credit was in a better condition. At this period France aided by Austria and Russia was fighting an exceedingly ruinous war against England and Prussia. This Seven Years' War cost France some of her most flourishing colonies. It was carried on with ludicrous inefficiency by Madame de Pompadour's favorites, who went to the field of battle with all the luxuries they were accustomed to in Paris. They were accompanied by vast trains of servants bearing expensive furniture, wardrobes, silverware, and kitchens and wines capable of upholding the gastronomic reputation of France.

France's credit had sunk on the international Stock Exchange of Amsterdam. But Casanova, the "financier" undertaking a second operation for the support of France's cracking treasury, as we find him reporting in the Memoirs, is pure fabrication, for we have M. d'Affry's letter to prove it.

M. d'Affry was the French ambassador at the Hague and, according to Casanova, was in communication with Paris and Versailles regarding the twenty millions. Armand Baschet, one of the earliest patient research workers on Casanova, dug a very decisive letter by d'Affry out of the archives of Foreign Affairs in Paris. We shall

compare a paragraph from this letter with a portion from the Memoirs.

This is how Casanova describes his arrival in Holland and his meeting with d'Affry:

". . . then I left. In two days I reached Antwerp and having found a yacht ready to leave, I embarked thereon and slept at Rotterdam on the following day. The next day I betook myself to the Hague where, having installed myself in the Parliament of England Hotel, I went to pay my respects to M. d'Affry. I arrived even as he was engaged in reading a letter from M. de Choiseul informing him of the affair entrusted to me. He urged me to stay for dinner along with M. de Kauderbach, resident envoy of the King of Poland, . . . who encouraged me in my attempt to sell twenty millions, but warned me that he himself doubted the possibility of success, for the Hollanders had good reason to believe that peace was still far off." And two pages later: "M. d'Affry having gone to the Parliament of England Hotel to return my visit and not having found me in, wrote me a note wherein he begged me to drop in at his house. I went there; he kept me for dinner and informed me of a letter which he had just received from M. de Bologne, wherein the latter cautioned M. d'Affry not to let me dispose of the twenty millions at a greater loss than eight percent, for, so he wrote, peace was about to be concluded. The two of us had a good laugh over this assurance so bravely communicated to us by an administrator from Paris, while we were in a position to know differently, being in a country where the business interests looked at the political situation with a clear and wide-awake eye."

The Ambassador's own version is less intimate. The letter from which the following is taken was written by Ambassador d'Affry when Casanova came to Holland for the second time, thus leading d'Affry to recall the occasion of Casanova's earlier visit.

"This man," he writes of Giacomo, "was really here about fifteen or eighteen months ago. The young Count de Bruhl, nephew of the Prime Minister had given him a letter for M. Kauderbach, and the latter presented him to me. He told us of some of his adventures, and claimed to have been incarcerated for a long time in the prisons of Venice, from whence he had been so fortunate as to escape. He

struck us as being most indiscreet in his remarks, and since he appeared to be anxious to discourse concerning other than Venetian matters, I felt obliged to tell him what I thought of him. He remained a little while longer in this city and subsequently went to Amsterdam where I am informed he lost heavily at cards. He then returned to Paris and I heard no more of him."

In Amsterdam, Monsieur Casanova met the banker whom he calls Monsieur d'O., by which we have no doubt he means to designate the well-known financier Thomas Hope. M. d'O., Casanova says, had a charming daughter Esther, fourteen years old, developed beyond her age, and a perfect beauty except for her irregular teeth. She had an exceedingly fair complexion, lightly touched with pink, deep ebony hair and the most lovely eyes. She had received a brilliant education, played the piano marvelously well, spoke perfect French, was passionately fond of reading and, to illuminate all these qualities, was sole heiress of her widowed father's millions. Indeed nothing was lacking in this remarkable Esther but reality. It is unfortunate that the historian has to declare that she never existed—that Thomas Hope was indeed a widower and had a single child, true enough, but that child was a son. A truce to the historian who trips up Casanova's Holland adventures at every foot-step!

Casanova's story continues: M. d'O. invited him to dinner, and he was at once smitten with the banker's pretty and vivacious daughter. After the meal M. d'O., did him the honors of the house, and then, having business to attend to, retired, leaving Casanova alone with his daughter. She surprised the Venetian financier by the ease of her manner. She played a sonata for him on her clavichord and then asked him whether or not he intended to go to the concert. He replied that having the pleasure of being with her, nothing could tempt him to leave.

"But are you thinking of going, Mademoiselle?"

"I should like to, but I cannot go alone."

"If I but dared propose to escort you!"

"Why not?"

"Are you sure your father would permit it?"

"He would, of course. I see you do not know the customs of our

country. We girls, here, enjoy the greatest liberty. If you will go to his office and ask him, I am sure he will not refuse you."

So it proved. Casanova helped her into the carriage and waited for a maid or an obliging duenna to accompany them. No one came, however; they departed alone. Casanova was thunderstruck. Could it be true that he was left alone with such a treasure? He, prince of libertines! Meanwhile Esther piped away merrily, telling her silent escort of the marvelous Italian songstress whom they would hear. Then noticing his dumfounded expression, she asked him the reason. He evaded her question for a while. Finally he hazarded that she seemed to him to be too great a treasure for this freedom.

"I know that in other countries," she said, "a young girl is not allowed to go out with a man; but here we are taught to be virtuous and to take care of ourselves." And to prove her innocence and faith she gave him her mouth to kiss, which only inflamed him the more.

At the concert hall they heard first an excellent symphony, then some chamber music of violins and of oboes. Finally the Italian woman, who was called Mme. Trenti, appeared. Casanova was surprised to recognize Theresa Imer, the one-time protégée of the jealous Senator Malipiero. He had seen her again in Venice in 1753, and her company there had been a great delight. Her reappearance moved him to melancholy and when, according to custom, she passed through the aisle with her collection plate, Casanova privily wrapped twelve ducats in a piece of paper and dropped them in her plate. She remained for a moment looking at him, while he turned to speak to Esther to avoid her. A little girl of four or five years of age followed her about, and when Theresa had reached the end of the aisle, this little child came tripping back to kiss Casanova's hand. He could not help but recognize his portrait, but he strove to hide the sentiments that rushed to his heart and his head. The girl remained standing before him, looking at him fixedly. Embarrassed, Casanova drew forth a box of candy. "Do you like candy, my pretty child?" he asked, and wished that the box were of gold instead of tortoise-shell. With a pretty curtsey and a gracious smile of thanks, she took the box and went away.

"Do you know," said Esther with a smile, "that that child and you are as alike as two drops of water?"

"Is it not strange," Casanova confirmed, "how chance frequently creates such resemblances."

"It is," Esther agreed maliciously, "undeniably strange."

After the concert, M. d'O. having come to the hall, Casanova returned Esther to him and retired to his own quarters. He ordered a plate of oysters to be sent up and was about to eat these when Theresa appeared with her little daughter.

She began by fainting, and when he had revived her, she followed this strange action by looking at him in silence, replying to none of his questions. Finally, when he asked her to sup with him, she broke her silence to assent. Casanova rang and ordered a generous meal for three, and thus they spent the night, sitting at the table and telling each other their adventures. Sophie, the little girl, slept peacefully in Casanova's bed.

Her mother kept her choicest bit until they had exhausted their reminiscences. Then she drew forth her daughter's baptismal certificate and pointed out that her birth corresponded with the period during which they had been familiar. Casanova made no objections; the girl's resemblance was beyond question, and the charm of the little creature was such that he at once declared himself willing to assume full charge of her, being in a position to have her properly brought up.

"She is a treasure that is far too precious to me," Theresa declared. "I would die without her."

"You will be doing her a great wrong, for I am able to assure her of a happy future."

"Then take my son instead. He is twelve years old and I am unable to take care of him."

It appeared that she had had to leave her son in Rotterdam as security for a debt. Casanova gave her the necessary money and promised to meet her later at the Hague and relieve her of her son. Her effusive gratitude irritated rather than pleased him. Her kisses left him cold, for his feelings toward her were merely interest mingled with pity, seeing which, she sighed and shed a few tears. Then taking her little girl she said good-by.

At Monsieur d'O.'s two days later, Esther, in the presence of her father, attacked Casanova gaily for having passed the night with Madame Trenti.

Casanova was saved from embarrassment by her father's remark that there was nothing to prevent an honest man from admiring musical talent. "Tell me, Monsieur Casanova," he continued, "who is this woman?"

"She is a Venetian whose husband recently killed himself. I knew her in my youth, but it is now six years since I have seen her."

"You must have been astonished then, at the unexpected sight of your daughter," Esther exclaimed.

"My daughter? Why Madame Trenti was married then."

"Oh, but the resemblance is so striking, and then yesterday at M. Pels, you fell asleep over your dinner!"

"Very naturally, for we spent the night telling each other the story of our lives."

Casanova then spoke of his impending journey to the Hague and Esther banteringly assured him that he would have a pleasant time, for it was announced that Madame Trenti would be there. Just before his departure, however, she gave him so tender an embrace that he felt certain that upon his return she would make him completely happy.

At the Hague, Casanova did not manage to dispose of his twenty millions, but he did join Theresa, and as a result had to fight a duel. His constant presence annoyed Theresa's lover, the son of the mayor of Rotterdam. He ambushed Casanova and attacked him late one night, as the latter was leaving Theresa's apartment. Casanova easily discomfited him, but felt obliged to leave the Hague for fear of retaliation.

He was not particularly pleased with the son he had acquired. Young Pompeati was an extremely intelligent and wideawake lad with an excellent constitution, but the ambulatory life with his mother had taught him very early to be constantly on his guard, never to say what was in his mind, never to act until sure of his results. He was a little monster, in Casanova's own words, lacking all

fervor, charm and spontaneity. Theresa, however, would not part with her daughter and Casanova felt obliged to adhere to his agreement. He left, after making arrangements to take the boy to Paris as soon as he had finished his business in Holland.

His first visit upon his return to Amsterdam was, of course, to Esther, for his ardor had been greatly inflamed by the fond manner of her farewell. He found the beautiful girl sitting at a pretty table, writing.

"What are you doing, my dearest Esther?"

"A problem in arithmetic."

"Are you fond of such problems?"

"I am mad about anything that presents any difficulties and which will lead to interesting results."

"Allow me, then, to satisfy you," said Casanova, and drew two magic squares for her. In return she showed Casanova a few tricks which were familiar to him, but in which he pretended to take great delight. Then it occurred to him to demonstrate his cabalistic mathematical operation. He asked her to write out any question she pleased. She asked the reason for his return to Amsterdam. Much to her surprise, the row of resulting figures, when translated into the French alphabet, informed her that what had brought him back to Amsterdam was love.

She was quite beside herself, though she did not believe the answer to be true. Where, she asked, was such a marvelous art to be learned?

"Those who know it, Mademoiselle, are forbidden to teach it to anyone."

"Then how does it happen that you possess the secret?"

"I studied it by myself in a precious manuscript left to me by my father."

"Sell me the manuscript!"

"I burned it. I am not permitted to communicate my knowledge before I have reached the age of fifty, and then only to a single person."

"Why fifty?"

"I do not know. But I do know, however, that I run the risk of

losing my power if I reveal it before then. The elemental spirit attached to the oracle would leave."

"How do you know that?"

"From the very same manuscript."

"You are then in a position to know all the deepest secrets of the world?"

"I would, if it were not for the fact that the answers are sometimes exceedingly obscure."

"Would you be so kind as to answer another question for me?"

"As many as you like, and whatever you like, unless it be specifically forbidden by my genius."

She asked him one question after another. Finally she wrote out a question, hiding her paper while she did so. Casanova rose and walked around the room, taking care to glance hastily at her paper as he passed. When she had arranged the letters into the pyramid, she asked him if he could extract the answer without seeing the question. He could, he said, and would do so, but she must never demand it again.

She asked the oracle for permission to show her father the questions and answers. Having seen her question, it proved to be no task at all for Casanova to draw the reply, that *she would be happy only as long as she had no secrets from her father.*

Esther cried with admiration when she translated this answer and could not find words to express her joy and her gratitude. Casanova did not leave her until he had to go to the Stock Exchange to talk over the sale of his millions.

The next morning a letter came from Esther in which both she and her father begged him to pass the day with them if he had nothing better to do. He went there for dinner and had to display his oracle's powers again and again. Esther wrote out the questions and formed the pyramid and carried out the operation according to his directions.

M. d'O. seemed much impressed. He claimed to have heard of this oracle, and even to have known a Jew who amassed an immense fortune by its use. He too was not permitted to reveal the secret

except to one person at the age of fifty, but he delayed too long and carried his secret to the tomb.

"I hope you will not imitate this Jew," M. d'O. added, "for, allow me to tell you that if you do not understand how to profit from your possession, then you do not realize what a real treasure it is."

"You call my science a treasure, but you own one worth a thousand of mine," Casanova declared, gallantly looking at Esther.

"Let us not speak of that treasure," said Monsieur d'O., and, pulling two slips of paper from his pocket, he begged Casanova to answer the questions they bore. The first concerned a suit at law. This one Casanova answered cautiously. While Esther and her father were puzzling out a meaning, Casanova was seized by a desire to answer the next question very precisely.

This second question asked about a ship that had left a foreign port bound for Amsterdam and was two months overdue. There was a report, backed by a letter, which claimed that an English Captain had seen the ship sink in mid-ocean.

Casanova would have liked to reply as vaguely as before; carried away, however, by his first decision, his answer was that the ship was still afloat and news of it would soon reach Amsterdam.

The banker trembled with joy; his eyes already gloated over his golden prospects. The proprietors were now offering the boat for sale at one-tenth its value, to insure themselves against total loss.

Casanova was astounded and frightened. One must beware of trusting the oracle too literally. He had himself often been deceived. Esther, too, begged her father not to proceed upon the reply of the cabala. M. d'O. pondered the matter. Then he asked to see the answers to all the other questions. He went over these with the greatest of care, comparing, disputing, weighing, until Casanova was hard put to it to hide his boredom. Finally they had a little collation and Casanova was allowed to leave, but not until he had promised to spend the week-end at their country-house on the Amstel.

In the morning after attending to some business, he hastened to M. d'O.'s house. On the stairway his foot pushed against something. It was a green wallet. Casanova bent down to pick it up but

managed so unskilfully as to push it through a slot at the bottom of the riser. He did not stop to investigate further; he continued on to the drawing room where Esther and her father received him.

Something was amiss. Esther and her father were dejected, and frequently spoke to each other in Dutch.

"I have lost a valuable pocketbook," said M. d'O. finally, "but no matter; I am still rich enough to bear up."

"Do you know where you lost it?"

"I must have dropped it on the street, but I cannot understand how. It contained some bills of exchange for large sums of money, but these I can have stopped. There were however, a number of Bank of England bills of large denomination, which I am afraid are lost forever, since they are made out to the bearer. Let us thank God, dear Esther, that nothing worse has happened, that we are all still in good health. Come, let us talk of other matters."

This was too rich an opportunity for Casanova to miss. After a most delicate dinner, Casanova proposed that they play card games, but Esther declared that she would far rather make magic pyramids, if he was willing.

"Just as you say," he agreed.

"Could we ask where father lost his wallet?"

"Why not?"

Esther compiled the pyramid and the answer was that *the wallet had not been found by anyone.* Esther rose and flew to her father's arms.

"We'll yet find our wallet, papa!" And she kissed him again and again. M. d.'O. himself was no less pleased, while Casanova insisted that the oracle would henceforth be silent if she did not give him as many kisses as she had given her father.

"Then I shall make him speak," she cried laughingly, putting her arms around his neck.

Finally Esther asked the oracle where the wallet was and the pyramid brought forth the answer that *the wallet had fallen through the opening in the fifth step of the staircase.*

In great excitement M. d'O. and his daughter went to examine the staircase, and the banker pointed out the slot through which no doubt the wallet had fallen. Lighting a candle, he led the way into

a subterranean storehouse where he soon located his wallet in a puddle of water. For an hour they spoke of nothing but the divine oracle, which must make its possessor the happiest of mortals.

The banker opened his wallet and drew out four bills, each of a thousand pounds sterling. He gave two to his daughter and insisted that Casanova take two, but the latter gave them to Esther to hold for him, certain that thus he would draw her closer to himself. M. d'O. further begged Casanova to come and live with them while he remained in Amsterdam.

In a little while M. d'O. went out to attend to some business and left Casanova free to show his tender feelings to Esther. And Giacomo says that he must certainly have been deeply in love, for not an indecent thought came to his mind.

When M. d'O. returned he told them that the biggest piece of news on the Exchange the next day would be his purchase of the vessel, believed to be lost, for three hundred thousand florins, and no doubt he would be looked upon as a thorough fool. But he knew better, being guided by the genius of the oracle.

Giacomo insisted that in such an important affair it was necessary to consult the oracle again. He had made up his mind to draw out an answer that would restrain M. d'O. from so hazardous an enterprise, but when Esther had translated the figures, he heard her cry out, to his great surprise, "In such cases one must neither fear nor hesitate. Your repentance would be too painful."

Casanova was sure that he had drawn out the figures for *believe* and *hazard* and not *fear* and *hesitate*. He controlled his emotion, decided to throw the whole matter in the lap of fate and confront whatever happened with a bold face.

Casanova established himself in M. d'O.'s house and busied himself with his twenty millions and with Esther. When his financial business failed to come to any conclusion he determined to go back to Paris, and would have done so if news of the lost vessel had not reached Amsterdam. The ship was at Madeira.

M. d'O. came in radiant with joy that he had insured the boat for a song.

"With your ten percent, my dear Casanova, you are now rich

enough to establish yourself here. We will do business together. And in a short time, by means of your oracle, we shall both be as rich as we shall ever care to be. And if my daughter pleases you and is willing to have you, then you shall be my son just as soon as you desire."

Casanova was tumbled from the heights of happiness to the depths of despair, for the mere mention of marriage was like an icicle in his heart. He took care not to let Esther guess his real feelings and replied that after going back to Paris to arrange some affairs he would be in a position to decide concerning his future.

Seven days later a new proposal was made in regard to the French bonds and Casanova sent all the details to Versailles, waiting in Amsterdam for permission to go through with the deal, in which he had renounced all brokerage fees in order the more easily to secure the consent of the Treasury.

Meanwhile the carnival season had arrived and M. d'O. gave a most distinguished ball and supper at which Esther appeared covered with diamonds and danced all the quadrilles with Casanova. He grew daily more infatuated and more unhappy, for he was burning up with an abstinence that augmented the flame of his desires. Esther could control herself: she allowed him only the most insignificant liberties. She was free with kisses, true; but kisses were not a palliative, they were a dangerous stimulant. Anxiety to leave for Paris grew until he could no longer successfully conceal it. Esther accused him of being married or of having some strong attachment that drew him back to Paris. He admitted that he was bound by certain promises which he intended to break at the first opportunity, for he wished nothing so much as to bind his and her life together with an indissoluble bond.

The leave-taking was sad. Monsieur d.'O. gave him a letter of credit for two hundred thousand florins drawn on a Paris bank and one hundred thousand more in the form of bills of exchange, while Esther returned him the two thousand pounds sterling of which she had been trustee. Casanova having promised to return to claim her before the end of the year, left for the Hague. From there he went to Rotterdam, where he said farewell to Theresa and his daughter Sophie and took charge of the son. And on the tenth of

February, 1758, he arrived in Paris and at once took expensive lodgings in a luxurious house near the rue Montorgueil.

This last date, like every date in these Holland and Paris adventures, is inexact. Casanova's own correspondence proves it.

Esther, as we know, did not exist, though the possibility remains that Thomas Hope may have had an illegitimate daughter or that Casanova may have had adventures with some Esther who was the daughter of a banker other than Thomas Hope.

Two clews lead us to believe that Casanova meant the banker, Hope. The first is that the Prince de Ligne in his short biography of Casanova, whom he knew intimately when the latter was an old man, definitely mentions Hope as the banker who bought the supposedly sunken vessel on the advice of Casanova's cabala. Prince de Ligne concludes:

"Hope wants him to become his associate in business. The daughter wishes to marry him. Casanova flees both friendship and love for he does not want to introduce misfortune into their midst by bringing an adventurer into their family.

"Mlle Hope, desolated at having lost him as husband, invites him to be her lover when she is married and presents him with a large sum of money on her father's behest."

The Prince de Ligne undoubtedly heard the story from Casanova's own lips, or saw an earlier vision of the Memoirs.

And the second clew that leads to Hope, and eventually to Casanova's own discomfiture, is the story of the boat, for the gazettes of Holland were full of the tale when it actually happened "to the Dutch merchant Hop" as the Austrian chargé d'affaires writes home. And this was in 1758. The vessel did in fact appear in Madeira January 30, 1758. We see now why Casanova insists that he went to Holland in 1758. He wished to put himself into a story which was no doubt still current at the time he really did go to Amsterdam.

What, then, did Casanova actually do in Holland? Shall we take the clew offered to us by d'Affry's already quoted letter: "He remained a little while longer in this city and subsequently went to

Amsterdam where I am informed he lost heavily at cards"? Must these rich adventures in Holland, under the light of historical research, dissolve into nothing more exciting than the experiences of a gambler suffering a period of bad luck? We cannot answer this question peremptorily. New researches may uncover material that may completely reverse the present judgments. In the Holland episodes, however, our information seems too complete to be subject to any radical alteration.

As to that strange encounter with Theresa Imer, wife of Pompeati, we have full records with exact dates that leave no doubt that Sophie was not Casanova's daughter. We do know that Casanova corresponded with the little girl and had a deep fatherly love for her, for he sent her at least one present to which she replied in a childish letter, thanking him and asking him to explain her the meaning of "Allegori, Hyerogliffe and Symbole." Casanova preserved this letter through forty years of stormy life. It was found lately among his manuscripts.

CHAPTER XIII

Mlle X.C.V., a Writer Who Lived Down a Mistake of Her Youth

IN Paris, after paying his respects to his generous protector, the Abbé de Bernis, Casanova proceeded at once to Madame d' Urfé. The old lady no sooner heard of the boy that Casanova had brought from Holland than she decided that this must be the lad destined to effect her transformation into a male. Casanova did not trouble to undeceive her, and accepted Madame d'Urfé's offer to put the boy in school.

At the theater that evening Casanova saw Madame X.C.V., a Grecian woman whose husband had been an Englishman resident in Venice. Casanova had once flirted with her pretty eldest daughter, and had been coldly dismissed by the mother. At that time Casanova was but a poor unknown youngster; now he was a man of wealth and fame. Madame X.C.V. smiled graciously on him and invited him to come to her house. He accepted with alacrity, for Mademoiselle X.C.V. had improved the six years since their former acquaintance by developing into a ripened beauty.

At the theater Casanova also found Manon, whose starved heart welcomed him. He assured her that all his good luck in Holland was for her alone. She was only too willing to forget her doubts, only too anxious for the opportunity to quiet her suspicions. He promised to see her in the evening, and came, bringing presents for all the family and a superb pair of diamond earrings for Manon.

Anxious to display his affluence, he leased a beautiful house in the suburbs of Paris, a magnificently furnished place, known as *la Petite-Pologne,* containing three master apartments, bathrooms, an excellent cellar, a finely appointed kitchen, immense stables and coach-houses, all surrounded by terraced gardens and orchards. He

at once procured two luxurious coaches and five horses, as well as a groom, two liveried butlers and "a jewel of a cook."

At this extravagant period of his life, the services of a good cook were no less necessary to him than the services of a good procuress. When ill he knew how to restrain and deny himself, but in good health his appetites were keen. The Memoirs do not fully portray all the adventures of this period, some of them remained for present day investigators to dig out of old police-files, where they found shabby tales that Casanova took care not to include. The stories that he does choose to retail are this time largely verified by documents fortunately preserved.

"The love in the heart of a libertine," says Casanova, "must have perpetual and positive nourishment, lacking which, it dies of a species of inanition. All women who have had any experience at all realize this very well." We must not therefore be surprised to hear him say that the place in his heart that had so lately been filled by the lovely Esther was now completely taken by Mademoiselle X.C.V. This was not to be laid to the waning of his love for Esther, but purely to her absence. "As for my attachment to the daughter of Silvia," he continues, "it was not the kind to prevent me from being amorous of some other girl." Poor Manon could not understand this, for she was inexperienced. The heart of a libertine must be fed.

Running along independent of his major amours, Casanova conducted a series of purchased courtships which he sometimes did not consider worthy of describing. A letter of this period, found at Dux, increases our astonishment concerning this human stallion.

"Monsieur," writes a well-known procuress of the time, Brunet by name, "I have the honor . . . to inform you that I have in view a certain person who is but two days arrived in Paris, and far surpasses the last one I showed to you. She is extremely pretty, tall and well-built, in fact statuesque. At whatever time you may care to honor me with an answer I shall have the honor of bringing her to you. I imagine that you will be pleased with her for she has much wit and is capable of carrying on an entertaining conversation. Awaiting your orders, which shall be strictly followed, I am, Monsieur, your very humble servant."

All this stirred the tongues of gossips, who found in it the basis

for tales to the effect that he had known how to dispose of the twenty millions to his own personal advantage. Casanova found Versailles deaf to his assurances that, far from making any money on the transaction, he had even renounced the customary brokerage fees. The disgrace of his protector, the Abbé de Bernis, and the fall of the Ministry of Finance, which was turned over to the incapable Silhouette, effectually precluded Casanova from re-entering that world of finance in which, according to himself, he had so auspiciously begun to shine.

Casanova now laid suit to Mademoiselle X.C.V., and, finding slight resistance, bided his time, certain that complete happiness would soon be his. But as this resistance did not diminish, Casanova began to believe that he was being made sport of, and regretted his respectful manner.

Mademoiselle assured him that she was moved by his love, but she had lost her heart to Andrea Memmo, who was now in Venice and whom she had not seen for five months. Moreover she had all she could do to prevent her mother from marrying her off to the widowed Monsieur Riche de la Poupelinière, wealthy tax-farmer and libertine, who was sixty-six years of age and wildly in love with her. There was furthermore a certain poet, Farsetti, who was only waiting for M. de la Poupelinière's heirs to break off this proposed marriage of their moneyed relative in order to offer his own uninviting person to Mademoiselle X.C.V.

One morning a young man came to Casanova's *Little-Poland* and delivered into Casanova's own hands a short missive from Mademoiselle X.C.V. It was with great surprise that he read "It is now two hours past midnight; I have need of sleep but cannot find it, being oppressed by a doleful burthen. The secret which I propose to confide to you, my dear friend, will cease to be a burthen once I have given it to your heart to keep. I shall feel relieved as soon as you have become its trustee. I am pregnant and my situation renders me desperate. I resolved to write to you about it, for I could not bring myself to tell it to you personally. Please let me hear from you at once."

Casanova was too dumbfounded to write more than, "I shall see you at eleven."

Now, we understand why Casanova withheld the girl's name. It was to protect her honor. Unfortunately he himself gave the clew to her identity. No doubt he had forgotten that when narrating his adventures in Paris for the year 1751 he wrote: "I had the opportunity also to meet, at M. de Mocenigo's a Venetian lady, widow of Sir Wynne, an Englishman. She was returning from London with her children, and she had had to go there to assure herself of her husband's fortune, which she would have forfeited had she not become converted to the Anglican religion. She was returning to Venice, her voyage happily concluded. With her was her eldest daughter, a young girl, twelve years of age, who despite her youth, already showed every sign of perfection upon her beautiful face."

The similarity of these two descriptions would be conclusive even if other information were lacking. But the story which Casanova tells of this charming girl who came to him in her trouble has been confirmed by many documents in the archives of the Bastille, in which her real name, Giustiniana Wynne, also appears. There is, moreover, a passage in one of Lady Montague's letters which describes the whole Venetian pre-history of the Wynne family, substantially as we have reproduced it here, and adds details of the Wynne reputation. And more recently Dr. Bruno Brunelli chanced upon a large package of Giustiniana's correspondence which proves the truth of part of Casanova's story.

At eleven o'clock, Casanova sought out the girl who freely confessed her predicament, and begged his assistance. Casanova, with his usual assurance, promised to find a remedy; but indeed he had no definite notion how to aid her, but rather was actuated by a desire to turn her misfortune to his own advantage. Midwives were consulted, without avail. Time passed, and Giustiniana's situation became more perilous, for the date of her wedding to M. de la Poupelinière had been set, and, however unwelcome the marriage, disgrace was even less to her mind. At this juncture, Giacomo enlisted the aid of necromancy to his own ends and capped his personal triumph by finding a haven for Giustiniana in the convent of Conflans. The night before her departure for the convent, Giustiniana and Giacomo lay locked in each other's arms until dawn. Mademoiselle then took the letter

which Casanova had secured for her and made her way secretly to the convent.

It seemed at first as though with the secret birth of the child in the precincts of a convent beyond the breath of gossip, and the return of Giustiniana after the child had been placed in safety, the affair would soon be settled. But a series of circumstances led the disappearance of Miss Wynne to become the talk of town and court for three months. Madame de Pompadour, the King's aged mistress, followed the story with great interest. For three months all Paris forgot the disastrous war that was being fought and devoted itself to solving the mysterious disappearance of the fiancée of the gray-haired multi-millionaire, M. Riche de la Poupelinière, and the part played therein by M. Jacques Casanova, late sensational fugitive from the Venetian State Prison.

For Madame Wynne suspected him, and Farsetti hated him enough to accuse him openly; and there was the Venetian ambassador M. Erizzo, who smelled a rat wherever Casanova was even remotely involved. But above all there was a certain Castel-Bajac, a Gascon and a rascal, who together with a midwife, recognized Casanova and instituted proceedings against him. That released every wagging tongue in Paris.

It now appeared that Giustiniana had been pregnant. Ho ho! And everyone had a good laugh on old Poupelinière. Well, he had but got his just deserts for forcing his presence where he was unwelcome. And Poupelinière's heirs rejoiced to see that no marriage would take place.

Now, the question was, where had Casanova secreted his lovely Giustiniana? Had he hidden her in his country-house *la Petite-Pologne?* Madame Wynne went so far as to accuse him of rape. And there was talk of indictment for murder.

For a moment things looked very serious, and had not Castel-Bajac and the midwife attempted a little blackmail on the side they would have won their case. But Casanova denounced their game and won on the rebound, for he was far from being considered innocent.

Finally, a letter from the convent announced that a pretty baby boy had been born. A few days later, all traces of the baby having

been carefully covered up, Giustiniana wrote to her mother telling her of her retreat to a convent, and assuring her that she had done so only because she hated de la Poupelinière. She was prepared to return just as soon as she received a formal promise that there would no longer be any question of her marriage.

How Madame Wynne felt about her daughter's request may be deduced from the fact that she took M. de la Poupelinière with her on her first visit to the convent. Her emotion at the sight of her daughter was great, but M. de la Poupelinière was not to be outdone; he shed copious tears and made passionate declarations of undying affection.

There were sly folk in Paris whom this apparent solution did not quite satisfy. True, Giustiniana had returned home provided with a ringing exculpation written by the Princess-Abbess herself, but what had all this to do with Casanova. Had Giustiniana really run away to a convent to escape her fiancé? And had Casanova no hand in this matter at all? The feeling that the truth was being suppressed would not be downed and rumors continued to circulate.

The story of Giustiniana is too interesting to abandon without at least some remarks, though her after life no longer concerns Casanova. The beautiful and hot-blooded girl whose senses had been aroused early in life did not at once beware of the candle that had burned, and nearly consumed her. Nor did she marry Memno, the father of her child. After many love adventures, she became the wife of a man as old as de la Poupelinière, the aged Count von Rosenberg, Austrian Ambassador to Venice. When he died, shortly after their marriage, she devoted herself to literature. She who had once been so passionate now wrote moral tales to guide young souls adventuring into manhood and womanhood. She also wrote a melancholy novel which Goethe once admired. Her salon in Venice was the rendezvous of artists, many among them now famed.

When she died, Casanova, then old, noted her death on a slip of paper. "Souvenir—Prince de Rosenberg told me as we descended the stairs that Madame de Rosenberg had died, and he asked me if the library contained a picture of the villa where she had lived and when I answered yes, he smiled equivocally."

CHAPTER XIV

A Glimpse into the Police Records of Paris, Revealing a Casanova Who Does Not Appear in the Memoirs

THE time was peculiarly ripe for the exercise of talents so manifold and so wayward as those of Casanova. For the first time the whole European world began to realize what magic fields were opened up by the sciences of mechanics and chemistry. In the rising flood-light of that "reason" to which the revolutionists were soon to set up an altar, everything seemed capable of improvement. Scheme after scheme appeared in pamphlets on the book-stalls: universal languages, a plan for lasting peace, perfect governments based on man's nature, new systems of education, rational religions, schemes for raising money by taxes that would constitute no new burden on the people, proposals for colonizing the entire world, new psychologies, new philosophies, improved classifications of the various sciences, plans for making color-organs, perfume-organs with adapted scores, fantastic ideas for aeronautical or subterranean and submarine navigation, and back-to-nature schemes of living on raw grass without clothes, which, if universally applied, were to bring back Paradise.

Casanova, too, had his projects. He concocted with Calzabigi a new lottery. On his return from Holland he proposed a general tax on inheritance and gifts. Later, in Courland, he visited the state mines and drew up a general plan for their systematic exploitation. In Spain he was interested in colonizing the Sierra Morena. In London he wrote a letter to Venice offering to open a factory where cottons would be dyed better than in India, and to bring along English and French workmen capable of instructing others in the process. In Warsaw he suggested a soap factory, in Russia he proposed a revised calendar.

In 1759 Casanova became a manufacturer. He proposed to print

designs on silk and thus undersell the beautiful productions of the city of Lyons where the patterns were fashioned by the slow and expensive method of weaving. Casanova had as partner a man who thoroughly understood the process both as painter and as chemist, and this man became director and one-sixth owner. Space was rented in the *Enclos du Temple*, where, under the jurisdiction of the merry Prince de Conti, special privileges were allowed to resident manufacturers and retailers; and bookkeepers, porters, and so forth were hired, along with twenty girls to do the hand-painting. Casanova felt like a Mussulman in his seraglio, while Manon, whom he proudly showed around his factory, trembled to see her lover endowed with an industrial *droit de seigneur*. She grew petulant and would not be satisfied even when he assured her that none of the girls slept in the establishment.

Madame d'Urfé burst into laughter whenever she saw Casanova, for she was convinced that he had become a manufacturer only in order to make his incognito all the more realistic and deceptive. She believed firmly that even the weather was subject to his wish.

As for Giacomo, he tells us that although he realized the great risk he was running of losing all his fortune, he was drawn to the possibility of achieving an annual income of two hundred thousand francs, which he felt would be the reward of success.

But the business did not show signs of promise, despite the beauty of the product, partly because of the war and partly through lack of funds, a large portion of which he squandered upon the factory girls who constituted his harem. M. d'O., when appealed to for financial aid, was willing to provide all the capital if Casanova would transfer his business to Holland. This he refused to do.

Soon Casanova found himself obliged to sell out another sixth interest in his business for fifty thousand francs. In the night the money disappeared from the office. The purchaser, one Garnier, learning of the theft, demanded the return of his money, while Casanova claimed that since Garnier had became a duly certified member of the firm, the loss must be borne in common by all the owners. Whereupon Garnier had Casanova locked up at Fort-l'Evêque.

Casanova wrote at once to his lawyer, to Madame d'Urfé, to Madame du Rumain, to his brother, to Manon Balletti. Madame d'Urfé answered with an invitation to dinner. Madame du Rumain offered him all the cash she had, and lent him her lawyer. His brother did not answer and did not even come to see him. Poor Manon sent him the diamond earrings he had once given her.

Casanova had about thirty thousand francs in cash and about twice as much in jewelry, but he could not bear the idea of sacrificing fifty thousand when the justice of the matter seemed so plain.

At noon of the day of his arrest the jailer entered the cell, where Casanova was surrounded by all his friends, and announced, "Sir, you are free. A lady is waiting for you in her carriage." The lady was Madame d'Urfé, who had furnished bail.

"You must go at once to the Tuileries and the Palais-Royal and show yourself, so as to give the lie to the rumor of your imprisonment. And then you must come and keep your dinner engagement with me," Madame d'Urfé said. Her genius had informed her that Casanova had had himself arrested for reasons that he alone knew.

In the evening Casanova went to the theater, where he found Manon. He returned her earrings and declared that he was going to close his factory.

After much legal chicanery, the affair with Garnier was settled for twenty-five thousand francs, and Casanova, disgusted with Paris, decided to go to Holland, regain his lost fortune, and invest his money in a life-annuity on himself and his wife—Manon Balletti. Nothing could have made her happier except the news that, instead of first going to Holland, he would begin his new career by marrying her.

The story that Casanova tells us concerning his imprisonment in the Fort l'Evêque is not borne out by the historical researches of Samaran and others. Giacomo and François Casanova were both involved in several affairs concerning false letters of exchange. In each case the final holder of the valueless paper had the Casanovas brought to court. Giacomo's method of fighting this sort of thing was to present a forged promissory note, overdue, to the person holding the letter of exchange. In the past he had succeeded several times in

stopping just such actions, but in these two engagements the plaintiffs charged Casanova with forgery and demanded an investigation. Casanova was then actually locked up, upon the instigation of one of the accusers, in the aforementioned prison. He stayed there two days, if the records are correct, and was released only upon placing in the hands of his unpitying creditor the full amount of the debt plus court costs.

As to the forgery charges, they went their slow and tortuous legal way. Experts were appointed, rendered their decision, and eventually a warrant for Casanova's arrest was issued. It was too late; Giacomo had smelled trouble from afar and by the time the law had gathered itself together to strike he had disappeared.

A few months after his departure Madame du Rumain wrote to him advising his return and informing him that the charges against him could readily be dismissed at an insignificant cost. But Casanova chose to remain away. And no doubt he had good reasons.

For in addition to the two suits mentioned above Casanova was involved in at least seven others—affairs of debts, spurious letters of credit and other matters, the records of which are still to be found in the archives of old Paris. Therein we constantly meet with the same names, among them that of François Casanova the painter and those of the Ballettis, father and son. It seems almost as though a "ring" had been formed by a group of Italians resident in Paris who worked systematically at dubious financing.

Another possible reason for Casanova's continued absence may be discovered in the affair of the silk-printing company. An investigation of this period in the local commercial affairs of Paris reveals, as it happens, a story of just such an enterprise. Only the name of Casanova is absent.

The notion of printing on silk with indelible colors was interesting a number of people. It was a tempting idea that offered the inventor a certain means of wealth, for the market for the woven silks of Lyons was rapidly being invaded by the cheaper varieties of printed cloths. That silks as well as cottons might be subjected to the process of block printing was not actually a chimerical notion. Today this idea, successfully solved, forms one of the largest industries of France.

In 1759 several companies had been organized to exploit the discovery of a method of printing on silk. One of these was run by a man named Scotti, and it is worthy of note that Casanova had relatives of that name, and that again an Italian name appears in connection with these commercial crimes. On the motion of the principal backer, one Fayolle, an investigation of this plant was decreed and took place. The report of the investigating committee revealed a shoddy state of affairs. Not a single sample of the printed materials would bear up under any test. The slightest moisture was enough to make the colors run. Fayolle demanded his money back.

The question at once arises: was Casanova engaged in a swindle of the same species? And is it not likely that Garnier, who backed him to the extent of fifty thousand francs, grew suspicious like Fayolle and instituted proceedings for that reason, rather than because of the theft Casanova described? Had Casanova's method really been as perfect as he says it was, would he not have attempted it again, after the first purely circumstantial failure? It is, at the present stage of historical investigation, safe to say that if the company was ever really launched it was not so much to print on silks as to provide Casanova with the cash which he failed to bring home from Holland. One investigator suggests that Casanova remembered Scotti's affair when he wrote his Memoirs and adopted it for its verisimilitude, and as a likely screen for his real motives.

Casanova bade Manon a fond farewell, promising to send for her as soon as he had recouped his losses. To Madame d'Urfé he had to pretend that his oracle had ordered him away.

"It was the first of December of the year 1759," says Casanova, "the cold was quite intense, but I was well protected against its rigors. My *chaise*, being well closed, enabled me to read with comfort, and I took along Helvétius' book, the *Esprit*, which I had not yet had the time to read. When I had finished it, I was more astonished at the talk it had raised than at the stupidity of the Parliament that had ordered it burned . . . I found nothing new either in the historical section dealing with the morals of nations, where Helvétius solemnly utters trifles, or in the morality based upon reason. These were matters said and said again for centuries, and Blaise Pascal had

said a great deal more on this subject, and had, moreover, said it better and with more circumspection."

In this little paragraph we have a torch-light revealing Casanova. We know very well that he did not leave Paris on the first of December, 1759, for he was in Holland by the fifteenth of October, and the letters of Manon enable us to place his departure at about the end of September. A great cold was unlikely at that date, but the mention of cold weather connotes a careful chronicler and it was that air of absolute veracity that Casanova wished to secure. Notice, however, that Casanova wasn't cold, he was able to read Helvétius with comfort. And thirty years later he could criticize him at his leisure. That too is Casanova, the intellectual, proud of his wide range of knowledge, ever anxious to be informed concerning the latest in the sciences and in the arts, and carefully composing his apt and trenchant criticism of all that comes his way.

CHAPTER XV

Was Casanova Responsible for Saint-Germain's Expulsion from Holland?—The Paste Diamond

CASANOVA and his new and excellent servant, Le Duc, an eighteen-year-old Spaniard, were stopping at a hotel in the Hague. In this same hotel was lodged the Count of Saint-Germain. Casanova had been to see Count d'Affry, had presented to him a letter of recommendation from Choiseul of Versailles and had conversed with him on various matters. The ambassador informed Casanova that Saint-Germain was in town claiming to represent Louis XV in the matter of a private loan of a hundred million francs. D'Affry believed Saint-Germain an impostor; what did Casanova think? Casanova was of the same opinion.

When he returned to his hotel Casanova had himself announced to Saint-Germain. He was received with great friendliness. After they had talked for a few minutes, Casanova invited his former companion at the table of Mme. d'Urfé to eat with him.

"I never eat in company," said Saint-Germain.

"True; I had forgotten."

"I would invite you to join me in my own meal, but the type of food I eat is peculiarly fitted for my three hundred years of age, and would not please you."

Casanova smiled: "Good-by, then," he said. "No doubt we shall meet again in Amsterdam."

In the same hotel was still another adventurer, a gambler styling himself Prince Piccolomini, who so loved and valued his beautiful wife that he would not sell her favors but for a very high price, as Horace Walpole's son discovered. Casanova met this man a few days later in Amsterdam and won a hundred louis from him at cards. In

settlement Piccolomini gave Casanova a letter of exchange which turned out to be false. Casanova denounced him to the police.

One morning, when Casanova was rising late after a night of regrettable debauchery with a pair of so-called Italian Countesses, two men entered his room and threatening him with their pistols demanded a hundred ducats. Casanova recognized them. One was a certain Count Wiedau.

"Why a hundred ducats?" Casanova asked.

"Because Piccolomini to save himself from your accusations has decided to implicate us as having passed the forged letter of exchange on to him. We are penniless and must get out at once. Give us a hundred ducats. We are desperate."

Casanova was in no position to argue. He tossed them his full purse. A few days later, a Count Pocchini announced himself, demanding satisfaction from Casanova for insulting his nieces, the Countesses. Casanova refused to give him a cent and insisted that the two Countesses had made advances and had been only too happy with his payment for their services. But finally Casanova decided that he had better avoid an entanglement with judges and police and he gave Pocchini a handsome sum.

Casanova lived several lives in Holland. He mingled not only with the crowd of scoundrels whom he met in gambling halls and bordellos, but he also moved in the society of people of assured wealth and position.

When he went to Amsterdam he did not fail to revisit his friend the banker d'O., and his lovely, but, alas, probably mythical, daughter, Esther. Casanova was so taken with her that only the fact that he was promised to Manon restrained him from an immediate marriage.

M. d'O. invited Casanova to an extremely exclusive lodge of Masons, consisting of twenty-four of the wealthiest men on the Exchange. Casanova was well received and a special supernumerary membership was extended to him.

M. d'O. had not forgotten Casanova's services as a prophet; Esther had been practising the cabalistic art, but her answers were always too obscure, for she did not have Casanova's lucky opportuni-

ties. Esther was beginning to suspect how much a part good fortune played in Casanova's magic, when M. d'O. asked Casanova to use his cabala to determine if the individual, who was seeking to have the O. company enter into a deal of great importance, was really an intimate friend of the King of France. Casanova at once perceived that the man in question could be no other than the impostor Count of Saint-Germain. Casanova's reply was therefore not in the least obscure. It warned M. d'O. to defer engaging himself.

The answer was so definite and its command so peremptory that M. d'O. hastened out at once to put a stop to the proceedings.

When he had left, Esther looked at Casanova.

"I still cannot quite believe that you possess a magic method. And yet you always seem to give clear answers. If I had your ability, Papa would do anything and everything for me. Teach me your secret. Please, please!"

Casanova had nothing to teach, but he could not tell her that. He promised however to help her advance herself in her father's opinion.

A few days later the opportunity came. M. d'O. announced that now he could tell them whom his question had referred to. "There was a Count de Saint-Germain who claimed to be a secret emissary of the King of France commissioned to raise a hundred million on the crown jewels. He gave us a superb diamond as specimen and we were about to hand over a hundred million florins to him, when your oracle happily intervened. Now it appears that Saint-Germain was even then about to be arrested. He was fortunately forwarned and is said now to be on his way to England.—But the question that troubles us now is: Shall we declare our possession of this diamond or shall we wait until it is claimed?—Let us eat and after dinner, I hope M. de Casanova, you will do me the favor of consulting your superb oracle."

Casanova told Esther, in secret, that he would suggest to her father that his daughter find the answer for him, and that she must work to say: "Silence. Diamond false." Esther could hardly wait for dinner to end. To convince M. d'O., who remained incredulous, Casanova set up a pyramid himself and derived a similar answer. Knowing Saint-Germain as he did, Casanova could not imagine that

the diamond was anything but clever paste. And so it proved to be, much to Esther's joy and Casanova's reputation.

Historically, to be sure, this tale of Casanova unmasking the famous Saint-Germain does not bear scrutiny. Saint-Germain was a character to be watched and his doings are recorded in the despatches of d'Affry, French ambassador to the Hague, as well as in those of Reischach, the Austrian ambassador. It is unknown just what significance Saint-Germain's stay in Holland actually possessed. It is quite possible that he *was* a secret envoy of the King, who of course would have repudiated him, just as soon as too much scandal entered into the matter, warning him however in time so that he could escape actual capture. The trouble is not only that neither d'Affry nor Reischach mention Casanova in connection with this affair, but worse still, that Casanova was not in Holland at the date of Saint-Germain's flight. Saint-Germain left on the 17th of April 1760, when Casanova had already been out of Holland perhaps more than two months. At any rate on the first of March 1760 his arrival in Bonn is already announced by the French resident in a series of letters to be quoted later.

We see then that the Saint-Germain episode must be set around the middle of April, 1760, whereas Casanova puts it at some time before Christmas, 1759, at which date also he claims to have received Manon's letter breaking off their engagement.

On Christmas day a heavy package came from Manon. It contained all his old letters and his portrait together with a missive announcing that she was going to marry M. Blondel, royal architect. Would he therefore please burn her letters and return her portrait, and have the kindness not to recognize her if they ever met? Casanova was confounded. For two days he stayed in bed with fever, his mind inventing a thousand plans of revenge on Manon, on Blondel, on the whole Balletti family. On the third day Esther, worried, came to seek him. She read Manon's letter and said to Casanova: "Do not think of her any longer, for she is not worthy of you." She examined Manon's portrait and found her very pretty: "It is too bad that so beautiful a person should harbor a soul so villainous," she commented, and she asked Casanova not to burn Manon's letters but to

give them to her to read. Casanova was willing, for he was through with Manon.

Poor Manon! How she had to suffer! Her letters reveal the torments she endured. When Casanova left Paris, she had gone to live in his country house, the *Petite Pologne*, but gossip had forced her to leave for the people of Paris claimed that Casanova was there in hiding. In her first letters she writes how inconsolable she is. Casanova tells her to amuse herself. "How can I," she writes, "I have naught but occasions for tears. . . . Adieu my sweet and dearest lover; and remember your friend Nena who loves you more than she loves herself. . . . Adieu, adieu, my husband, I kiss you as such."

And in her next letters she writes: "Do you realize that it is three months since you are gone and that without you I am like a body without a soul."—"I have had a thousand dreams of you; come quick, and let me tell you them before I forget."—"I am getting fatter . . . it is ever thus when I am sad. At the convent where I did nothing but cry, I gained weight every day . . . I am plump as a ball, as you shall see, my friend, when you come. Will you still love me so? Two kisses for you and I wish you good health."

And again she writes: "My dear Giacomo, lover, friend, husband—whatever you choose—believe me now once for all that I love you with all my soul, that you are my only treasure, that I do not care to live without you . . . that I await the moment when we shall be united with an impatience only equalled by my love . . . that I shall not die happy unless it is in your arms that I expire after having given you a thousand proofs of my love, and my only regret upon leaving life will be that I shall no longer be able to show you all my love."

So she writes to her Giacomo at Christmas. Her last letter is not until the seventh of February of the new year. It ends: "You remember still that I love you, do you not? Very well then, my soul, never, never forget it. Good-by, I kiss you from the bottom of my heart, I think forever of you even when I am studying my parts. *3 basi per jiacomo.*"

These are the last words we know from poor Manon. Casanova was unkind to her when he allowed Esther, unchallenged, to say

of her that she was not worthy of him and that her beauty hid a villainous soul. And Casanova lied when he said that she broke off her engagement near Christmas of 1759. He lied too when he said that he gave all her letters to Esther, for at least forty-one were found among the manuscripts at Dux. But she did break with him finally, and married Blondel July 20, 1760.

With these dated letters before him, at his desk at Dux, while he wrote his Memoirs, why did Casanova deceive us? Manon's life was unhappy enough. Blondel was a widower and old and he died thirteen years later, leaving Manon with small means. She followed him in two years, scarcely thirty-five years of age.

As for Esther, her spiteful words were lost, for Casanova left Amsterdam, promising to return, of course, but he never did. Probably she was a mythical character, perhaps invented to replace some girl whose name and situation he had forgotten in the course of thirty years of adventuring.

Or is there a different secret? When d'Affry writes of Casanova's visit to him, he says: "I asked him what was the object of his voyage. He said he came here to negotiate financial paper . . . I replied that I hoped he didn't intend to discredit the value of French bonds and lower their value in order to buy them at reduced prices and realize big profits . . . He thereupon claimed that he came to Amsterdam to buy copper from Sweden in exchange for bonds . . . He seemed altogether very trifling and unsettled as to his business projects, or else he was adroit in concealing from me his real reason for coming to Amsterdam." Thus d'Affry wrote to the Duc de Choiseul, Minister of Foreign Affairs at Versailles, Choiseul answered that he knew nothing of Casanova and had given him a letter of recommendation only because he had been asked to do so by a friend. His advice was that M. d'Affry simply close his door to the adventurer. Laugier, Secretary to the French Resident at Bonn instituted inquiries about Casanova only a few weeks after the adventurer had left Amsterdam. Here is what he writes: "It has been proven that he was in Amsterdam, that the chief of police wished to arrest him for deceitful practices, that he overcame the guard and escaped." But there is a better opportunity to discuss these matters in the next chapter on Casanova's adventures in Cologne.

CHAPTER XVI

The Devil a Monk Would Be—Escape from Stuttgart

MASTER of a hundred thousand florins of Holland, in letters of credit drawn on a dozen important banks, possessor of a superbly stocked jewel-casket, happy with a wardrobe unexcelled in both quantity and quality, traveling in his own carriage, Casanova journeyed by easy stages to Cologne.

On Shrovetide before the carnival of the year 1760, after an exciting encounter with brigands just before the gates of the city, Casanova arrived in Cologne where the French troops were making their winter quarters. He met there a Count de Lastic, a nephew of Mme d'Urfé, who at once introduced him to M. de Torcy, the Commandant, to M. de Flavacourt a superior officer and to Count Ketteler, Austrian exchange General. Count de Lastic invited Casanova to the theater. In the box were Count Ketteler and a lady of striking beauty, the wife of the Mayor.

She spoke to him graciously. They spoke of Paris and Brussels and of casual matters.

"Do you intend to stay in Cologne very long?"

"To-morrow," said Casanova, "I propose to cross the Rhine to Bonn."

Casanova's manner was as indifferent as hers, and yet she appeared piqued. Casanova was flattered to think that he had impressed her so rapidly. Just then General Ketteler rose and excused himself.

"I am sure," he added, "that Madame could cause you to postpone your departure, and I, for my part, should be glad thus to have the opportunity of further acquaintance." He bowed and left with M. de Lastic.

"The Count surely is mistaken in attributing such power to me," said the beauty slyly.

"I do not think so," was Casanova's reply; "but he is doubtless wrong in supposing that you would care to make use of it."

"Very well! We must catch him then, if it be but to punish him for his indiscretion. Stay!"

The reply puzzled Casanova. He had gathered that General Ketteler loved the Mayoress. Did she really mean that Casanova should help her *punish* the General for his *indiscretion?* Then the game was well worth the candle.

"Then you are staying, Sir? It is indeed kind of you. You know that if you were to leave to-morrow people would think that you had stopped in Cologne but to show your disdain. To-morrow the General is giving a ball, and I hope that you will dance with us."

"With you, Madame," Casanova corrected.

"Very well, I promise to dance with you until you are tired."

"Then you will dance only with me."

"But where did you get that pomade that fills the air with its odor? I smelled it as soon as you entered the theater."

"It is from Florence."

At that moment the General returned and reinforced Madame's invitation to the ball. Giacomo left the box deeply smitten. He went back to his hotel, placed twelve fine porcelain jars of pomade in an elegant casket and despatched them to the Mayoress in a plain sealed package that might have been ordered from a store.

The next afternoon he dined at M. de Castries', where all the guests were surprised to learn that the jealous General himself had invited Casanova to the ball. Indeed the General had cause to repent of his invitation, for he had to spend the evening in silent rage watching Casanova dance with his belle. He had as a matter of fact nothing wherewith to please the Mayoress, for he was getting on in age and his physical as well as his mental qualities were most undistinguished.

"If you will promise me a *tête-à-tête,*" Casanova found time to whisper to the Mayoress, "I shall stay in Cologne throughout the carnival season."

"And if I should promise, and not keep my word?"

"Then I should bewail my lot, but I should be convinced that it was only because you were unable to do so."

"You are very kind. You will stay with us, of course."

The next day Casanova paid his respects to her and met her kind but uninteresting husband. An hour later the General was announced and Casanova arose to leave.

"Do not fail to be at the Elector's ball at Bonn to-morrow," the Mayoress whispered to him while no one was watching.

Casanova made inquiries and learned that it was an annual affair, a masked ball, to which it would be easy to gain access. Casanova told everyone that his health would prevent him from attending, but on the night of the ball he took the public conveyance to Bonn, dressed in a suit in which no one had seen him, and provided with a box containing two dominos. At Bonn, he dressed himself in one of the dominos and had himself carried to the court in a chair.

He soon located his beauty at the faro table. Casanova, masked, placed himself beside his lady and laying ten ducats on a card, lost at the cutting. After four mischances in succession, another person dealt and Casanova lost again. At the third deal, the General himself held the cards and Casanova felt suddenly that now his luck would change. He wagered fifty ducats, won, doubled his stakes, won again and at the next deal broke the bank. The banker was a Count Verità, whom Casanova had known before and who was now in the employ of the Elector. Everyone was curious to have a look at the tall domino who had won so much money, but Casanova pocketed his gold and escaped.

Back in his room, he locked up his money, changed his domino, and returned to the ball. Count Verità was telling everyone that he knew that the winner was Casanova, but others insisted that they had heard from Casanova himself that he would not be at the ball. Casanova smiled inwardly; all this discussion of himself was precious ointment. But he forgot himself so far as to take part in the dances without realizing that after the *contredanse* he would be obliged to unmask himself.

At once the Mayoress came over to him and congratulated him on his winnings. Casanova denied everything. Count Verità also extended his felicitations.

"But you are mistaken," Casanova declared. "I only wish I could honestly accept your congratulations."

"In two hours, I shall have the proofs," Count Verità declared and left. Two hours later he returned and said:

"You changed your domino in such and such a house in such a room. The Elector knows everything and orders me to tell you that you must not leave."

"Am I under arrest?"

"You are, unless you choose to dine with him to-morrow."

"His Highness shall be obeyed."

Casanova was prompt to his appointment and was received by a jovial old man, whose appearance belied the ecclesiastic.

"I was in Venice," he said to Casanova, "when you were under the Leads. I hope that after dinner you will not refuse us the pleasure of telling us how you escaped."

Casanova warned him that the story would take not less than two hours. But the Prince was willing and Giacomo himself was only too glad to recite or rather act that dramatic tale that had so frequently secured him good friends.

The Elector later organized another ball, with peasant costumes. The General looked like a peasant indeed, while Madame, the Mayoress, was enchanting. Old-fashioned country-dances and roundelays were performed and in one of these at every turn a cavalier seizes and embraces a lady. Casanova never failed to catch his belle, while the peasant-General nearly burst with rage and the peasant-Elector laughed aloud.

"You must give a luncheon at Brühl to these people," said the Mayoress. "Why don't you ask Verità to help you. Tell him you want to serve a luncheon for twenty people as the Duke de Deux-ponts did several years ago."

The next morning the Elector sent Casanova a fine snuff-box on which was the Elector's portrait surrounded by diamonds. Casanova was invited to visit him again before he left Bonn, but at that time the Elector was absent.

Brühl was a little country seat of the Elector, built in the style of the Trianon. The guests invited by Casanova arrived at noon. Oysters and champagne began the meal. There followed meats, salads and vegetables, accompanied by tokay, madeira, alicante and cyprus, and concluded by a ragout of truffles served with mara-

schino. The dessert was an architectural triumph of the pastry-cook, on which, in glittering sweetmeats, were the portraits of all the sovereigns of Europe.

Casanova was deluged with thanks and compliments. Only General Ketteler seemed to feel that the sumptuous meal was a trick of the Elector's to which Casanova had lent himself. This naïve notion caused everyone to laugh and did the General no honor. The company then hastened back to Cologne in order to reach the theater on time, where Casanova was happy to find the Mayoress in her loge and alone, for the General had drunk too much at the luncheon.

When Ketteler gave a little supper he did not invite Casanova. The latter came anyway, for the Mayoress insisted that he must, and, she said, if Ketteler should be insulting, then they would both leave. When the company was called to table, one gentleman was left without a seat. The General passed his guests in review, while Casanova feigned to notice nothing amiss. When he came to Casanova he exclaimed:

"Sir, I did not invite you."

"True," Casanova replied, "but I was so sure that it was mere forgetfulness that I thought I would come to pay you my respects."

The servants put on another cover, the guests chatted and only the General sulked. But Casanova knew how to bring him around. He began to speak of the former Kettelers as though he had spent his life time studying the history of the Ketteler family, and with each compliment he paid the General's ancestors, the General's face grew sunnier and rosier until it expanded in complete good humor.

A few days later Casanova, invited to the Mayor's home, noticed with interest that a church was connected with the house. A plan dawned in his mind. He communicated it to the Mayoress and she confessed that the idea had also occurred to her. A week later she informed him, in the General's presence, that her husband was going to Aix-la-Chapelle for three days, and she looked at him meaningly.

At four o'clock in the afternoon Casanova concealed himself in the church and waited until he heard the beadle make his last round.

He made his way to the corridor and there waited impatiently. Hours passed. Casanova, in total darkness, shivered as he heard rats scurrying across the floor, and gnawing at the woodwork. It seemed that rats and darkness were the perpetual refrain of his life. Had the image of the Mayoress not beckoned him, he would have found his way out despite the locked portals. Finally at ten, the chinks in the connecting door glowed. His beauty appeared framed in the doorway, candle in hand.

A fortnight later he came again and this time she had prepared light and books and food for him so that he could pass the time, until night, in an agreeable manner. That was the last time he saw her, for shortly thereafter she went to the country and there was nothing to detain Casanova in Cologne.

In fact there was something that called him away. There were two nymphs from Paris, who were going to Stuttgart, mother and daughter. La Toscani had raised her girl especially for the Duke of Würtemberg's bed. Casanova was glad to accompany them on their journey. True the daughter was forbidden fruit, being reserved for the Duke, but she provided the charms to accompany her mother's complacency and so the voyage to Stuttgart, though uneventful, was by no means unpleasant.

The Duke of Würtemberg's court was at that time the most brilliant in Europe. He trafficked in his subjects, maintaining a troop of ten thousand men for France. The subsidies he thus received provided him with hunting equipages, magnificent stables, a French theater and an Italian opera, as well as an *opera comique*, twenty Italian dancers, all stars, and at least one hundred ballet-girls, all of whom were pretty and could boast of having been the Duke's delight for at least one night.

Casanova, handsomely dressed, went to the opera on the night of his arrival. Ignorant of the usages of the place, he applauded a solo vigorously, much surprised to think that no one but himself had appreciated it. An officer entered his box and began to speak to him in German.

"*Nichts verstand*," was all Casanova could say after the officer's long and excited harangue.

The officer thereupon left and soon another man appeared who, addressing Casanova in French, informed him that when the Duke was in the theater, it was forbidden for anyone else to applaud.

"Very good, Sir," said Casanova, "then I shall come when the Duke is not present, for when I am pleased I like to give expression to my pleasure." As he was entering his carriage, an officer came and informed him that the Duke extended to him the permission to applaud wherever he pleased.

Back stage, Giacomo, as usual, met a host of old acquaintances. There was Kurz, first violinist who had been his comrade in the old days in the orchestra at San Samuele. There was the little Vulcani whom he had known in Dresden, and she presented him to her husband, who was none other than Balletti, Manon's brother. There was La Binetti who was one of his oldest acquaintances. Casanova expected to pass some agreeable days, but it was fated that his stay in Stuttgart should be filled with misery.

His first mistake was to alienate the Duke's affection by insulting the mother of La Gardela. La Gardela, the daughter of a Venetian gondolier, had risen to be the Duke's favorite. Casanova had known the whole family, and La Gardela had invited him to dine with her. But her mother, proud of her affluence, reminded Casanova that her parents had never trod a stage. Whereupon Casanova asked her how her sister was. This sister was an old fat blind woman who begged for her living on a bridge in Venice.

Casanova realized too late that he should have held his tongue, for the Duke's support was denied him a few days later when he needed it badly. Casanova had let himself be persuaded to go to see two facile beauties in company with three officers. The two beauties turned out to be his old friends the Countesses, and Pocchini was there too and embraced Casanova as though they were close acquaintances of many years' standing. Casanova was disgusted and would have nothing to do with them, but he sat down at a table and drank a few glasses of Hungarian wine.

A little later the three officers proposed a game of faro. Casanova lost about fifty louis, which was all the money he had about him and wished to retire but he found himself without will-power. His head was turning, his mind befogged. The officers made out markers,

and using these as money, they played on. Casanova lost steadily, ever raising his bids and getting drunker and drunker, although he had taken no more than a few small glasses of wine the whole evening. At midnight the chips were counted and Casanova had lost a hundred thousand francs. He was so dead drunk that he had to be carried home. His Spanish servant Le Duc found that his watches and his snuff-box were missing.

The next day Casanova went out with La Toscani. When he returned in the evening his Spaniard told him that the three officers had come to his room and had left word that they would come in the morning.

They appeared, but Casanova met their demands with a flat refusal.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I have lost more than I can pay, and certainly more than I ever would have lost had you not drugged me. Moreover I have been robbed of three hundred louis of jewelry. I shan't take this matter to the police. Let this affair be considered ended."

The three officers laughed at him. They secured a writ, and Casanova was virtually a prisoner in his own rooms. An estimator came to value his effects. He found Casanova's laces and jewelry to be worth far more than a hundred thousand francs, but he assured Casanova that the three officers would manage to have them undervalued and not only make him give up all his belongings but also force him to sign promissory notes for the balance.

In his extremity Casanova appealed to the Duke, but the latter refused to interfere. Casanova's lawyer warned him that nothing could be done. A slight delay was all that could be secured.

"Your things will be auctioned," the lawyer said, "and if the proceeds do not cover your debt, you will be enrolled in His Serene Highness' army and the four louis, which will be your King's shilling, will be added to your account. The officers are already amused at the idea of how pleased the Prince will be to see so handsome a man in his troops."

Casanova was dumbfounded, but realizing that he had always managed to overcome all the other perils of his life he took heart. He wrote letters to all the people he knew, demanding that justice

be done. And he wrote also to the three rascally officers and secured a few days' grace. Then he invited his friends, La Toscani, Balletti, Vulcani, Binetti and the rest, to visit him and he acquainted them with his project.

The actresses and actors came to see him frequently and on each occasion when they left they hid a portion of his wardrobe under their dresses. Eventually his trunks were empty. But new trunks, packed with his priceless wardrobe, were awaiting him, along with a good carriage, on the highway beyond the city walls.

To the man who had escaped from the Leads, an escape from an inn was mere child's play. At night he slipped past his guard, when his servant had, in a cleverly planned moment of awkwardness, extinguished his candle. He crossed the city to La Binetti's house, whose side-windows looked over the walls. Casanova climbed down, waded through the mud of the moat, reached the highway, and was off to Switzerland. It was the second of April, his birthday.

Lodged in the best inn of Zurich, Casanova reflected on the great dangers he had escaped. He resolved no longer to be the sport of fate, at the mercy of every scoundrel. He added up his possessions and found himself worth three hundred thousand francs.

"That," he mused, "will assure me a permanent income from safe investments. Henceforth I shall exist in perfect peace and find true happiness."

The next morning, with his head full of enchanting dreams of pastoral abundance, wherein he saw himself living the peaceful life of a country gentleman, Casanova went out for a walk.

He woke suddenly from his revery and saw himself about to descend into a beautiful valley spread out before his feet. In the center was a splendid group of buildings adjoining a large monastery.

Finding the doors to the church wide open, Casanova entered, and remained stricken with amazement at rare marbles and gilt and sculptured bronzes. Casanova remained to hear Mass and then went to the sacristy, where the Abbot approached him and asked him if he cared to visit the establishment. Casanova was shown a thousand wonders in jeweled chasubles, gold-embroidered vestments and

sacred receptacles decorated with diamonds and containing miracle-working relics.

The Abbot invited Casanova to dinner, a meal worthy of being served in so wealthy an establishment. This was the monastery of Our Lady of Einsiedel, of which Casanova had often heard.

Casanova felt a sudden impulse to become a monk. He decided that he would first confess his sins and then he would ask the Abbot to take him into the order.

His general confession took three hours. He recited to the Abbot a quantity of scandalous tales and, though he narrated them soberly, he was far from feeling contrite. The recapitulation of his sins evoked many pleasant memories. The Abbot blessed Casanova and led him to a room where he could spend the night in prayer, promising to give him Communion on the morrow, after first Mass.

Casanova, alone, was still firm in his notion of becoming a monk and he spent some time writing out his desires. He was to have a ten-year novitiate, he was to give the institution thirty thousand francs to pay for his expenses—a sum which he would forfeit if he should change his mind—and in return he demanded the privilege of owning and reading any books he pleased. Henceforth books were to provide him with his sole excitement.

The next morning the Abbot breakfasted with Casanova, read his application, and asked for a few days to think it over. He would come himself to Zurich to give Casanova his answer.

This was ingenuous on the Abbot's part, for it needed no more than a few days in Zurich and the heart-rending sight of a pretty young girl married to an old man, to cause Casanova to abandon ascetic ambitions. Instead of shutting himself up in a library he was soon amusing himself at Soleure with the gayest society of Switzerland.

CHAPTER XVII

In Defense of Casanova for a Change—Diplomatic Correspondence Concerning a Strange Italian, from the Archives of Foreign Affairs—Casanova Becomes the Chevalier de Seingalt—Jesuit or Mason?—The Great Mystery of His Perpetual Travels

CASANOVA'S tale of his doings in Germany, as published in 1828, aroused the local patriotism of the good citizens of Cologne. In 1856, Dr. L. Ennen, in his history of *Frankreich und der Niederrhein*, went to joust for the honor of the Mayoress. He denied Casanova's veracity. He went after Giacomo tooth and nail, gave him the lie at every step, and concluded with this eulogy: "(Casanova is) the most frivolous, the vulgarest, lowest and most unashamed memorialist that ever lived, one who never hesitated to mix his so-called recollections with the filthiest cynicism that his corrupt mind could concoct."

No portion of the Memoirs has been so carefully studied as this short episode. The documents that directly concern the events are more extensive and more complete at this point than at any other. This time the records support Casanova against his enemies. And these enemies have not been few, for Ennen was followed by others—Pollaczek, in 1906, and, unfortunately, Gugitz in his masterly treatise *Casanova und sein Lebensroman*, published in 1923. Much of Gugitz's criticism still stands, for as usual the dates given by Casanova are wrong. But that the bulk of the material presented by these men can be interpreted in another fashion is demonstrated by F. Walter Ilges in his book on Casanova in Cologne.

Here are the main points in Casanova's German adventures as he himself recounted them:

(1) He arrived on carnival-eve of the year 1760, with a well-filled purse, in the city of Cologne,

(2) and at once captured the attention of the nobility,

(3) and found himself accepted in all circles of society.

(4) He won the love of the young and beautiful wife of the Mayor of Cologne.

(5) Along with the élite of the city he visited a masked ball at the court of Bonn,

(6) where he was kindly received by the Kurfürst

(7) who as a special favor presented him with a diamond bedecked snuff-box.

(8) Casanova gave a remarkably expensive and most luxurious meal for a portion of the society, at the ducal country palace at Brühl.

(9) He triumphed in Cologne most sacrilegiously over the honor of the Mayoress (and the Mayor),

(10) and after having played the rôle of a respected nobleman for two and a half months, he left with all honors to visit the city of Stuttgart,

(11) where an encounter with three rascally officers put him in peril of losing a large part of his fortune.

(12) But, triumphing again, he escaped to Switzerland with his fortune practically intact. And, wealthy to the extent of three hundred thousand francs, he proposed to become either a country gentleman or a monk, until the sight of a woman put such gloomy prospects out of his mind.

Now consider these same events through the eyes of a master-archivist.

On March 1st, 1760, in the absence, on leave in Paris, of de Bausset, the official Resident of France at Bonn, his secretary, Laugier, wrote the following letter to the Duke de Choiseul at Versailles:

"Sir: An unknown Venetian passed through here recently. He remained only a few days, spent largely, displayed many diamonds, played for high stakes. He spoke of Paris and Versailles as a man

who is at home there. At present he is in Cologne. I wrote to Count Torcy for information. He answered that this Venetian has been a resident of Paris for the last ten years, that he owns a villa there, where he has left his possessions during his trip to Holland, and that he is even to-day returning to Paris. M. de Torcy adds that a Cologne banker vouches for him."

Does not this letter seem to prove the story of Casanova? an unknown Venetian . . . spent largely . . . remained only a few days . . . played for high stakes . . . displayed many diamonds? But Dr. L. Ennen objects that in Bonn the noble burghers of Cologne were rather despised, that no Mayoress was ever invited to the famous masked ball. Moreover Casanova could not possibly have been admitted without a card from the master of ceremonies. Finally, why does Casanova say nothing of the fact that a balustrade through the middle of the hall divided the wealthy bourgeoisie from the true court-nobility of Bonn? Evidently he was never at the masked ball. Further, it is inconceivable that Casanova should have used Brühl castle for his luncheon, although his picture of the fun-loving ecclesiastic, the Elector of Cologne, with his peasant-balls, love of Venice, and gifts of snuff-boxes is excellent, and borne out by many contemporary accounts. But in defense of Casanova it must be said that he distinctly mentions the aid he received in this matter from Count Verità, who was no less an adventurer, a gambler and an Italian than Casanova.

Whatever may be the truth of the masked ball, there is no doubt that Casanova says nothing of the following incident that occurred to him at Cologne:

A week after his first letter, Secretary Laugier writes again to Choiseul. "The Venetian, of whom I had the honor of speaking to you, is called Casanova. It is said that in Paris, he managed a lottery bureau of the Military School. He has recently had an experience in Cologne that has raised a great deal of discussion. An unknown, by the name of Baron von Wiedau, applied to the judge for a warrant against Casanova who, he claimed, owed him 5,000 florins. Casanova was arrested as he was leaving Count Torcy's house, where he had had dinner. He denied owing the money, but to escape

prison he surrendered a ring, a snuff-box and a gold watch along with 25 louis in cash and a letter of exchange for 3,800 gulden. . . . Casanova is clamoring for justice. He is openly protected and seconded by Herr Hofrat von Franken."

De Bausset, Laugier's chief, now takes a hand in the matter. He tells that General Ketteler had confiscated Casanova's private papers and thus knew that in Paris Casanova had been mixed up with a Miss Vins (evidently Gustiniana Wynne) in some scandalous affair. According to Ketteler, Casanova was an extremely dangerous spy who ought to be watched, for his papers "hint at a terrible plot. He is a man capable of anything. Some people say he has left Cologne, others insist that he is in hiding at Hofrat von Franken's house."

To this letter Choiseul paid no attention, but the matter evidently came to the attention of the Police department, for Chief of Police Berryer replied from Versailles on March 31st:

"I received your letter of the 25th, Sir, . . . informing me of what you have learned regarding Casanova. I believe that the plans of such a fellow are less to be feared than to be despised. But I shall speak to Herr von Stahremberg (the Austrian Ambassador), . . . etc."

A Chevalier de Taibris passed through Cologne and told Secretary Laugier that he knew Casanova in Paris, and had seen him in prison at Fort L'Evèque. Casanova's companions were even now incarcerated at Bicêtre. In Amsterdam, says this Chevalier de Taibris, these two, Casanova and Wiedau, also had an altercation, for that was their game. They played it in one city after another. Secretary Laugier notes with some sagacity: "This Chevalier de Taibris looks to me like an adventurer himself." But he instituted inquiries, and on April 13, 1760, wrote:

"M. de Casanova is no longer here and I do not know where he has gone. It has been proven that he was in Amsterdam, that the Chief of Police wished to arrest him for deceitful practices, that he overcame the guard and escaped. From Venice we have learned that he is of low extraction and deserved more than imprisonment in his native city. His departure took place before that report came in, otherwise he would have been completely unmasked."

Thus Laugier wrote on April 13, when Casanova was in Switzerland thinking of becoming a monk. Still once more Laugier mentions Casanova in his correspondence. He suspects Casanova of being still in hiding: "new suspicions against him arise every day."

On the basis of these letters Ennen attacked Casanova's story. According to Ennen, the Mayor was forced to proceed against Casanova, while General Ketteler, with documents seized among Casanova's papers, warned the French envoys, who issued a warrant against the Italian. Casanova escaped by night and fog, vowing vengeance. And years later in his Memoirs he made the Mayor and the General suffer by taking away their woman, portraying one as a cuckold and the other as a sorry *cavalier servente.*

Ennen was the first to investigate this Mayor's wife. The matter is not simple, for Cologne was governed by a board of six Mayors. Three of these had no wives. Of the other three, only one had a "church which was a sort of private chapel," and this was Mayor de Groote, whose wife agrees with Casanova's description. But Ennen adds that the reports of the French Residents at Cologne, although they never neglected the slightest scandal, mention absolutely nothing involving either Ketteler, Casanova or de Groote. It must be recalled that the baroque army of France, accompanied by all the luxurious comforts of Paris, had settled in Cologne for the winter and of course attracted all the stray gamblers, courtezans and adventurers from the four corners of the map. And Casanova too.

The tale was repeated again and again, even as late as 1927, although at least a year before that Ilges had effectually disproved it. After examining all the documents used by Ennen, and presented herein, he asks: "Why does Ennen say that Ketteler was about to arrest Casanova? That Casanova fled by night and fog? That he vowed vengeance against the Mayor? All this is false." Ilges discovered actual court records proving that Casanova would have won a suit against Wiedau, for the whole city, including the Mayor in charge, was for him. Wiedau actually sued the city for partiality and lost, for it was shown that Casanova had been frightened by the thought of prison and had been glad to buy himself off at the

expense of his jewelry. If he had remained in Cologne he would have been completely exonerated. The trial brought out the fact that Wiedau, traveling on foot, was not likely to have lent Casanova, whose wealth was self-evident, a sum of 5,000 florins.

And as to the statement made by Ennen concerning the *chronique scandaleuse* of the French Residents, that is also false, for a recent examination has demonstrated that the Bonn diplomatic correspondence is remarkably free from gallant stories. For seventy-five years Casanova has been done an injustice. And yet there is no occasion to go to the other extreme and declare every word of the Cologne episode in the Memoirs true.

What about the Mayoress? Ilges as well as others have shown that the locale of the private chapel is exactly the site as described by Casanova. The plans of the old church, destroyed in 1765, have been discovered and bear him out. But we cannot implicate Frau de Groote. Perhaps Casanova took some other woman away from Ketteler.

Ilges believes that Casanova confused many events in Cologne and transported them to Stuttgart. And he supports this with a splendid wealth of minute detail which prevents us, however, from following him. Casanova, we know, does tell of an attempt at extortion in Stuttgart and a flight to Switzerland.

If Casanova lost money in Paris and made little in Holland, as he says, how did he come to possess 300,000 francs upon his arrival in Switzerland?

Gugitz laughs at Casanova's pretensions to wealth. "Why, far from being able to retire, he was actually in need, for when he arrived in Zurich he had to pawn his breeches. No wonder he wished to become a monk." Stefan Zweig in his essay on Casanova (1928) translated into several languages, says: . . . "even to pawn his breeches (this is not written in jest, but is literally true, for the pawn-ticket was found at Zurich)." The pawn-ticket was found by Gugitz among Casanova's own papers at Dux in Bohemia. And far from showing up Casanova as poor, it seems to be just as good evidence that he was rich. This is how the pawn-ticket reads:

"I undersigned promise to hand over to the order of Monsieur the Chevalier de Seingalt, as soon as I shall have been paid eighty louis in gold: a blue coat lined with ermine, with a vest of embroidered white Atlas and breeches to match—along with coat, vest and breeches of velvet in four colors, a muff with guipure lace trimming, a tooth-pick case with gold decorations, two muslin shirts with cuffs of lace, a pair of English point cuffs, a seal ring with his coat of arms, a signet representing Hercules, another with Galba, another showing a Roman chariot, a seal with two sides showing a head on each, another seal, compass box on one side, head on the other. A little golden whistle, a golden charm in the shape of two legs, a fob representing three towers, a rock-crystal vial with enameled gold mountings, a candy box in rock-crystal with gold mountings, a *buis* (flute?) surrounded by little diamonds, a knife of gold and steel, an amethyst pin surrounded by little diamonds, a golden cork-screw. All these objects existing in my hands. Done at Zurich this 24th of April 1760.—J. Escher of Berg."

"Clio sadly veils her head," says Gugitz, "and I along with her, for here is the man worth 300,000 francs, according to his Memoirs, actually pawning his trinkets for a miserable 1,740 francs." But Ilges looks at this document in a different light. The very objects mentioned in the ticket reveal a man of wealth. Perhaps a man in a hurry to get rid of some articles, pawning them for a fraction of their value? For Casanova was not poor. Certainly two months later he was well off, as is testified by a letter found by Grellet in the library of Bern. It is from Bernard de Muralt, an important man in Switzerland, to Albert de Haller, one of the leading scientists of Europe at that period:

"Dear Sir and Honored Friend,

"We have had amongst us for several months a stranger, lodged at the *Crown*, by the name of Chevalier de Seingalt, who was strongly recommended to me by the Marquis de Gentils upon recommendations in his favor coming from a lady of high consideration in Paris. He left here (that is Bern) the day before yesterday for Lausanne where he will stop for some time and from whence

he proposes to go visit you, being curious—1. to see you, and 2. the salt-works. He begged me for a letter of recommendation to you, my dear Sir and kindest Friend, which I was prevented from writing before his departure and that moreover I would rather send to you by post. This stranger deserves to be seen by you and will be an object of great curiosity to you, for he is an enigma whom we have not been able to decipher here, nor have we been able to discover who he is.

"He does not know as much as you do, but he knows a great deal. He speaks on everything with great fire, and appears to have both read and observed prodigiously. It is said that he knows all the Oriental languages, which is a matter of which I cannot be judge. He did not write any letters of recommendation for anyone here. It seems that he did not wish to be known. Every day the courrier brought him many letters; he wrote busily all morning and told me that it concerned a matter of interest, a plan of . . . (illegible) and a conception as of saltpeter. He speaks an Italianized French having been brought up in Italy. He told me his life-story which is too long to be set down here. He told me that he was a free man, a Citizen of the World, and that he observes the laws of all Sovereigns under whom he lives. He led a very regular life here, and I deduced that his dominating passion is for Natural History and Chemistry; my cousin, Louis de Muralt, the Virtuoso (?) who was very much attached to him and who has also given him a letter to you, imagines that he must be the Count of Saint-Germain. He gave me proofs of his cabalistic science, which if true are most astounding and which would almost make a sorcerer of him, but I cite my Author here, finally, in short, he is a most singular personage. He is adorned and dressed in the very height of good taste and fashion. After you, he desires to politely inform Voltaire of the mistakes he has found in his books. I doubt if so charitable a man will be much to the liking of Voltaire; when you shall have seen him, do me the pleasure of telling me what you think of him, but what will interest me more will be news of you and your health, etc. . . .

"Bern, this 21 June, 1760.

"Your very humble and very obedient servant,

B. D. Muralt."

There, in this sober letter, is all of Casanova: his luxurious clothes, his cabalism, his pride in his adventurous life, his fiery interest in every subject, his presumptuous desire to see the great Haller and to tell the world-famous Voltaire what mistakes he had found in his works. But there is even more.

The strange importance of this letter lies in the words: "he is an enigma whom we have not been able to decipher here, nor have we been able to discover who he is. . . . It seems that he did not wish to be known." Is not this a clew not only for the untruths in the Memoirs at this point but more particularly for the pawning of any clothes and jewels which had become known as his belongings. Is not this borne out by the appearance of a new name for Casanova —the Chevalier de Seingalt,* as he was called, for the first time in his life, on the Zurich pawn-ticket and which name he must have used throughout his Swiss adventures? He is so entitled in Muralt's recommendation and actually so signs himself. But why should he wish to conceal himself?

When Casanova says that "he might have died in the trap" and "thinking of the great dangers he had escaped," he desired to become a monk, he must refer to something more than the threatened loss of a hundred thousand francs. A born gambler does not take the loss of a third of his fortune so seriously. Are we closer on Casanova's track if we attach a major importance to Ketteler's charges that Casanova was a spy hatching a terrible plot? Ketteler examined Casanova's papers. Perhaps, though, he was only acting out of jealousy, when he made this accusation.

Had Casanova become a spy? He himself describes a short mission he was sent on by France to discover the power of England's navy at Dunkirk. He tells us too of his financial mission to Holland. And though he never recounts his service later in his life as a spy for the Inquisition of Venice, this is attested by numerous documents. Do the impossible episodes in his Memoirs merely serve to hide his activities in this capacity?

Or was he just a gambler whom fortune sometimes favored, an impostor, who with his wealth of learning, his impassioned gestures,

* Possibly Saint-Gall, in any case reminiscent of that other spurious name Saint-Germain. Snetlage (see Index) is almost a perfect anagram of Seingalt.

his histrionic ability and his engaging manners, was able to deceive all the innumerable people who became his close friends? Was he merely one who capably seized upon the foibles of his acquaintances and made them serve his purpose; who knew how to make the most of the romantic aura cast about his personage by his famous escape, by his growing reputation as a sorcerer and as a lover? Was he just a clever liar?

Certain it is that before 1760, Casanova's perpetual journeyings all seem to have some pertinent motivation, which he himself advances, while after his second trip to Holland he omits his reasons for his continual change of quarters or else he presents only the faintest clews or the flimsiest excuses. While some critics have thought that his activities as a gambler, coupled with possible forgeries, suffice to explain the peripatetic existence that he led for the next ten years, others have advanced certain ingenious theories.

Le Gras thinks that Casanova was an emissary for the Freemasons, somewhat like Cagliostro, who went up and down Europe founding lodges and expounding the mystical doctrines he claimed to have known for a thousand years. As a traveling agent for the Masons, so Le Gras says, the reason for his everlasting motion and the source of his money become plain.

Casanova's resourcefulness and energy would have fitted him for the dangerous task of uniting the various lodges into a kind of Masonic internationalism. "Masonic agents," Le Gras says, "ran from lodge to lodge of provinces and countries far removed from each other, and in spite of the difficulties succeeded in transmitting orders and directions, sifting opinion, uncovering traitors, encouraging the weak and organizing each group for defense and propaganda."

"Increasing agents," Louis Blanc writes in his *History of the Revolution*, "circulated, as by an electric wire, the secrets of courts, colleges, chanceries. Certain unknown travelers were seen to wait in towns. Their presence, their reason and aim were a problem."

"To be a secret agent of the *Grand Orient*," Le Gras continues, "was not that an excellent position for Casanova? To run from place to place, to mingle everywhere with the best society, to risk

danger, live on other people's money and give orders to people in authority?

"He seems to have started on his new career around 1760 when he was about thirty-five. He was at his zenith and knew everything about men and life. It was at this period that the long succession of his journeys began, of which the reason is unknown. Before that period we know the reasons why he wandered. He went to Calabria to become secretary to a Bishop, to Paris to amuse himself and get money, to Holland to arrange a speculation, but from the time he left Paris for the second time, up almost to his return to Venice in 1774, his wanderings become incessant and inexplicable. His future seems unknown from day to day. Suddenly he goes off on a long journey, breaks off his love-making half begun, drops the society he had cultivated, abandons his business in hand. Moreover before 1760 he narrates openly his connection with Freemasonry. After 1760 he never mentions it again. Is it not because this connection had become so important that the narration of it, even if late in the day, might have cost him dear? All this is only hypothesis. It seems, however, to stand out clearly enough in the Memoirs, if one reads between the lines. It would explain some incomprehensible passages, and fill up some mysterious gaps. It falls in perfectly with the character and morals of the time. We would certainly like to have more positive proofs, but the existence of such proofs is so probable that despite the difficulty of finding them we do not despair some day of doing so."

Is it not strange, in view of Le Gras' hypothesis that Casanova was a Mason, that Ilges should seek to prove that he was a Jesuit? Or perhaps there is nothing so strange about this. The Jesuits, too, were a great society, suspected of having private emissaries and spies at every court.

When Damiens tried to assassinate Louis XV attempts were made to implicate the Jesuits. Likewise when on the third of September, 1759, an attempt was made on the life of King Joseph of Portugal, the Minister Pombal blamed the Jesuits, managed to have many of them banished, and even sent the Papal Nunzio across the border. It was just exactly in October, 1759, that Casanova's mysterious

wanderings began. Connect this with the following story told by the Prince de Ligne. He writes:

"A vessel spreads its sails for Lisbon, Casanova, provided with letters of recommendation from the banker Hope of Amsterdam, departs and is well received there. He aids his old preceptors, the Jesuits, informs himself concerning the assassination of the King, and becomes suspected by the Marquis de Pombal, who has him arrested, but discovering him to be no more than an imprudent chatterer, has him banished to Spain."

There is nothing of this in the Memoirs. But there is a constant strange upcropping of Portugal in Casanova's tale of his life, for which this theory may offer a clew. Suddenly, in 1761, Casanova announces that he must go to the Congress at Augsburg as representative of the King of Portugal. He repeats this several times. Once he says he has to go to Lisbon to free an adept, for which purpose he has to consult with Lord Stormont of England.* And so frequently does Casanova mention his intentions of going to Portugal "where fortune awaits him," that one grows suspicious that where so much smoke is, someone must be trying to smother a fire.

We know that Casanova was brought up by the Jesuits in Parma; that he had frequent intentions of joining the Church; that in 1761 he was received by the Pope and decorated with the Order of the Golden Spur and given the title of Apostolic Protonotary *extra urbem*. Why should Casanova not have been secretely a Jesuit? Would not that explain his perpetual courtships that never went beyond promises of marriage? Like LeGras, Ilges, too, feels that some day a package of papers in some Jesuit repository will yield up the secret of Casanova's connections with the Society of Jesus. A Mason? A Jesuit? Or both!

* Lord Stormont's correspondence examined by Bleackley says nothing of Casanova.

CHAPTER XVIII

Voltaire and Haller—Casanova's Literary Knowledge and Aspirations—Origin of His Hatred for Voltaire

ALBERT DE HALLER was fifty-two years old and married for the third time when Casanova went to visit him. Haller's fame to-day rests chiefly upon a poetic composition on the beauties of the Alps that introduced Switzerland to tourists. In his own time he had acquired a European fame, as a pupil of Boerhaave and as an active botanist, chemist and doctor, with much original research to his credit.

Casanova visited Haller, there is no doubt. A letter in Casanova's own handwriting preserved in the library of Bern informs us of this experience. The original is in Italian, addressed to Louis de Muralt.

"Lausanne, June 25, 1766.

"Most illustrious Sir:

"I was to Roche and have just returned this day; I gave your letter to M. de Haller, and was so stricken with the incomparable merits of such a man that I cannot wait to address you my most particular thanks for having given me a letter of recommendation to this great philosopher.

"I am embarrassed to think that I committed the error of presenting myself to him before noon, for it laid upon me the obligation of seeing myself invited to share a magnificent repast. If I had been able to foresee what my small merits forbade me to predict, I should have gone to him in the afternoon. His divine conversation is so delicious a feast that one cannot without sorrow grant that that mouth, whose profound erudition enchants all those who listen to him, should give itself time to eat. And that is so true that the sage Haller eats but little and drinks naught but water, although

his table is served with a luxury that well denotes how intrinsically for himself he practices the virtue of sobriety.

"What a stroke of fortune it would be for me were I to be allowed to live for three years in the company of such a man! Not only would I stock my mind with knowledge, but I should learn to express myself with the grace, the authority, the charm and the inimitable modesty of M. de Haller. He smiled continuously as he entertained me with the most erudite and savory bits, and his acquaintance with antiquity is so perfect that it seemed as though he were recalling an era in which he had lived. One had the impression of speaking with a man who had lived for two thousand years and been, fortuitously, an ocular witness of all the famous events of which he spoke. . . ."

But on the subject of the conversation that took place, as Casanova recorded it in his Memoirs, graver doubts are permissible. Not that it totally disagrees with facts; in some ways it agrees too well.

Casanova reports that, having recently read Rousseau's *Héloïse* at Bern, he wished to discover what M. Haller thought of this book. Haller said that the little he had read of this novel had rendered him capable of judging the whole work.

"It is," he said, "the worst of all novels, because, of all, it is the most eloquent. And Rousseau's eloquence is but antithesis and paradox. The scene is good, and I know, for it is this my own country of Vaud, but never will you find here the originals of those brilliant characters that Jean-Jacques has painted. No doubt he believed that in a novel one is permitted to lie, but he abused the privilege."

Si non e vero e bene trovato, Grellet says of this passage. Rousseau's *Héloïse* was not published until nearly a year later, but when it did appear Haller's criticisms, as we know from other sources, were those reported by Casanova. We are confronted here with the same conditions that, as elsewhere, have led critics to believe that Casanova cleverly compiled his Memoirs with the aid of good source material.

It has been suggested that Haller and Casanova may have read manuscript copies of *Héloïse,* but this is very unlikely. Again Casa-

nova may have put into this oral conversation what actually was a written communication from Haller, for he tells us that Haller begged him to write to him his criticisms of Voltaire, and that this was the origin of a correspondence of which Casanova preserved twenty-two precious letters.

But where are those letters? Always, when Casanova tells us that he preserved any letters, we seem never to be able to find them at Dux. It is only when he says that he destroyed letters, as he says for instance of Manon's, that they are found among his papers. Thus we cannot verify this second theory.

The same suspicion in regard to the manufacture of the Memoirs crops up in a much more startling fashion in Casanova's interview with Voltaire. According to himself, Casanova made a great impression on Voltaire, which led the latter to alter some of his previous theories. The facts show that about that time Voltaire did alter some of his opinions, but Casanova's influence may easily be doubted. Curiously, despite its evident importance in Voltaire's life, the visit is absolutely unrecorded in any of Voltaire's numerous letters or in any of the many extant documents bearing on Voltaire at this period.

In Bern, as well as in Lausanne, Casanova had not abandoned the erotic. If ample opportunity was provided him for the display of his remarkable powers, it was not always due to good fortune so much as to the fact that at the command of love and adventure he was prepared to undergo any hardships to attain his end. And with money and perseverance to aid courage, beauty and talent, there were few doors whose locks did not eventually yield.

But Casanova was not satisfied to be merely a lover. He amused himself with droll little Sarah, with the tribads of the baths of Matte, and with Madame de XXX,* and especially with Madame

* Madame de Roll, very likely. It has been frequently observed that Casanova, while he seems to carefully conceal his heroines' names, yet manages to leave a good clew, but generally at some far removed portion of the Memoirs. In this case, some six hundred pages after the narration of his love for Madame de XXX, he reintroduces her in a brief sentence, this time calling her Madame de R. For the clever Aldo Ravà that was a sufficient clew to lead him on the right track. All facts agree, as usual, except the dates —Madame de Roll had not yet married M. de Roll at the time of Casanova's stay in Switzerland.

Dubois, whom he turned over to Monsieur Lebel, although he dearly loved her.

"Madame Lebel," he writes many years later, "is one of the ten or twelve women whom I most tenderly loved in my happy youth. She had all that one could desire to assure the success of a family life, if it had been my fate to know such happiness. But with my character, perhaps I did well not to attach myself irrevocably, although at my present age my independence is no more than a species of slavery. If I had married a woman capable of so skilfully directing me as to have made me submit without my being aware of any subjection, I would have taken care of my fortune, I would have had children, and to-day I would not be as I am, alone in the world and penniless."

Saddened by the departure of Madame Dubois, Casanova left Lausanne behind, and thought of his approaching visit to Voltaire. He drove to Geneva and there put up at the well-known hostelry of the "Balances." While his servant was busied putting his things in order, Casanova idly approached the window and looked out upon the street. The pane through which he gazed was dusty. As he went to brush it with his fingers he noticed that it had been scrawled upon with a sharp point. He read:

Thou wilt forget Henriette also.

His hair stood on end. This was the very room where Henriette and he had bade each other good-by—thirteen long years ago.

A thousand recollections came crowding back upon him. Sweet and noble Henriette! What had become of her? Was she still as true and enchanting as when he had known her? For himself, he had done little to improve, he had wasted his years in pursuing his pleasure and his fortune. He could still love passionately but he had no longer the delicacy and power of idealizing which had formerly adorned his fervor. Experience had brutalized him.

Casanova spent the morning in a chastened mood and even after dinner, when he went to Voltaire's house, his sobriety had not passed.*

* It is of interest that in the *Memoirs of an Ex-Minister*, the Earl of Malmesbury notes that in 1828 the hotel of the "Balances" was still the best in Geneva. He adds: "It

When he arrived at *Les Délices*, the country seat where Voltaire, now aged sixty-six, had taken up his residence, the great man was just rising from his table. He was surrounded by a little court of lords and ladies who drank in every word. M. de Villars-Chandieu made the formal presentation, whereupon Casanova delivered a little sentence which he had prepared.

"Monsieur de Voltaire," Casanova said to the little wizened invalid, who, wrapped up in many garments to protect him from the cold he so greatly feared, stood leaning on his cane, "Monsieur de Voltaire, this is the most wonderful moment of my life. For twenty years I have been your student and now my heart is filled with joy at the happiness I have of seeing my master."

Voltaire, smiling satanically, promptly answered:

"My dear Sir, honor me thus for another twenty years, only promise me that at the end of that time you will bring me my salary."

The guests all burst into laughter and Casanova felt uncomfortably piqued. He retorted:

"I shall be glad to do so if you promise me to wait until then." Casanova's triumph was only for a moment.

"I give you my word thereon," Voltaire came back, "and I would sooner lose my life than fail you."

Again the laughter was on Voltaire's side.

A little later Voltaire addressed himself to Casanova, saying that since he was Venetian, he must know Count Algarotti. Casanova hated Algarotti—perhaps, as Maynial has suggested, because Algarotti was also a famous Italian traveler-lover, who counted a successful amour in every city, who was likewise a student of the arts and sciences, and who moreover had a real title and a secure income.

"Yes," he replied, "I know Algarotti, but not as a Venetian, for seven-eighths of his countrymen ignore his existence."

"I should have said then 'as a man of letters,' " Voltaire corrected himself.

is there that the romance of Casanova and Henriette took place. We were shown the pane of which he speaks and on which, with his ring, he engraved the name of his beloved."—From *Notes and Queries*, March 21, 1919.

"I met him seven years ago in Padua where his admiration for you struck me especially."

"That is very flattering, but I do not think that he need be the admirer of anyone to merit everyone's esteem."

"On the contrary," Casanova returned, "it is his admiration for Newton that led him to become a writer. For he acquainted the ladies with Newtonian astronomy in a book that is not so good as Fontenelle's *Plurality of Worlds,* but was nevertheless a success. His style, however, is pitiful, for it is full of gallicisms."

"Do you not think that French expressions can render Italian more beautiful?"

"They render it insupportable, just as French, spiked with German, though it be the French of M. de Voltaire, would be unbearable."

"You are quite right. Tell me what form of literary work you practice."

"None, but that will come, no doubt. In the meanwhile I read everything I can, and as I travel I study my fellow-men. Horace, whose works I know by heart, is my guide-book and I find him applicable everywhere."

They spoke then of poetry and Casanova confessed that he had written perhaps twelve thousand sonnets of which he deemed only ten worth keeping.

"All Italy," Voltaire declared, "is mad with perpetual sonnet-writing. It is a bed of Procrustes to which a poet must make his ideas fit either by extension or retrenchment. That is why there are so few good Italian sonnets. As for France, she has not a single one."

"That is because you think that a thought loses its brilliance if it is extended."

"Is that not your opinion?"

"No. Besides, in a sonnet one merely examines a thought."

"Who is your favorite Italian poet?" Voltaire asked.

"I think," said Casanova, "that I have read all the poets of Italy, and I can truthfully say that I like only one, the great Ariosto. When I read, fifteen years ago, all the evil things you said of him, I predicted that you would retract them, some day, when you had read him."

"Thank you for thinking I had not read him. Indeed I had, but I was young and was influenced by the admirers of Tasso into expressing a judgment which was really not my own. I do adore your Ariosto."

"Ah! Monsieur de Voltaire, I breathe again. But, tell me, please, why do you not burn the work wherein you ridiculed this great man."

"Why should I? All my books have been ordered burnt. They are all excommunicated." And to show how much he loved Ariosto, Voltaire began to recite the thirty-fourth canto, and went on through the thirty-fifth. His diction was excellent and his memory perfect.

Casanova applauded along with everyone else, and declared that he would inform all Italy of his admiration. "And I," said Voltaire, "will inform all Europe of the reparation that I owe to the greatest genius which she has produced."

"Tell me, Monsieur de Voltaire, why did you not choose to recite those marvelous lines of the twenty-third canto, which are indeed the divinest portion of the whole poem?"

"Perhaps," a lady suggested, "you will yourself."

"Willingly," said Casanova, "if Madame will be so kind as to listen."

"Did you give yourself the trouble of learning them by heart?" said Voltaire slyly.

"Say rather 'pleasure.' But really I have read Ariosto so frequently—since the age of sixteen, at least two or three times a year—that it naturally engraved itself in my memory without costing me any trouble whatsoever. I know all of Ariosto except for those tiring genealogies that interest neither the mind nor the heart. Horace is the only poet whose every line is memorable and I know him by heart from beginning to end."

Casanova then began his recital of the terrible scene in which Rolando goes mad of his love for Angelica. His audience could feel with what violence to himself he restrained his tears, and when he reached the lines

Giu dagli occhi rigando per le gote
Sparge un fiume de lacrime sul petto

they burst from his eyes and all the listeners began to weep. Then he lowered his voice to a plaintive and lugubrious pitch as he told how Rolando recognized that he was in the self-same bed where formerly Angelica had received her happy lover Medor, and then, at the final scene of madness that follows, he raised his voice till it thundered through the room.

Voltaire threw his arms around Casanova and cried out: "I have always said that the true secret of evoking tears is to cry oneself. But real tears are needed and for that it is necessary that the soul be profoundly stirred."

The conversation touched upon all manner of literary questions, and Casanova, his bad humor dissolved, enjoyed the delicate, subtle, sparkling and always appropriate comments that Voltaire made.

When Casanova rose to declare that he was sorry that he had to leave on the morrow, Voltaire cried out that he would feel insulted unless Casanova were willing to sacrifice a whole week to him.

So flattering an invitation from the most renowned writer of Europe could not be refused.

At Voltaire's, on the next day, there were guests of greater renown than even the Chevalier de Seingalt. Casanova remained taciturn until the meal was over, when Voltaire sought to draw him out on the subject of Venice, but the Chevalier would not commit himself. Voltaire then took him by the arm and showed him the garden and the Alps, but nature's beauties were wasted on this student of men—and especially women.*

"Here," said Voltaire, "is the Rhone river, that I send to France."

"Not that it costs you anything," Casanova retorted. Voltaire smiled agreeably and led his visitor to his bedroom, where he changed his wig and his bonnet, for he never went without a bonnet, so fearful was he of colds. He opened a door and showed Casanova hundreds of packages of paper.

"That," said Voltaire, "is my correspondence. There are over fifty thousand letters to all of which I have answered."

* Hardly ever does Casanova have a word to say for the natural beauties of a place. France, Germany, the famous Rhine-region, Switzerland, Italy, Russia, Spain, nowhere does he see anything but people and their works, antiquities, architecture, cuisine, literature, science, government, women, society, theaters and cards.

"Have you copies of your replies?"

"To a large extent. A servant takes care of nothing but that."

"I know many publishers who would give a fortune to own such a treasure."

"Beware of publishers, they are all pirates."

"I don't intend to write until I am too old to travel."

"Then you can look forward to them as the plague of your old age."

To this sentiment, Casanova quoted a line from Merlin Coccai.

"What is that?"

"It is a line from a famous poem, but unfortunately written in the Mantuan dialect, which prevents it from being widely known, for to properly appreciate Coccai one must understand his language."

"I'll understand him, but can you procure me a copy?"

"I shall have the honor of offering you a copy to-morrow."

The next day, unfortunately, Voltaire did not appear at table, and Casanova who had arrived sharp at noon, submitted to ennui until five o'clock, when the great man consented to leave his bedroom.

He showed Casanova a letter he had from Albergati of Bologna: "He has sent me Goldoni's works, some Bologna sausages, and the translation of my *Tancrède*." If he had meant to capture Casanova's good-will Voltaire could not have chosen a worse subject. For Albergati was just such another as Algarotti. As Voltaire praised him and declared that Albergati would some day come to visit him, Casanova replied:

"He won't come. He may be silly, but he is not so silly as that."

"Would it be silly for him to come and see me?"

"It certainly would."

"Why?"

"Because he enjoys the exaggerated opinion you have of him, and he will take care not to undeceive you by carrying his nonentity to Switzerland and thus destroying a beautiful illusion. After all, he's harmless; he's crazy about the theater and has written some unreadable comedies. But he can afford it, since he enjoys an excellent income."

"You certainly don't overpraise him, do you?"

"Perhaps I do, at that."

"Tell me what do you think of Goldoni?"

"Everything. Goldoni is our Molière."

"Why does he style himself poet to the Duke of Parma?"

"I suppose in order to prove that even a great man has his weakness."

"I have been told that he would like to leave Venice but is too poor to risk the enmity to the Venetian theatrical directors, on whom he is dependent for his living."

"That is true," Casanova said. "There was talk of giving him a pension but that was abandoned because it was felt that if he had money he would cease to write."

"Cumes," Voltaire recalled, "refused Homer a pension lest all blind men demand a pension."

The rest of the day was spent in agreeable conversation. Voltaire thanked Casanova profusely for his gift of Merlin Coccai's *Macaronicon*, and reminded him that he was to come again on the following day.

On the next day, everything went wrong. Voltaire began by saying at table, that no doubt Casanova had meant well in giving him Merlin Coccai's *Macaronicon*, but it had caused him to lose four hours reading nonsense.

Casanova controlled himself and calmly cited examples of how a first reading had often been insufficient. He predicted that Voltaire himself would some day praise Merlin Coccai in words more flattering than Casanova had used.

"I grant you that one reading is often not enough, but as far as Merlin goes, one reading sufficed for me to place him next to Chapelain's *La Pucelle*." Voltaire had also produced a *La Pucelle* (The Virgin), albeit anonymously. And so Casanova in praising Chapelain's poem was striking at Voltaire.

"Chapelain," Casanova declared vehemently, "had the merit of rendering his subject agreeable to his readers without courting their favor by the use of images and thoughts that attack piety and chastity. That was also the opinion of my master, Crébillon."

"Crébillon, your master?"

"Yes, certainly. He taught me French in two years and as a sign of my gratitude I translated his *Rhadamiste* into Italian alexandrines. I was thus the first to dare use that form in our language."

"The first," Voltaire cried, "I beg your pardon. That honor belongs to my friend Martelli."

"I am grieved to have to point out that you are mistaken." And there ensued a lengthy discussion from which Casanova emerged distinctly victorious, but this victory was obscured in a deluge of recitations. Voltaire declared that Horace's precepts on the theater were still of value, whereupon Casanova observed that Voltaire violated one of them, but in a noble fashion.

"Which one do you mean?"

"You do not write for the *contentment of few readers.*"

"If Horace had had to combat that hydra-headed monster, superstition, he would have written for the whole world like myself."

"You might spare yourself the trouble of fighting what you will never succeed in destroying."

"What I have started others will carry through to completion."

"Yes, but suppose you succeed in destroying superstition, what will you put in its place?"

"When I am striving to deliver mankind from a beast that is devouring it, can anyone really want to know wherewith I shall replace it?"

"Superstition is necessary to mankind," Casanova objected.

"Necessary? Horrible blasphemy! I love the human race and I should like to see it free and happy as I am, but superstition and liberty cannot exist side by side. Or is it your opinion that servitude makes for a people's happiness?"

"Do you think the people should rule?"

"God forbid! No, I believe that a sovereign, chief of his free people, by virtue of a compact, is necessary for the governing of the masses, who are by virtue of the same compact protected from arbitrary tyranny."

"Addison argues that such a sovereign bound by a constitution is an impossibility," Casanova countered. "As for myself, I agree with Hobbes. Between two evils one must choose the lesser. *A people without superstition would be a nation of philosophers, and where*

will you find philosophers who will consent to obey. You must leave the people their beast that devours them; they love that beast. They are not happy unless crushed, chained, repressed."

"Horrible! Have you not read my books wherein I demonstrate that superstition is the enemy of kings as well as of all mankind?"

"I have read and reread you, especially at those places where I disagreed with you. Your love for humanity blinds you. You must love people, but as they are. You can't improve them. I never laughed so much as when I read how Don Quixote had to defend himself against the galley-slaves he had freed."

"I am sorry to see how small an opinion you have of your fellowmen. Tell me, do you feel free at Venice?"

"As free as one can be under an aristocratic government. We are not as free as the English, but we are satisfied."

"Even under the Leads?"

"My imprisonment was despotism, but I had merited it by my conscious abuse of the liberty accorded to a subject."

"And yet you escaped."

"I had the right to do so, even as they had the right to imprison me."

Voltaire asked Casanova whence he had just come.

"I have just come from Roche. I would have been chagrined to have left Switzerland without having seen the famous Haller. Wherever I go I like to pay my homages to my sage and savant contemporaries. You are the dessert that will leave a good taste in my mouth."

"M. de Haller must have pleased you."

"I spent three memorable days with him."

"My congratulations. He is a man before whom one instinctively kneels."

"I think as you do, and I am glad to hear the great Voltaire give justice to Haller. And I am sorry to say that he is not as equitable in his opinion of you."

"Is that so? Then it is possible that we are both mistaken."

Everyone present greeted this prompt repartee with applause. Casanova was pleased with himself, for he believed that he had at last brought this intellectual athlete to his senses, but he felt too some

residue of displeasure, a bit of bad humor at the sharp retorts he had had to endure. But the memory of these might have been dulled, had not Casanova made an Italian translation of Voltaire's play *L'Ecossaise*, and sent it to its author. Voltaire answered Casanova with sharp criticisms, accusing him of having ruined it in translation. "That," says Casanova, "was an insult I was long in forgetting." For many years he continued to criticize severely everything Voltaire did.

Casanova spent a good part of the night and all of the next day writing down his conversation with Voltaire. The material almost filled a volume. The next day he left Geneva for Savoy.

The interview with Voltaire as Casanova consigned it to his Memoirs, drawing from the volume he claimed to have written, but which has never been found, is accurate, idea for idea. In fact almost every expression used by Voltaire or Casanova can be found in the correspondence of Voltaire with Albergati, Algarotti, Goldoni and Bettinelli, and in Voltaire's *Dictionnaire Philosophique*. Gugitz believes that while Casanova no doubt visited Voltaire, he worked up his recollections with the aid of such sources. While this theory is problematical, it is certain that the conversation regarding Albergati did not take place as Casanova set it down, since at that time Albergati had not yet written a single play.

Maynial, on the contrary, having in a masterly way traced every word as reported by Casanova to some parallel utterance in Voltaire's works and letters, finds in such analogies the strongest proof of the reliability of Casanova's excellent picture of Voltaire.

Thus in Grimm's Correspondence we read: "An Englishman having come to Ferney, Voltaire asked him whence he came; the traveler said that he had passed some time with M. de Haller. At once the patriarch cried out: "What a great man is this M. de Haller! great poet, great naturalist, great philosopher, an almost universal man!"—"What you say," the traveler returned, "is all the more admirable in that M. de Haller does not render you the same justice." —"Alas," M. de Voltaire answered, "perhaps we are both mistaken." The same story is found elsewhere. On a slip of paper found at Dux is a bit of writing by Casanova: "In volume LX, p. 81 of the

Œuvres de Voltaire, one may read the answer that Voltaire gave to me when I told him Haller did not consider him a great man. I am not named, merely designated as a 'stranger.' That pleases me." Did Casanova take advantage of the Englishman who was there simply called a stranger?

Similarly the question of whether a people should be allowed to retain their superstitions is found treated in various places in the *Dictionnaire Philosophique.* As for instance: "There are wise men who assert that one must leave people their superstitions, just as one leaves them their holiday dances." The striking analogy leads Edouard Maynial to say: "Must we deduce that Voltaire here recalled his conversation with Casanova? Is it not more natural to suppose that Casanova writing his Memoirs more than twenty years after the publication of the *Dictionnaire Philosophique* took pleasure in finding again in this book the ideas which he had once dared to defend against his illustrious interlocutor?" But perhaps Casanova did more than merely rediscover his own ideas.

Casanova, who had gone to *Les Délices* but to exhibit himself and be admired, was annoyed by Voltaire's unflattering reception, for he considered himself Voltaire's equal. And Voltaire confused him with the host of tourists who came every day, anxious to secure a glimpse of the famous iconoclast, cherishing forever some terse remark dropped in their presence from his bitter-sweet lips. Voltaire never mentioned Casanova, and the adventurer never forgot Voltaire.

Only two brief sentences, found in Voltaire's correspondence, may be construed, with a stretch of the imagination, as applicable to Casanova. "We have among us an amusing sort of chap . . .," and "I was pleased by your translation and by the excellent reply you made to *Ca* . . ." These two remarks found in different letters, Gugitz believes, refer to none other than Giacomo. But for this there is slight evidence. There remains only the unanimous opinion, expressed by all students, that the Voltaire episode, true or false, is one of the most amusing and faithful descriptions of the philosopher that we have.

CHAPTER XIX

The Marquis de Prié, a Close Friend of Casanova, Coldly Ignored in the Memoirs—Some Inventions of Romantic Affairs That Never Took Place—Casanova Decorated by the Pope—In Augsburg as Delegate of Portugal

AFTER leaving Geneva, Casanova proceeded to Aix in Savoy, a miserable village, where, however, the mineral waters drew a crowd of wealthy invalids, and of knights and ladies of fortune. Casanova found there the famous Pancalier or Marquis de Prié and the latter's mistress, Zeroli, who in vain attempted to seduce him. Casanova ignored her and, by his own accounts, treated her lover with scorn. Actually the two men seem to have been rather close friends and to have maintained a vivid correspondence stretching across the years 1762 to 1772.

Pancalier, the Marquis de Prié, was one of the richest and most distinguished gentlemen of Savoy, but his love of women and cards and his extravagant literary and artistic tastes had led his overlord, the King of Sardinia, to sequestrate the spendthrift's fortune lest it disappear completely. Casanova would send Prié the latest news concerning books, and Prié would reply with the latest bit of scandal. They exchanged mistresses and obscene poems. And once in Paris in 1765 they shared a mistress, Miss La Châtre. It is strange that Casanova should say so little of him and that little be so cold and disdainful when they really stood on this footing for many years.

Gambling by day, philandering at night, such was the order of life at Aix. Casanova lost at cards on his first day, but on the second he held the bank and, placing a pile of gold and silver before him, he began to deal cards slowly. Time and again he lost. At five o'clock his gold had diminished considerably. Just then three Englishmen

entered to wait in the inn while their horses were changed. They were a Mr. Fox, elder brother of the celebrated orator, and his two companions, whom Casanova had met before at Lausanne. They began to bet ten louis at a time, sweeping up Casanova's gold at every deal, until the landlord came to tell them that their horses were harnessed. Whereupon one of the Englishmen took out a paper from his pocket-book:

"Without your knowing what the value of this letter of credit is, will you let me stake it on a single card?"

"Yes," said Casanova, "provided it does not exceed the sum of what I have in my bank." The Englishman looked at Casanova's gold and declared that the bank would cover it.

The cards were shuffled and cut and Casanova won. He put the letter in his pocket, without looking at it, the Englishmen laughed, shook hands and were off. But Casanova, his luck having turned, played on until he had won heavily, and then, eight o'clock having sounded, he locked up his gold.

From Aix Casanova went to Grenoble where at the *poste restante* he found a letter from Madame d'Urfé inclosing a note of introduction to an officer named Valenglard. Through him Casanova made the acquaintance of a group of charming people; he rented a commodious apartment and entertained lavishly. He was thirty-five and looked younger, his health was excellent, he had no duties, his pockets were full of gold, his wardrobe was princely, his laces and jewels aroused envy wherever he went, he was lucky at cards, and better still, he possessed in Madame d'Urfé an inexhaustible treasure-house.

The girl that interested him in Grenoble was a Mademoiselle Roman, whose regal appearance almost disconcerted even so tried a gallant as Casanova. He pursued her till she begged him to spare her, and Casanova was moved so strongly that he not only desisted, but determined to make her fortune. He cast her horoscope and declared that she was fated to be the Queen of France. She must forthwith go to Paris and be presented to the King, who would make her his mistress and elevate her to be his royal consort when she should have born to him an heir. . . . All Grenoble was thrown

into an uproar by this horoscope, and everyone set about doing his best to make the prediction come true. Mademoiselle Roman was sent off to Paris: she was brought to the attention of the King, who saw and loved her and straightway set up for her an apartment. But he did not make her Queen of France. Indeed, she soon lost his favor and her son, Louis-Aimé de Bourbon, destined for the church instead of the throne, died when barely out of his teens, while she herself lived on through the turbulent revolution. She had long been well-provided with an income from the capitalized presents given to her by her royal lover. In the revolution her fortune was wrecked. She lived till 1808, unknown and poverty-stricken.

Casanova tells us that he often mourned her, and that she too regretted him. He might have had her if he had been willing to marry, but he could not bring himself to signing away his life. It is a pretty tale and true too, as far as Mademoiselle de Roman is concerned, except that, as usual, we shall look in vain for historical confirmation of Casanova's part in the matter. He consoled himself for his failure to enjoy her physical charms by seducing three young girls, the relatives of his concierge.

On went the fortunate adventurer to Avignon, where he remained for a short while and had his usual adventures, one with a lady who was cold as ice, who would not sell herself even for a hundred louis, and another with an amusing hump-backed girl. Here he visited the Fountain of Vaucluse, where four hundred years before the divine Petrarch had sung his love for Laura.

Casanova wept, he tells us: "even as Leo Alatius upon seeing the tomb of Homer, and even as sixteen years later I wept again upon visiting Arqua, where Petrarch died." He threw himself upon the ruins, his arms extended as if to embrace them; he kissed them, he wet them with his tears, he sought to inhale the divine breath that had animated them. And he turned to his companion, the woman who was cold to him, and upbraided her for her insensitivity.

Then he returned to the house of Messer Francesco d'Arezzo and spent a quarter of an hour carving his name on the wall.

From Avignon Casanova went to Marseilles and stopped at the

"Treize-Cantons." On all sides were importing shops, lavishly stocked. People were hurrying everywhere, crossing in every direction and paying attention to nothing but their private affairs. Pretty girls and ugly girls, well dressed and poorly dressed, bold glances and modest averted eyes—everything to attract a man.

All nationalities mingled on the wharf. The grave Turk, the sprightly Andalusian, the foppish French, the stupid African, the astute Greek, the boorish Hollander. The scene brought back to Casanova thoughts of his native Venice and he was happy.

Through Toulon, Nice, Leghorn, Genoa, Casanova carried his servant, his secretary and his own importance in a magnificent carriage drawn by four horses. Having left a mistress in the last named city in the hands of the honest merchant who would marry her, he journeyed on to Florence. He went to the theater, less to listen to the music than to see what the city offered in the way of beauties. What was his surprise to see that Thérèse whom he had met and loved seventeen years before at Rimini. She sang, and then left the stage amid much applause. In the wings she paused and signaled him with her fan. He went at once to the stage door. She embraced him and invited him to come to see her at seven o'clock in the morning, and then she left hurriedly to return to the stage. Not until she had disappeared did Casanova recall that he had not asked for her address, nor for her name, which she might have changed. Bah! he would soon find out both. At any rate his stay in Florence would not be devoid of interest.

Back in his seat he turned to his neighbor, a young and well-dressed man.

"May I ask you the name of that excellent actress?"

"You are evidently new in Florence?"

"I arrived yesterday."

"In that case you are excused, Sir; and may I inform you that her name is the same as mine? For she is my wife, and my name is Cirillo Palesi, your servant."

Casanova, thunderstruck, had the presence of mind to contain himself, and bow in return, but he felt the necessity of retiring to his rooms to think the matter over. After all, he decided,

with my love all renewed, perhaps it is best that she be married.

The next morning he readily found a chair to take him to Palesi's house. When he was introduced into the drawing-room and Thérèse in négligé flew to his arms, it was Palesi's turn to be surprised, a surprise that was in no way diminished when Thérèse brought forward her brother, whose features were the exact copy of Casanova's. Giacomo at once divined that this was his own son, and, deeply moved, he pressed him to his heart, while Palesi had to appear satisfied with the explanation that Thérèse's mother had had an affair with Casanova.

In Florence, Casanova tells us, Abbé Gama, whom he had known years ago in Rome, asked him if he cared to represent Portugal at the coming Congress at Augsburg. Casanova was willing and Gama secured the commission for him, telling him that if he acted with prudence he would obtain whatever he desired at Lisbon. This is the beginning of the strange part that Portugal plays in Casanova's fortunes. How Gama came to have the power to appoint Casanova, why he should have selected Casanova, we do not know. In any event, the Congress at Augsburg never took place.

With Thérèse and La Corticelli, a sprightly nymph, Casanova passed a pleasant time in Florence until a forgery in which he was innocently involved caused him to leave town. He promised to meet La Corticelli and take her to Bologna for the Lenten season. Meanwhile he went to Rome, where he took a room in the famous hostelry of Roland, whose daughter later married his brother Jean.

Jean Casanova at this time was about thirty years old. For some while now he had been associated, as student and friend, with the celebrated Raphael Mengs, and was coöperating with Winckelmann on his great work on classical art, the *Monumenti inedita.* Subsequently Casanova and Mengs were to take advantage of Winckelmann's confidence to dispose of several spurious antique paintings to him. Winckelmann undertook learned researches on these paintings and only succeeded in making himself ridiculous. He never forgave Jean Casanova, but he fell in love with Mengs' wife and model and perhaps forgave Mengs out of pity.

Toward the end of 1760, however, when Casanova joined them,

these three were dwelling in harmony in Rome, Mengs was painting the ceiling of the Villa Albani, and Winckelmann was writing his *magnus opus* for which Jean was doing the plates.

Giacomo was promptly introduced into Roman society. He was taken to Madame Cherubini's, where artistic Rome congregated, for this kind lady lived in great luxury, due to the generosity of Cardinal Alexander Albani, to whom she was especially kind. Giacomo Casanova was presented as follows:

"Here is the brother of Giovanni Casanova."

"You should have said that Giovanni Casanova is my brother," Giacomo said at once. There was some discussion in regard to this neat point of etiquette. Winckelmann took Giacomo's side, and they were soon fast friends.

Casanova bought a new carriage, hired a coachman and a footman, and went about paying visits to high dignitaries of the Church. They received him rather warily, not sure of their attitude towards a prisoner escaped from the Leads of Venice. Nevertheless Cardinal Passionei introduced him to his Holiness the Pope. He had been to the Cardinal's house on several occasions, and had never been able to sit down in the man's presence, for the good reason that there was only the Cardinal's chair in the room. When the Cardinal begged him to tell the story of his escape, Casanova asked:

"Shall I sit on the floor?"

"Oh, no! Your suit is too valuable." He ordered a chair to be brought. A servant came with a hard wooden stool without back or arms. Casanova, annoyed, told his tale in a few minutes in order to have done with the ordeal. The Cardinal was moved to express his disappointment.

"Monsignor," Casanova returned, "I cannot speak well when I am not at ease."

"Surely my presence does not intimidate you."

"No, Monsignor, a man, and a sage especially, never disturbs me; but this miserable stool . . ."

"You like comfort."

"Above everything else."

"Look, here is the funeral oration I wrote upon the death of Prince Eugene. I make you a present of it. I hope you will not find

the Latin faulty. And to-morrow at ten you may go kiss the Pope's slipper."

Through Winckelmann Casanova sent to the Cardinal a superb in-folio, a treasure well calculated to please the ecclesiastic.

The next day Casanova went to Monte-Cavalli and was ushered into the presence of the Pope, Clement XIII. He bowed, and with his lips touched the holy cross embroidered on the holy slipper. The Pope had been Cardinal at Padua and recalled Casanova as one of those who had always left the Church as soon as he began to say the Rosary.

"Most Holy Father, I have greater sins on my soul, and it is for those that I have come to receive absolution."

The Pope blessed him and asked him what he could do.

"Your Holy intercession to permit me to return to Venice in safety."

"We shall speak to the Ambassador and see what can be done. Do you go often to Cardinal Passionei?"

"I have been there three times. He gave me his funeral oration, and out of gratitude I sent him a rare volume through my friend Winckelmann."

"He will send Winckelmann to you to pay you for it."

"No, no. I'm not a book-dealer."

"Then he will return your volume. That is his custom."

"If he returns me the in-folio, I shall send him back his oration."

The Pope laughed, holding his hands to his sides. "We should like to know the end of this affair," he said, "though without having the world apprized of our innocent curiosity."

A second benediction, and the audience was over.

A few days later, Casanova seated at a table with Mengs was agreeably flattered and surprised to have a *cameriere* of His Holiness call and present him with the cross of the order of the Golden Spur and letters patent declaring him apostolic protonotary *extra urbem.*

Casanova's stay in Rome was not without its romance—a most tender love for the daughter of a poor woman. Casanova provided her with a dowry, married her to a barber and asked her to name her child after him.

In Naples he found all his old friends gone save the Duke of Matalone, whom he had met in Paris. The Duke at once sent servants to fetch Casanova's baggage and lodged him in his palace.

Though the Duke of Matalone was impotent, he had a wife, a son and—a mistress! Here was an enigma, the wife was his and yet not his, the son was his and yet not his, and as for the mistress, never was there a girl so chaste and virginal. Casanova has a long story to tell of this pretty and seventeen-year-old Leonilda, who was the Duke's mistress only because fashion demanded that all noblemen who could afford to should be so provided.

The days in Naples were beautifully ordered. During the afternoon there were social visits to be paid, in the evening there was the opera, and at night there was gambling at faro in the Duke of Monte-Leone's palace, where thousands of ducats passed back and forth and Casanova won heavily. His amour with Leonilda proceeded so far that Casanova begged Matalone to surrender him his virginal mistress in marriage. The Duke of Matalone was willing and Leonilda's mother was invited to Naples. She lived in the country, in retirement. What was Casanova's astonishment to recognize in the mother that Lucrezia with whom he had been on such intimate terms in Naples, many years before. Leonilda was his own daughter! His love for Leonilda had been, though uncomprehendingly, only a father's love for a daughter; while his love for Lucrezia, reviving, earned him many tender moments.

It makes a pretty story in the Memoirs, but, alas! A short sentence on a little slip of paper found at Dux gives it the lie. Here we find in Casanova's handwriting: "I had (a son by) a daughter by D. Lucrezia, whom I loved at Naples."

There seems to be no way to explain such a sentence other than to suppose that Casanova, planning his Memoirs ahead as he went along, had not yet made up his mind as to what sort of a tale he should compose of his meeting with Lucrezia. Surely he could not have forgotten the sex of his child!

Casanova returned to Florence, only to be expelled again, despite his attempt to interest Horace Mann, the English Resident, in his

case. In company with La Corticelli he spent a few weeks in Bologna. "There is," says Casanova, "more than one city in Italy where one may procure all the sensual pleasures that one finds in Bologna, but nowhere can they be procured so cheaply, nor so easily and freely. Moreover one lives very well there, one goes walking beneath the beautiful arcades, protected from the sun, and one finds there both wit and science. It is too bad that due to either the air or the water or perhaps to the wine (the cause is somewhat obscure) one contracts a slight itch, but the Bolognese, far from suffering thereby are on the contrary rather taken: they scratch themselves. Especially the ladies, in springtime, move their fingers with a great deal of grace."

In the middle of Lent, Casanova left La Corticelli. She was leaving for Prague where she was engaged as second dancer. Casanova journeyed on to Modena. But Modena didn't want Casanova. His name was seen on the stranger's list and the Police Commissioner, who remembered Casanova's escape from the Leads, ordered his immediate departure. Casanova was incensed but powerless. He went to Parma and thence to Turin, where the beauty of a Jewess, the callipygous Lia, struck him so forcefully that he stayed to win her love.

Casanova returned to Paris by way of Chambery and at once wrote a note to Madame d'Urfé. That amiable lady received him as usual, saying that her genius had informed her of his arrival. She begged him to tell her when he would be able to accomplish her transformation into a young man.

"Just as soon as Querilinth, one of the three chiefs of the Rosicrucians will have been set free from the dungeons of the Inquisition at Lisbon. It is for this purpose that I am going to the Congress at Augsburg. And I shall therefore need a good letter of credit, and watches and snuffboxes, for there will be many unbelievers who will have to be bribed."

"I shall take care of everything, my friend."

She was still credulous as ever.

Casanova did not leave Paris without seeing his brother François, whom he always loved dearly. François had become a noted

painter and earned huge sums of money, but his extravagances kept him in constant hot water. His wife, a pretty creature, told Giacomo that her husband's lack of virility was slowly killing her. Sexually impotent he yet loved her and she loved him, and she refused to take a lover. Casanova records that her continence soon caused her death. It was one of his staunchest beliefs, one that he retained to his dying day, that lack of sexual expression is followed by a mortal illness. As for François, he married again and again and had numerous children, but none of his own issue.

In Strasbourg Casanova met a beautiful actress named La Renaud and they decided to live together for a season or two, visiting Munich, where they remained for a month.

It was an unfortunate month. In four weeks Casanova lost all his money, several hundred thousand francs, pawned most of his jewelry and laces, and, worse than that, was infected with a disease that brought him to death's door.

It was La Renaud who was the cause of these troubles, for she instilled in Casanova such a passion that he could not tear himself away from her. It was she, too, who invited to his house the most noted gamblers of Europe. It was La Renaud who introduced him to money-lenders who eventually took from him whatever they could lay their hands upon. In the end Casanova was penniless, while La Renaud was wealthy. No longer did any doubt exist in his mind of her horrible complicity in his doom.

To cap his terrible misfortune, Madame d'Urfé seemed to have forgotten him. For a whole month he was without news and he was beginning to fear that she had died or had become sane.

His distress was complete. He no longer had the carefree confidence of youth. Nevertheless, he had a moment when his old habit of resolution reasserted itself. He broke free from La Renaud,* returned to Augsburg, begged his banker Carli to help him, and went to bed, determined not to leave it unless dead or cured.

Carli sent him a certain Kefalides, pupil of the famous Fayet, who years before at Paris had delivered Casanova of a similar ill-

* La Renaud subsequently married Boehmer, the jeweler, whose famous necklace rocked the throne of France.

ness. Kefalides, after examining Casanova, declared that he would cure him by means of sudorifics and without recourse to the knife. He ordered him on a strict diet, prescribed baths and mercurial frictions. After six weeks of treatment, Casanova, far from being well, felt himself near death. He was frightfully emaciated and had two inguinal tumors of monstrous size. He was forced to submit to an operation which nearly cost him his life. Kefalides awkwardly cut an artery and had much difficulty in stopping a hemorrhage.

Fortunately Casanova found a new doctor. As soon as he began to feel well again he forgot his troubles. He had always been a big eater, but now he was tormented by an insatiable hunger and kept his cook busy all day. His landlord's daughter, pretty Gertrude, would watch him in a kind of stupor; she could not credit her eyes as she saw one platter emptied after another.

He took up his customary occupations. With Count Max of Lamberg, he discussed literature, science and politics, and formed thus an attachment that lasted until the Count's death, and with his cook and Gertrude he played at love. He heard again from Madame d'Urfé. Costa, his treacherous servant, had run off with a trunkful of finely embroidered clothes, watches, snuff-boxes and other gifts, which Madame d'Urfé had entrusted to him. Casanova did not see him again until many years later. Madame d'Urfé had intended to give him a letter of credit for fifty thousand francs, but fortunately she was delayed by a lack of funds. Subsequently she conveyed the money to Casanova through another channel.

About this time he received a summons to appear before the Mayor of Augsburg. Since he knew no German and the Mayor knew neither Italian nor French the inquiry was conducted in Latin, which, as eighteenth-century gentlemen, they both spoke with fair fluency.

"Why do you bear a false name?"

"My name is not false. Ask the banker Carli who has just paid me fifty thousand florins."

"I know of that already. But your name is Casanova and not Seingalt; why do you take that last name?"

"I take that name, or rather I have already taken it because it belongs to me. It belongs to me so legitimately that if anyone dared

to assume it, I should contest his right to do so by every channel and by every means."

"By what right do you claim its sole ownership?"

"By the right of authorship. And I still continue to be Casanova."

"Sir, one or the other. You cannot have two names at once."

"The Spanish and Portuguese frequently have a half a dozen."

"But you are neither Spanish nor Portuguese; you are Italian, and, moreover, how can you be the author of a name?"

"It is the simplest thing on earth, and the easiest, too."

"Explain yourself."

"You admit that the alphabet belongs to everyone. That is incontestable. I took eight letters and combined them so as to produce Seingalt. This word thus formed pleased me and I adopted it as my appelation, firmly persuaded that, no one having ever borne it before me, no one has the right to contest my bearing it."

"A most bizarre notion, I must say, but your logic is specious rather than solid, for your name must be that of your father's and no other."

"I believe you in error there; for the name you yourself bear by right of heredity has not existed forever; it must therefore have been fabricated by one of your ancestors, who himself had not gotten it from his father, and that is true even though your name be Adam. Do you agree to that, Sir Mayor?"

"I am forced to admit that you are right. It is an extremely novel idea."

"Again you are mistaken. Far from being a novelty, it is a very ancient matter, and I am willing to bring you to-morrow a whole litany of invented names, and of very honest people, all alive and peacefully enjoying the names without ever being called to the city hall to render account thereof, unless they renege it in actions prejudicial to Society."

"But you must realize that there are laws against false names."

"Yes, against false names; but I repeat that nothing is more real than my name. Your own name, which I respect, though I do not know it, cannot be more real than mine; for it is possible that you are not the son of the man you call your father."

The Mayor smiled and closed the case.

It is evident that Casanova had become his old smooth self again. There was no longer any question of a Congress at Augsburg and Casanova, completely recovered, returned to Paris to prepare Madame d'Urfé for the great rejuvenescence.

CHAPTER XX

Witchcraft in Lyons—More of Casanova's Inventions That Seem Historical Upon First Sight

"THE dean of French Medeas . . . whose house is stuffed full of empirics and folk who gallop after occult sciences," is the way Cazotte, the famous writer of strange tales, described Madame d'Urfé. "All her life she had been in communication with spirits; I described them in a masterly way, and both of us were equally wise, that is to say very much in the dark."

The Marquise d'Urfé had furnished Casanova a neat apartment in the Rue du Bac. Her purse was open to him, as always. But her anxiety to be reborn as a man presented a disconcerting problem. He knew that once the rejuvenation had failed, as fail it must, then the period of deception was over and no longer would the good Madame d'Urfé be his banker in time of need.

It is more or less the truth that Casanova tells us of his relations to Madame d'Urfé, and the errors that have to be pointed out only bring his bold drawing of this strange parasitism into harsher relief. Was it because Madame d'Urfé's relatives were trying to break up this union, dangerous to their purses, that Casanova informed the Marquise that the divine operation could not be performed in Paris? Or was his constant moving from city to city a mere ruse to prolong his friendly relations with her? The little Count d'Aranda whom he had brought from Holland had failed to show the necessary qualities to become the male d'Urfé; now they must go to some place, announced to him by his genius, where he would meet a virgin, a beautiful girl, and an adept of the Rosicrucians. This girl he would fecundate in a manner known only to the Rosicrucians. She would surely give birth to a living boy who would have only a sen-

sory soul. Madame d'Urfé must receive this child in her arms at the very moment of birth and for seven days guard it well in her bed. At the end of seven days she was to die holding her mouth against that of the child, who would thus receive her intelligent soul as it escaped from her body.

After this permutation, Casanova himself would bring up the child on a secret magistery until its third year when it would recognize itself as Madame d'Urfé. And then Casanova would begin to instruct it in the perfect knowledge of the great science.

The operation was to take place by full moon in May or June of 1762. Meanwhile there were three weeks to be spent in necessary preparations, during which an intense worship of the seven planets was carried out on the days devoted to their cult. And Madame d'Urfé had to draw up a duly legal testament constituting the magic child her sole heir and Casanova its guardian until its thirteenth year.

She was so firmly convinced that this operation could be carried out that she burned with impatience to see the virgin who was to be the appointed vessel, and she begged Casanova to hasten his departure.

Now the divinely appointed vessel was that sprightly black-eyed wench of a Corticelli with whom Casanova had passed many an enchanted night, but whose magic qualities consisted only in a great concupiscence. Casanova sent her money to come from Prague and carefully instructed her in the part she was to play.

To Madame d'Urfé he wrote that he was bringing the Countess Lascaris, last scion of the family that had formerly reigned in Constantinople. Madame d'Urfé replied that in virtue of the fact that the Lascaris and the Urfés were related, she owed it to the Princess to receive her in state at her ancestral castle of Pontcarré.

On the appointed day Casanova and his Princess rode over the lowered drawbridges and Madame d'Urfé, surrounded by all her servants in livery, received them. She recited the entire genealogy of the Lascaris family and, with mysterious fumigations and burning incenses, honored in the Princess the divinely appointed Priestess who was to bear her future self. And Madame was herself present when the Priestess was undressed, perfumed, veiled and sacrificed.

A few weeks later Casanova declared that the first part of the operation had failed, all because little Aranda had been spying on them from behind a screen. Aranda was sent away to Lyons, and Casanova announced that the operation would have to be repeated in Aix-la-Chapelle. The real reason for this change was that La Corticelli, not satisfied with Casanova's love, lusted after the little Aranda. Thereafter La Corticelli became Casanova's avowed enemy and her mother Laura, who was only an ordinary procuress, joined her daughter in seeking to injure Casanova's reputation with the Marquise.

They were not sufficiently clever for that. At a ball given in Aix-la-Chapelle, Madame d'Urfé introduced La Corticelli as her niece, but the crazy Italian girl almost betrayed herself by dancing far too gracefully for anyone but a professional dancer. Casanova warned Madame d'Urfé that he feared the Princess was being spoiled by a black genius, sworn enemy of the Rose Cross. And it was well that he did so in time, for La Corticelli had already begun to tell stories about him.

Casanova intercepted all the valuable presents that Madame d'Urfé gave to La Corticelli. This had made the danseuse all the more furious; but her threats to reveal all unless Casanova gave her the jewelry which was rightfully hers had no effect on Giacomo. He had Madame d'Urfé construct magic pyramids, and, seemingly without external interference, extract the statement that La Corticelli had gone insane, and would give birth to a gnome, and that the Marquise must at once write a letter to the Moon to find out what was to be done. When now La Corticelli came bearing new stories concerning Casanova, she met an agreeable old lady who received her with mysterious but kindly incredulity. Madame was busy; she was in active correspondence with the Moon! And on a night of full moon, Selenis, after appropriate rites, himself sent down his answer.

Casanova had taken care to write it out, lest the Moon forget, and he had secreted the paper in his pocket. After most fantastic rites, there was a dish of liquid that went suddenly into flame, and Madame d'Urfé was advised to cast her letters into the flame so that her missives would go to the Moon. As her letters caught fire she

declared that she was able to see her handwriting climbing up to Selenis on a moonbeam.

Then Casanova and she went into a bathtub and there, ten minutes later, in the reflection of the moon appeared the missive that Casanova had prepared. It was written in letters of silver on glazed green paper, and was carefully gathered up by Madame and placed to dry upon a silken and perfumed cushion. It was with great sadness that she read that her regeneration must wait until Querilinth, released from the Portuguese dungeons, met them in Marseilles. He it was who was now destined to fecundate Madame d'Urfé with the miraculous child. The Lascaris person, so Madame d'Urfé was warned, would soon become positively dangerous and must be dismissed.

La Corticelli and her mother were finally willing to listen to Casanova's terms. He gave them a very small share of the presents, paid their travelling expenses and sent them off to Turin, where he promised to meet them later. Madame d'Urfé went to Lyons to see Aranda, leaving Casanova to his own devices.

Affluent, untrammeled, Casanova found little difficulty in amusing himself. Colmar, Turin, Genoa, Marseilles—he visited them all, finding in each piquant adventures.

It was in Genoa that Casanova met Marcoline. One morning his servant Clairmont came to tell him that a foreign priest wished to speak to him, but would not give his name. Casanova went out in his night-cap and was at once seized and kissed repeatedly by the waiting abbé. In the darkness Casanova did not at first recognize his youngest brother, whom he had always ignored. He had not seen him for ten years or more and never even bothered to inquire about him.

Casanova held him at arm's length and asked him coldly how he came to be so filthy, so ragged, and so disgusting.

"It is a long story," began Gaetano.

"Tell me first how you knew I was here, and what made you leave Venice?"

Mere chance had caused him to learn of Casanova's whereabouts, and he had been following Casanova for days.

"What do you want with me? I can't have you around."

"For God's sake, don't abandon me, or I shall have to kill myself."

"Out with it! Have you been stealing? Why do you sigh?"

"It is hard to confess . . . I am with a woman."

"A woman! and you a priest?"

"Forgive me. I was blinded by love and beauty. I seduced her and promised to take her to Geneva where we would turn Protestant and be married."

"In Geneva, you fool, they would first jail you and then chase you out of the city. I want to see this girl you deceived. Take me to her!"

In an attic chamber of a miserable inn, Casanova found a tall beautiful brunette. As soon as she spied Casanova, she spoke without embarrassment:

"Are you the brother of that liar?"

"Yes, my pretty lady, I have that singular honor."

"Honor, forsooth! Then do a good deed and send me back to Venice. I was a fool to listen to that imbecile. He said you expected us in Milan and would give us money to ride to Geneva where we would be married. He has sold all my possessions, and if you won't send me back home, I am prepared to beg my way on foot.—According to the tales he told me, all the world outside of Venice was like paradise. Bah! I have discovered that home is the best place!"

"I am willing to send you back," said Casanova, "but will you care to return home dishonored as soon as you bear an illegitimate child?"

"I needn't fear that, Sir. I suspected him from the start, thank the Lord, and informed him that I would not give in to his entreaties until we were married in Geneva."

At these words poor Gaetano, who was weeping in a corner came over to her with a pleading look:

"Remember that you have promised on the crucifix to be mine forever."

Her answer was a vigorous slap, which the abbé took meekly.

"You're a little she-devil," said Casanova. "The poor fellow's misfortune is all due to his love for you."

"That's not my fault, but his. I'll not forgive him until I see the last of him. As to the smack, he's had plenty."

"That's only too true," whimpered Gaetano, "but you are excommunicated, because I'm a priest."

Casanova quieted the two by gifts of money. He sent his brother out for new clothes, he settled the innkeeper's bill and took the Venetian girl to his room. Needless to say the adventurer succeeded where the abbé had failed.

On to Marseilles went the party, consisting of Clairmont, Casanova's servant, Giacomo Passano, a painter of obscene pictures and a writer of execrable verse, whom Casanova had selected to impersonate Querilinth, the girl and Gaetano. Though aged, Passano was still powerful, with vast bushy eyebrows arching over a pair of mysteriously flashing black eyes, an immense white beard and an imposing nose.

The first thing that Madame d'Urfé asked in a breathless voice was: "Where is Querilinth?" She trembled with joy when Casanova announced that he was lodged in the very same hotel.

"We must invite him to dine with us. He must consider my house, my table, my purse, everything I have, as his . . ."

"Softly, softly, Madame!"

"Tell me, shall I give him the presents now? They are worthy of being the gifts of Semiramis (Madame d'Urfé's magic name) to the chief of the Rosicrucians, who is to make me with child."

Casanova could not guess what presents she referred to, but nothing valuable would slip through his hands.

"We dare not give him any gifts," he said, "unless they have been properly consecrated by the appropriate rites." And when Casanova was shown the seven packages she had prepared, each consisting of seven pounds of precious metal, symbolic of the seven planets, and each piece set with the seven large jewels of the same planets, he was glad that he had spoken so wisely.

Passano acted his part very poorly. Nature had endowed him with a remarkable physique but few brains. And very soon his indiscretions made it necessary for Casanova to dispense with his aid.

As in the case of La Corticelli, Giacomo needed only to warn

Madame that something dreadful had happened to Querilinth and that they must consult the oracle. Skilfully he guided her so that she deduced the information that seven salamanders had transported the real Querilinth to the Milky Way, and that he who was ill in bed of a loathsome disease was a black Saint-Germain, who had given himself this sickness by intercourse with a gnome, and proposed thus to infect and kill Semiramis.

Fortunately the whole plot was discovered in time thanks to Paralis Blacksnout (Casanova's magical name). To him must be left the task of getting rid of the black Saint-Germain. Following that, a cult to the moon would succeed in bringing Querilinth's verb from the Milky Way and Casanova himself would inoculate Semiramis with this verb, after a charming Undine had purified them.

Marcoline, so Casanova privily determined, should be the Undine, and her presence would be very necessary, since Madame d'Urfé was old and Casanova feared that without the inspiring sight of Marcoline he might find himself unable to convey the verb from the Milky Way.

Passano had written to Madame d'Urfé in a most miserable French, a letter eight pages long in which Casanova's turpitude was gone into in great detail. Blacksnout, he said, was a double-dyed deceiver who had deceived him and was deceiving Madame. Passano declared that Casanova had come to Marseilles with two girls with whom he secretly spent each night. Madame d'Urfé showed Casanova the letter from Passano. He read it calmly and then asked her if she had had the patience to read it through. No, she said, for the black wrote in Ostrogothic, with which language she was not familiar.

Casanova composed a note to his banker in Lyons, gave it to Passano and told him that if he presented it within three days he would be paid a hundred gold pieces. The note read:

"Monsieur Bono, pay upon sight to M. Passano, himself and not to his order, the sum of one hundred louis d'or, if this note is presented to you during the day of April 30th, 1763; after that date this order becomes null and void."

Passano left, vowing revenge.

After numerous rites devoted to the planets, the case with the gifts was taken to the sea and sunk in deep water. Casanova had first abstracted the precious metals and stones and substituted lead. When the sea had received its gift which the tide was to take to Selenis in the Moon, Casanova returned with the Marquise to their hotel and there bade her good-night, saying that he had to spend the night in rites and conjurations. He went as usual to Marcoline and explained to her the part she was to play as an Undine. He brought her dressed as a jockey in green and red, and concealed her in a large closet in his room.

When the servants had been dismissed and Blacksnout and Semiramis had dined upon fish, as was proper, in came the Undine. She walked slowly and gracefully and, falling on one knee, presented a large piece of white paper to Madame. The Marquise graciously raised the pretty water-sprite and was much surprised to find the letter perfectly blank. The Undine smiled but answered no questions.

"We must consult the oracle," Casanova advised. A pyramid was formed and gave the answer: "What has been written in water can only be read in water."

A large bathtub filled with water had been brought to the room. Madame plunged the letter into the water and read, in characters whiter than the paper itself, for Casanova had previously drawn them there with rock alum; *I am deaf, but not dumb. I have come out of the Rhone to bathe you. The hour of Orasmasis has begun.*

The hour of Orasmasis! That was the hour in which was to be engendered the new Urfé. The Undine undressed and bathed the Marquise and Casanova and, having dried and perfumed them, undressed and bathed herself; then the divinely appointed vessel and the divinely appointed conveyor of Querilinth's verb retired, while Marcoline attended them.

The next morning Casanova went to pay the Marquise a visit. He found her lying in state, looking, as nearly as her sixty years would permit her, like a night-old bride.

"I owe all my happiness to you," she said embracing him.

"I am happy to hear you say so, Semiramis, though actually I have been but the tool of the genii."

"You must wed me, dear Blacksnout. For what will happen to me when nine months hence I must lie in, and give birth to myself as a man-child? Imagine if ignorant people should declare me a bastard and deprive me of my property.—Do you know, I already feel the man in me! I think I am beginning to fall in love with that beautiful Undine. Will I ever see her again?—But I am really worried as to how I shall manage to conserve my estate, when I am reborn a baby. If you cannot wed me, we must think of some other plan."

"The oracle must be our only guide. As for the rest, have no fear. When you have become my son I shall not permit anyone to call you a bastard."

The oracle declared a few days later that Madame d'Urfé must go to Lyons to await her lying-in, which was to be her death. One reason for the selection of Lyons was that Marcoline might be turned over to the delegation of Venetians who had gone to congratulate George III of England upon his accession, and who now, homeward bound, would pass through Lyons on their way back to the Republic. Marcoline had an uncle who was a servant to Querini, one of the emissaries, and Casanova hoped to send his mistress home in style and safety with the official party.

Now, say the Memoirs, Casanova arrived with Marcoline in Lyons, took a splendid apartment, went to see Madame d'Urfé and told her that he was going to England, whence he was directed by his oracle to send her an English gentleman for a husband. The Memoirs tell also of Passano's attempts to have Casanova arrested on the charge of coin-clipping, and attempted poisoning, and of Casanova's successful defeat of these plans with the help of his banker, Bono.

Further the Memoirs apprize us of how the delegation finally reached Lyons, of how Marcoline, laden with magnificent gifts, took a sad farewell of her lover, of how Casanova likewise tearfully tore himself away from her and left for London.

There, on the first of August, 1763, he received a letter from

Madame du Rumain, announcing the death of Madame d'Urfé. She had died, so the doctors said, from an overdose of her panacea. Her testament was evidently that of an insane woman, for she left her money to the first son or daughter who should be born from her, for she declared herself pregnant. Casanova, the testament went on, was to be guardian of the child. All Paris was buzzing with amusement over this strange will.

Thus the Memoirs!

The lies in this episode are as thick as cockleburrs in fall. Gugitz was led to deny all of it categorically and he even doubted Marcoline's existence.

But in the light of a recently published letter, she seems to be the only item of truth in the whole Lyons episode.

On the 28th of May, Casanova did indeed arrive in Lyons accompanied by a girl, presumably Marcoline, as this missive written on that very date by Marie de Nairne to de Ramsay, her fiancé, demonstrates:

". . . at about five o'clock, a dazzling traveler drove up in a berline to the Hôtel du Parc in Lyons. He raised a deuce of an outcry because the room which he claimed to have ordered in advance was occupied. His servant looked as angry and as dangerous as the master.

"At table, as soon as the hors d'œuvres were served, his mood changed. He became entrancing, spoke of a thousand things and let his wit play like lightning all about. We hung on his lips. The Chevalier d'Agis, sitting near-by, burned with a great desire to know this astonishing and unusual personage . . . tall, dark-skinned and dressed like a nobleman.

"Heavy rings sparkled on his fingers. His foreign accent was most delightfully funny. A dark and pretty brunette with sparkling teeth and a similar Italian accent was doubled up with laughter at the stories he told so engagingly . . . After the meal he proposed a little game. M. de Longuemare held the bank. The Chevalier d' Agis lost twenty louis d'or, M. de Longuemare perhaps a hundred and the marvelous unknown won several rolls of gold pieces.

"Before we retired he offered the ladies bonbons and now finally

was the Chevalier d'Agis able to converse with him as he had long desired. . . . His name is M. de Casanova and he is a nobleman from Venice."

This apt description of Casanova confirms only one detail of the Lyons story as given in the Memoirs, namely Marcoline's presence. All other incidents which are not too intimate for documentary verification collapse under investigation. The Venetian delegation to which Casanova pretends to have entrusted Marcoline reached Lyons on the eleventh of July, 1763, and left on the morning of the third day after, the fourteenth. Now there is a letter from Casanova to Francesco Morosini, brother of one of the delegates, in which he says that he arrived in London on the fourteenth of June. In other words he had left Lyons more than a month before the delegation arrived. Further, there is a letter to Madame d'Urfé from Louis de Muralt, the official Swiss representative in London, that mentions a visit paid to him by Casanova on July third.

The matter is really very clear. The letter of Marie de Nairne is dated May twenty-eighth. Casanova arrived on that day in Lyons and remained there about a week. That would bring him to Paris in the early days of June and enable him to be in London soon after. But why did he leave Lyons in such a hurry, and why did he try to cover up his haste in the Memoirs? For at least one very good reason. Passano, whose clumsiness had forced Casanova to dismiss him, was accusing him in a series of letters to Madame d'Urfé. Casanova did not care, in his reminiscences, to admit the worry they occasioned him, and he had no reason to think that they, together with the letters of his banker, Bono, and several others concerned in the affair, would ever reach posterity.

From these letters it appears that Casanova was at least badly annoyed by Passano's complaints, in spite of Madame d'Urfé's persistent loyalty. He attempted, upon the advice of his banker, to buy off Passano, who finally was persuaded to silence.

But these little fictions amount to nothing in comparison with the magnificent carelessness with which he lied about the finale to the whole affair. Madame d'Urfé, he says, died some time in July, 1763, and, dying, left his story with a satisfactory conclusion. Actually she

lived on until 1775, and her testament did not contain the ridiculous clauses Casanova enumerates. It was a simple disposition of her property. It did, however, contain orders for her executors to burn two packages of papers, and her wish was carried out. It is possible to speculate that they contained her correspondence with Casanova, alias Blacksnout, the Rosicrucian.

Casanova, of course, knew that she was alive. And probably he took good care not to be seen by her. To hide the disgraceful outcome of the d'Urfé chapter of his life, which included, no doubt, a flight to England and perhaps official persecution, he cut short on paper the life of that tenacious old Marquise.

It is interesting to note that in 1823, perhaps three years before the first printing of Casanova's own account, a version of the rejuvenation came out in New York City. Lorenzo da Ponte, another adventurer, issuing his Memoirs, included the story in a quite different form. Casanova, he says, played on Madame d'Urfé's vanity and persuaded her that he could revive her youth and beauty. He hired a prostitute to disguise herself as a hag, then, mumbling some wild invocations over her head, revealed her as the beauty she was. Convinced of his powers, Madame d'Urfé submitted herself to his influence, promising him a great wealth of gold and jewels if he succeeded in the miracle. Accordingly, he merely drugged her and then at his leisure despoiled the strong box she had shown him when she was begging his favors. As an anti-climax, da Ponte says that while Casanova and the prostitute "were felicitating themselves on the credulity of their victim, his servant was fleeing to unknown lands along with the treasure."

But da Ponte, as well as Casanova, enjoyed a reputation as a talented liar.

CHAPTER XXI

London and Pauline of Portugal—Casanova's Defeat at the Hands of La Charpillon

WITH over twelve thousand guineas drawn on London bankers, Casanova left Paris on his way to England. Arrived at Calais he at once hired a packet-boat to be in readiness to carry him across the channel at any moment. The Captain of the only available boat demanded six guineas in advance; and Casanova paid him and was careful to secure a written receipt.

In the evening, at his hotel, Casanova heard many English voices quarreling.

"It is the English Ambassador's courier," the landlord explained. "He claims that his master, the Duke of Bedford, wrote to the Captain of the packet advising that the boat be held at his disposition. The Captain, who has already rented his boat, insists that he received no letter."

Casanova smiled and having made certain that he still possessed the written receipt went off to bed and to contented sleep.

In the morning the Duke's valet knocked at Casanova's door. He explained that his master was in a great hurry to get to London, and that he would be deeply obliged to the Chevalier de Seingalt if the latter would let him have his boat. Casanova gave the valet this answer in writing:

"My Lord Duke is welcome to dispose of the whole boat with the exception of a place for myself and two other persons and their modest baggage. I am happy to have the opportunity of obliging the English Ambassador."

The messenger returned to say that the Duke was much obliged, but could not accept the offer unless he were permitted to pay the price of the passage.

"Tell him that it is already paid for."

"He will return you the money."

"Tell your master that I do not buy things in order to sell them. He can have my boat for nothing, but not otherwise."

Half an hour later the Duke himself appeared to inform the Chevalier that though he might be right from his own point of view, so was he, the Duke, from his.

"Shall we adopt a plan of conciliation?"

"Whatever you suggest, Milord."

"We shall each pay half."

"I cannot refuse, Your Grace, but then it is I who am indebted to you. We shall leave when you please, for I have nothing more important to do than to arrange my time according to your wishes." He bowed; the Duke shook his hand. When he had gone, Casanova found three guineas on the table.

We may be sure that Casanova was grateful for the opportunity that permitted him to display before a Duke that breeding, that generosity, that punctilious sense of honor, of which he was so proud. Casanova was never so happy as when he could treat with a great nobleman as an equal. To have defied the Duke of Bedford, locked him in Calais without a boat, then to have proudly declared that his boat was at the Duke's disposal, while for himself he begged the Duke to leave him only a little corner where he could put himself and his poor baggage—ah, that was truly magnificent. *Quel geste!* But the crude historian seizes upon this tale for yet another reason.

In the *Public Advertiser*, June 14, 1763, appeared the announcement that the Duke of Bedford had landed at Dover. Nothing was said of Casanova, but that does not signify. The date, however, is only another proof that Casanova arrived in England early in June and hence was hundreds of miles away from the Venetian Delegation when a month later, July 14, 1763, the members of it arrived in Lyons.

Everything in England is different, says Casanova. The ground has another color, the water another taste. Fish and cattle are different. The cleanliness, the order and dispatch with which business is transacted by means of bills and checks, unknown on the conti-

nent, the excellence of the roads, the cheapness and swiftness of the post, these are a delight to the traveler. One thing only vexed Casanova—the lack of good soup in English hostelries. On the continent a good meal was built around a good soup.

On his trip, or perhaps his flight, to England, Casanova had taken along Aranda, Thérèse Imer's son. The erstwhile poverty-stricken songstress of Amsterdam had made a fortune in London, under the name of Cornelys. She owned, though with the aid of mortgages, a magnificent palace, Carlisle House, where she entertained lavishly —at two guineas a ticket. Five or six hundred people attended the twenty-four balls and dinners which she gave annually. Among them were royal personages, peers, peeresses, and foreign ministers. Music was under the direction of Bach, Abel and others. The decorations, constantly changed to suit a rustic ball, a masquerade or a gala festival, earned a contemporary's description: "by far the most magnificent place of public entertainment in Europe." Horace Walpole speaks of Carlisle House, as a "fairy palace." Madame Cornelys herself was known as the "Circe of Soho Square." But despite her flourishing business, her thirty-three servants, her staff of secretaries, her six horses and her country-seat, or perhaps because of them, she was perpetually harassed by lack of money. As her entertainments gradually degenerated in moral tone she slipped from affluence to bankruptcy and eventually died in Fleet Prison.

Once in London Casanova hastened to Carlisle House, where he expected Thérèse to run to his embrace, invite him to make her house his home, and thank him profusely for the good care he had taken of her son. Instead he found himself received by servants who took it for granted that he was only the tutor of young Mr. Cornelys. Casanova inquired after Sophie and was told that she had become, though only eight, a most accomplished musician, playing several instruments and accompanying herself to songs in several languages. He was told that supper would be ready at ten. He recalled how handsomely he had treated Thérèse when she was destitute in Holland. For all she knew he had come penniless to England, yet she had not left a single order concerning him with her servants. When

he saw the room given to him, he ordered his servant to leave the trunks locked and went out in the street to cool his rage.

Chance led him to the infamous Prince of Orange coffee-house, a favorite rendezvous for the ne'er-do-well Italians of London. He sat down and ordered a lemonade. A stranger came in, took an Italian news-sheet from his pocket and began to make corrections in the margin. Casanova watched him out of curiosity. When he saw him add an *h* to *ancora*, he could not contain himself.

"For four centuries," he burst out, "*ancora* has been spelled without the *h*."

"I agree with you," said the gentleman, "but the word occurs in a quotation from Boccaccio, and when quoting one must be exact."

"I beg your pardon," said Casanova, "I see that you are a man of letters."

"In a very small way. My name is Martinelli."

"Then you are an author of note, on the contrary. I have heard of you before. You are related to Calzabigi, are you not? I have read some of your satires."

"May I ask to whom I have the honor of speaking?"

"My name is Seingalt. Tell me, have you finished your edition of the Decameron?"

"I am still at work on it, and I am striving to increase the number of my subscribers."

"Will you be so kind as to put me on your list?"

Martinelli, well-known to Dr. Johnson, John Wilkes and other famous men of his day, became one of Casanova's firm friends in London. That very evening he helped him find a fine house in Pall Mall. His neatly furnished dwelling had a ground floor and three stories equipped with the then famous London plumbing on each floor. Casanova hired a housekeeper on the spot and when at ten he returned to Lady Cornelys' house it was with the pleasant feeling of knowing himself possessor of a comfortable home.

He remained all evening with Thérèse, saw his daughter Sophie, and almost wept to see how the education she had received from her mother had conventionalized her. In later life she was often described as an "artful hypocrite." Now, when her mother was not

watching, she revealed to Casanova all the depths of her fine filial nature.

During their three hours' conversation, Casanova noted that not once did Thérèse ask him concerning his health, or whether he had found lodging or how long he intended to remain, and though she did not ask him how he stood financially, she took good care to tell him that she had not a half-penny to spare. Seeing how the land lay, Casanova determined to avoid her, but he reckoned without her, for she soon required his aid—and secured it too, by skilfully employing her daughter Sophie to plead for her.

Casanova's actual objective in England is a matter of some doubt. He proposed, it seems, to establish a State lottery on the style of the one he had had in Paris, or the one that Calzabigi now operated in Prussia, but he made no noteworthy advances in the direction of this goal, and with very little difficulty he turned his efforts to the gratification of his senses.

He visited the theaters of Covent Garden and Drury Lane, finding very little pleasure therein because he knew not a word of English. He dined every day in a different tavern in order to observe English life. In the morning he went to the Exchange and made many acquaintances. It was there that a merchant provided him with a negro servant who spoke French, English and Italian, and who served Casanova faithfully until the end of his stay. The same man found him an excellent English cook who spoke French well, and who, with all his family, entered Casanova's service.

He went frequently to Ranelagh and Vauxhall, pleasure-gardens where one danced, ate and flirted. He made many acquaintances. He visited Mathy, curator of the British Museum, saw Martinelli often and was frequently in the company of Sir Augustus Hervey, conqueror of Havana, and with Lord Pembroke, a noted rake, went on indecorous expeditions.

One day at Ranelagh Casanova had tea in the Rotunda, danced several minutes, and then, finding no girl that evoked his interest, he left. He expected to find a coach outside, but there was none. A pretty woman spoke to him in French:

"If you do not live far from Whitehall, I can set you down at your door."

As Casanova was thanking her, the footman opened the door. They chatted inconsequentially. Casanova expressed his pleasure at meeting her and putting her hand to his lips he kissed it passionately. From the fact that she did not withdraw it, Casanova argued that she was pleased. He grew bolder. He kissed her cheek and still met no rebuff, whereupon he cast aside all restraint and found himself met by an equal ardor.

Casanova begged her to tell him where he might meet her again that he might court her for as long as he stayed in London, to which she would only answer: "Be discreet. We shall meet again."

But he did not meet her for several weeks. Then one day he noticed her as he entered Lady Germaine's drawing-room. She was seated in a corner, reading the gazette. Casanova hastened to her side, but she gazed at him coldly. Very politely she informed him that she did not know him.

"Do you not remember . . .?"

"I remember you perfectly. But a moment of madness is no title to acquaintance."

Someone, Casanova frequently thought, as he surveyed his mansion, ought to share this big and beautiful house with me. But among the ladies of easy virtue none was deemed fit to reign over his household. He dreamed of a girl, intelligent, cultured, beautiful and above all prejudice. One day it occurred to him to put up the following sign in his window.

For rent, cheap, second or third floor, completely furnished, to young lady, alone and free, speaking English and French, who will agree to receive no visits either by night or day.

Girls came flocking, but Casanova knew what he wanted and was not to be taken in by any intriguing adventuress. Meanwhile, so he says, the whole town was laughing over his curious sign, and humorous articles concerning it appeared in the *Saint James Chronicle*, where historians have looked for them in vain.

Just as Casanova was beginning to despair, there appeared a most

beautiful and most modest maiden who, despite her simple attire, revealed a noble origin. She had mysterious reasons, she claimed, for wishing to keep to her room for her stay in London. And since she knew no one in the city she was ready to consent to the provision about visits.

Casanova rented her a whole floor for a trifle. But not only did she receive no visitors, she did not even choose to have him intrude upon her solitude. It was a long and difficult seige that Casanova carried on. Finally she told him about herself. She was a native of Portugal, where her father, who had been involved in the attempted assassination of the King, had died in prison. She had been promised in marriage to a vile person whom she detested—the more so since she was madly in love with a young count. To escape the pressure exerted on her by her relatives and legal guardians, she had fled to London, where she was waiting until her affairs were straightened out and permission given her to marry her darling before she would consent to return.

When she had finished Casanova said:

"Your story, Madame, interested me greatly. One might readily find there all the material for a novel."

"I think so myself and such a novel would have the further merit of being historical. I am nevertheless surprised that you were not bored at my long tale."

"You are too modest, Madame. Your story pleased me infinitely. Moreover, now that I know that you are Portuguese, I am ready to be reconciled to your nation."

"Why? Did you not like us?"

"I was angry at you for having allowed your Virgil to die in misery."

"You mean Camoëns! But then the Greeks acted likewise towards Homer."

"You are right, but the wrong of one does not excuse the other."

And Pauline was added to the long gallery of Casanovan conquests. For a month he locked himself up with her. Then one fatal day on August first, the post brought him the news of Madame d'Urfé's death, while to Pauline it brought a full pardon and permission to return and marry her count. The Marquis de Pombal en-

closed a sight draft for 20,000,000 reis, but Pauline explained to him that the value of this huge sum was only £2,000.

All available records have been examined for confirmation of the tale of Pauline, but not the slightest corroboration has ever been discovered. Pauline remains, however, with Henriette of Parma, the most typical of Casanova's one hundred and sixteen heroines. They are, as Bleackley says, as recognizable as a Du Maurier girl or the Gibson girl of a nearer generation. They are, in fact, all just so many female counterparts of Casanova himself, as deeply sensual as he, while they everlastingly talk art, science and literature and keenly dissect the emotions of love with the logical precision of Casanova's own mind.

There now appeared in Casanova's life a callous young girl destined to teach this indomitable lover a lesson he never forgot. La Charpillon was her name. Casanova had once met her as a little girl in Paris and, struck by her promise of beauty, had purchased a pair of earrings for her. His generosity had been a whim, and he had thought no more of her. He did not connect her with three women who had once cheated him of four thousand francs; but those three women were her mother and her two sisters who, after long and sordid careers, had arrived with her to try their fortune in London.

La Charpillon was a rare beauty, with chestnut hair, azure-blue eyes, dazzling white complexion, exquisite hands and dainty feet, slender, full-bosomed, altogether a refined voluptuous type, scarcely seventeen years old.

From the very first, Casanova was smitten with her. His friend Pembroke warned him:

"I know that girl. I was fool enough to give her twenty guineas in advance and was properly deceived, for she never let me approach her. Take care, Casanova!"

But the roots of love or caprice had taken a deep and tangled hold in his heart. The diabolic minx lured him on with perpetual promises and never a single fulfillment. He forgave her every trickery, he paid for her love time and time again, and was perennially deceived. When, mad with rage, he beat her black and blue, he was so stricken with remorse that he pardoned her again, sent her handsome gifts

and even gave up spurious notes which he held against her mother and which would have enabled him to put the old lady and the sisters into prison.

One day he surprised her *flagrante delictu* with a barber's apprentice. Casanova laid about with his cane so effectively that la Charpillon went screaming out into the night, nude, to flee through the dark streets of London. Appalled Casanova spent the night looking for her, promising big rewards to him who should find her.

The next day his reward was claimed. He was told that she had been found exhausted and suffering. Casanova hastened to her house, where the three old proxenetes met him at the door with abuse and tears and told him that la Charpillon was near death and the pastor was even now with her. Tortured with remorse, Casanova filled his pockets with lead and went to drown himself in the Thames. But a friend met him on Westminster Bridge and, seeing his haggard expression, wisely forced him to go out for a night of pleasure.

Towards dawn they found their way to Ranelagh, Casanova still following his friend meekly, scarcely able to do more than look on. In the Rotunda there was dancing. Casanova was attracted to a girl, whose light and graceful posture reminded him of la Charpillon. But no, la Charpillon was dying . . . Suddenly the girl turned—it was la Charpillon! Casanova rose in great pain. He pushed aside the people in his way and walked straight to her, shouting such horrible imprecations that she fled in fright.

He was cured of his love. His soul thirsted only for revenge. He succeeded in having the four women put in jail for debt. But they soon swindled their way out and Casanova was himself imprisoned for having uttered threats against la Charpillon's life. He had to find two residents of England who would vouch for him.

Since justice was refused, Casanova bought a parrot and a hundred times a day repeated before it the following sentence: "La Charpillon is even more *catin* than her mother." When the bird had learned its lesson so well that it uttered nothing else from morn to night, Casanova sent his negro servant to the Exchange ostensibly to sell the bird, but for a price so high that no one would buy it. So there, day after day, a bird repeated a phrase that was soon cur-

rent all over the city. Eventually la Charpillon found a wealthy lover who bought the bird for her and no doubt she wrung its neck. Casanova frequently saw her afterward, but she had become an object of total indifference to him. He could not, of course, forget that she had cost him two thousand guineas in gold and far more in mental and physical anguish.*

Casanova gradually roused himself to his old activities, and a number of adventures caused him to forget his grievances. He met a widowed countess from Hanover with five daughters, who had come to London bent on obtaining damages for the ruin inflicted upon her property by the passage of troops commanded by the Duke of Cumberland. The mother was sick, and sent her daughters out to solicit aid from important personages. After two months of vain efforts they found themselves on the verge of starvation and about to be thrown out on the streets. All the daughters were pretty, and everyone they approached hoped that misery would soon reduce them to a point where they would be willing to sell their favors. The Countess would not hear of any dishonorable proposition.

"It is your misfortune," said Casanova to her very plainly, "that your daughters are all beautiful. If they were ugly you would easily find charity. I myself would gladly give you twenty pounds, and it would be attributed by everyone to kindness. But they are beautiful, and if I gave you any money, people would say that I had done so in the hopes of being recompensed, and I should be an object of derision for having been fooled so often in London."

The eldest daughter spoke of having seen Casanova at Richmond with la Charpillon.

"She cost me two thousand guineas," he said, "and I never obtained anything from her but a lesson which I shan't soon forget. I have promised myself never to give away money until I have received my reward."

When prison stared them in the face the Hanoverians were willing to listen to what Casanova called "reason." The mother remained in bed and still talked proudly of her countesses, whose birth was too noble for a disgraceful action, and she affected to be unaware of

* La Charpillon was subsequently for many years the mistress of John Wilkes.

what went on. Meanwhile Casanova saw his resources slowly diminishing and decided that it was time to go to Lisbon to stock himself again.*

One day the mother called him to her side and said:

"Convinced as I am that your love for my daughters is purely paternal, I hope that you will consent to become their father by right. I offer you my hand and my heart. What is your answer?"

Casanova repressed his desire to laugh, and thanking her for her proposal asked time for reflection. In a few days she surprised him by declaring that, since he had refused her hand, she must leave lest gossip change to calumny. Thus to the end she maintained her pride, though all her daughters had already surrendered to Casanova and two of them had gone on to other lovers. She returned to her poverty-stricken estate in Hanover with three of her brood richer by several hundred pounds which Casanova had given to her daughters.

Casanova spent three days engaged in an accounting of his possessions. The month with the sisters had cost him the remainder of his cash and all the money he had been able to raise on his jewelry. Moreover he was in debt to the extent of four hundred guineas. Sage reflections concerning his past and present follies, the pretty fortune he had dissipated instead of wisely investing, memories, sad and happy, were all that remained, when he should long have been secure in the solid happiness of a family—all these wise ideas came, as usual, too late.

He sold the diamonds from his cross, six or seven gold boxes from which he removed the portraits, all his watches except one, and two big trunks full of fine clothes. Then, having settled his debts he found his total resources to amount to eighty guineas, all that was left of the splendid fortune he had brought to London nine months before.

He left his beautiful house, still redolent of the memory of many gay suppers, and still perfumed with the ineradicable souvenirs

* We have referred previously to his mysterious certainty of a fortune that awaited him in Portugal. Though it appears again and again through a number of volumes, Casanova, according to the Memoirs, never went to Portugal.

of Pauline—and of many others—and he went to live with his single servant, the negro, in a little room that cost him but twenty-one shillings a week.

He had written to his old protector, M. de Bragadin, to send him a sight draft for two hundred sequins. For five years Casanova had not touched the income which M. de Bragadin had settled on him, and so he had accumulated a neat capital in Venice.

Casanova had hoped to leave for Lisbon peacefully, free from debts, after a leisurely farewell to all his friends, but fortune had decreed otherwise. He allowed himself to seek a little amusement, for he had lived in retirement for two weeks and the spur of concupiscence was again digging at his flanks. He won from a pretended baron a hundred guineas and a mistress. The baron gave him a bad check for five hundred which Casanova unsuspectingly endorsed and cashed at his own bank—and the mistress gave him a cruel disease. His banker allowed him twenty-four hours before a warrant should be issued for his arrest. The baron had fled with the four hundred guineas which were his share of the check. Casanova's share had gone to the mistress and, reduced to a few guineas, Casanova was forced to flee. He wrote to have his check sent to Brussels instead of London and, leaving all his linen in the wash, hastened to Dover.

A few days before he had received a letter in bad Italian signed: *Your obedient godson Daturi.* This Daturi was in prison for a small debt and demanded only a few shillings for food. Casanova, curious to know who addressed him thus, had gone to the prisons, and had found there a handsome young man of about twenty, who recalled that his mother had often told him, how, twenty years before, Casanova had held him over the font. Casanova remembered vaguely once performing that service and smiled to think that he found his children scattered all over Europe. He paid the miserable sum and a few days later was glad to have him along to help in his escape.

From Dunkirk he hastened on as far as Brunswick where he settled himself down to undergo a much-needed cure. A few months of diet and rest found him revived and prepared to re-enter the service of Venus.

CHAPTER XXII

Casanova in Germany, Poland and Russia—Interviews with Frederick and with Catherine the Great

BY way of Brunswick, Wolfenbüttel (where he spent a week in the famous library) and Magdeburg, Casanova reached Berlin. Here he met his old associate of Paris, Calzabigi the younger, who, bankrupt in Brussels, had come to Berlin. He had had himself recommended to Frederick II as a "singularly intelligent man, very capable in solving the most complicated problems and full of all manner of schemes." He obtained that monarch's good will, was given the title of secret financial counselor and was aided in the establishment of a lottery, which he directed for a salary of 3,000 thalers a year plus a part-interest.

For two years the lottery had functioned beautifully and had furnished Frederick with a neat income, but the King of Prussia was perpetually afraid lest a particularly fortunate drawing should cost him a large sum. So far this had not happened, but the possibility sufficed to rob Frederick of his tranquillity. On the very day upon which Frederick had intimated to Calzabigi that he would no longer back the lottery, though he would graciously permit its continued existence within his State upon a payment of one hundred thousand crowns a year, Casanova arrived.

"Happy augury!" Calzabigi exclaimed. "There is no doubt that you have arrived in Berlin to help me, as once you helped me in Paris!" And he explained that when the public was informed of His Majesty's withdrawal, no one would risk his money. A fund of two millions was necessary, unless the King could be persuaded to continue his support. Casanova was just the man to persuade him.

"I promise you ten thousand a year if you succeed," Calzabigi declared. Casanova laughed, for he knew Frederick by reputation and

was certain that nothing would ever alter that man's resolution. And as a matter of fact Casanova soon had the opportunity of learning more of the strange crotchety character of the King of Prussia.

In London Casanova had become acquainted with George, Earl of Keith, who was now living in Berlin. He knew something of Casanova's turbulent life and suggested that if he were tired of wandering he might do worse than to settle down in Berlin.

"If you would recommend me to the King," Casanova hazarded, "perhaps some position fitted to my abilities could be found . . . then I should be glad to spend the rest of my life here."

"It would do you more harm than good," said Keith, "for His Majesty is very proud of his ability to judge character. Write him that you desire the honor of speaking to him."

"I dare write to him! And do you suppose he will answer me? He has probably never heard of me."

"You can be sure that he will answer you and, further, that he will give you audience. Say simply that you would like to speak to him. Then in your conversation you may mention me and if the King should speak to me about you I can influence him in your favor."

Casanova carried out Keith's instructions and two days later received a personal note signed "Frederick," wherein His Majesty acknowledged the receipt of Casanova's missive and indicated that he would be accessible in the garden of Sans-Souci at four o'clock.

Casanova was prompt to the appointment. He was there an hour early, attired with great care in a simple black suit. Exactly at four the King appeared, followed by his secretary and by a pretty spaniel. As soon as he saw Casanova he took off his old hat and in a stentorian voice demanded to know what was wanted. Casanova, much surprised at so gruff a greeting, stared at the King without replying.

"Well, speak! Speak! Was it not you who wrote to me?"

"Yes, Sire; but now I cannot remember what I wished to say. I did not think that the majesty of a king could so dazzle my senses. Milord Keith should have warned me."

"Ah! Does Keith know you? Come, let us walk about. What did you wish to say? Tell me, what do you think of this garden?"

Casanova expressed his delight with the garden, but commented

modestly on the lack of fountains. He allowed the king to understand that he was a hydraulic engineer, then that he was a military and naval expert, and finally that he was a financier. By a dissertation on the methods of taxation, he turned to the subject of lottery. The king interrogated him a little about it, then abruptly changed the conversation. Finally, he stopped and confronted Casanova. He looked at him from head to foot and after several seconds spoke:

"Do you know that you are a very handsome man?"

"Is it possible, Sire, that after a long and scientific discussion, Your Majesty can only see in me the qualities that are found in every one of his splendid grenadiers?"

Frederick smiled slyly, but not unkindly.

"Since you know Keith," he said, "I shall speak to him of you." Whereupon he raised his hat, even as he did to everyone, and Casanova bowed profoundly and departed.

Three or four days later, Lord Keith brought the agreeable news that His Majesty had been pleased with Casanova and would think of some employment. Curious to see what position the Monarch destined for him, Casanova waited. Berlin did not displease him. He dined every evening either at Calzabigi's or at his hotel, where the hostess and a Baron Treidel gave him many pleasant hours. The weather was fine and Casanova discovered in himself a new and agreeable desire to loll in the park, occupied with thoughts of his past. La Charpillon had taught him his age. He was nearly forty and had more to look back upon than forward to.

Nevertheless he was not too old to visit the theater and there to discover the famous Denis, from whom years before he had a kiss for the ring he bought with a borrowed sequin.

Had she forgotten him? No, and indeed she was pleased to see him, especially when he said "twenty years ago," instead of twenty-seven. La Denis remembered her kiss well and, a kiss being a promise, she kept her word after twenty-seven years.

Casanova's time was thus agreeably occupied and he waited without impatience for His Majesty's favor.

Finally Lord Keith announced that His Majesty had accorded Casanova a place as governor in a new corps of cadets, scions of the

Pomeranian nobility. Each of five governors was to have charge of three pupils, whom they were to accompany everywhere. The salary was six hundred crowns a year, with room and board at the students' quarters. A ridiculous proposition! Casanova's surprise was greater when he visited the school and found big, bare, whitewashed halls, miserably equipped, and fifteen dirty, uncombed rascals who were the pupils. The four masters already appointed looked like their valets. Casanova, clad in an elegant taffeta suit and wearing the splendid gem-beset cross of the Papal order across his chest, felt distinctly out of place. Lord Keith laughed, but advised him to thank the King.

Fired by the stories he had heard of Russia, Casanova had determined to go there and had written to this effect to Bragadin. His old friend replied that he would make provision with a Russian banker to supply him with a sufficient income. With many letters of introduction and with two hundred ducats in his pocket, Casanova set out for the magic wastes.

Two hundred ducats would easily have sufficed a careful man for the journey from Berlin to Petersburg, but Casanova could not refuse himself a little game of cards at Danzig. As a result he had to forbear stopping at Koenigsberg and hurry on to Mittau. But the economy was irksome, and, feeling that his wealth could not carry him any further than Mittau, he chose to spend his last ducats in royal style and for the remaining stages of his journey hired a handsome four-seater drawn by six horses. Upon his arrival, the town greeted him as one rich beyond compare and he had no difficulty in securing sufficient money to carry him through the next few days. He was introduced to the Duke, and was able to give him some sensible advice about his mines. As a reward, the Duke supplied him with money and had him conducted to Riga in one of the ducal coaches.

There Casanova won a magnificent sleeping coach which required six horses to draw it, and in this splendid conveyance, after two months of amusement in Riga, left for Petersburg. He was careful to pay for all the relays in advance so that no matter what might happen to his money he would at least reach his destination.

In Petersburg, he was accepted among the best society and found

living pleasant and inexpensive. He was more or less indifferent to the negligence of the Russians about their gambling debts, because it was not by cards that he wished to maintain himself. He hoped that the Empress would deign to honor him with an appointment. But as time went on and he was offered no access to her presence, he began to make plans for his departure. He had linked himself with a Parisian actress, La Valville, and with her he proposed to journey as far as Koenigsberg, where they would separate, she to Berlin, he to Warsaw.

A few weeks before his departure, Count Panin said:

"What! You are leaving Russia before having spoken to the Empress!"

"But no one has offered to present me," Casanova replied.

"You do not need anyone to present you. Go early in the morning to the summer gardens one day when I am walking with her and she will surely see and speak to you."

Accordingly, Casanova visited the gardens and noted with some amusement and surprise the line of remarkably ugly statues that bordered the walks. They were all executed in the worst possible taste by bad artists in poor stone and, to make them more ridiculous, the pedestals with the names carved on them had been confused. There was a weeping figure labeled Democritus, an old woman called Avecena, a grinning fool styled Heraclitus, and an old man with the name of Sappho.

As he was smiling at these nonsensical appelations, the Czarina appeared with Count Panin at her side. Casanova drew back to let her pass, but she spoke to him and pointing to the statues asked with a smile if their beauty interested him. She invited him to walk by her side and for more than an hour they conversed indifferently of various matters. He gave her a faithful account of his interview with Frederick in whom he had found great nobility despite his gruffness.

Casanova was struck with the majestic carriage of Catherine, who, though hardly beautiful, was regal from every aspect. It is of course not true as some idle romanticists have claimed that Casanova became her paramour. The tale of her lovers is complete without his name.

Shortly after this first interview, Panin informed Casanova that

her Majesty had twice inquired about him and it was certain that she was thinking of employment for him. Casanova took to walking daily in the summer gardens and was rewarded by three further interviews. But of an office for the poor adventurer there was no mention. Perhaps Catherine was troubled by certain reports of previous history. At any rate, Count Farussi (as Casanova styled himself in Russia, according to some letters still extant) announced his departure in the official gazette, waited the customary two weeks, and with the complacent and charming La Valville by his side set out in his comfortable sleeping coach.

In Warsaw Casanova was made welcome by Prince Adam Czartoriski. He was invited to dine and presented to the King curtly, in these words: "This is the King." Casanova was about to kneel, but the King, Stanislas Poniatowski, with great grace extended his hand to be kissed. The next day Casanova met the magnificent Prince Palatine of Russia, who, aided by Catherine, had brought about Poniatowski's election.

Casanova in fact devoted much of his time to studying the history and politics of the country. His depleted purse prevented excessive gambling or much amusement among the ladies of the theater. He passed much of his time in the magnificent library of Joseph Zaluski, Bishop of Kiev, copying the documents which he was subsequently to incorporate in his uncompleted work: "History of the Troubles of Poland, etc."

Though he led a quiet life, though he practiced what he conceived to be rigorous economy, three months' time saw him deeply in debt. The cost of a carriage and a servant, and the necessity of always appearing clad in the latest style, precipitated him deeply into debt. Every evening he played *tre sette* with Prince Palatine of Russia as his partner, and he played it sufficiently well to please the Prince. But his winnings were inconsiderable and the fifty ducats a month from Venice only a trifle compared to his expenses.

But one day, in the King's presence, Casanova spoke of Horace and glibly recited his delicate satiric verses. Then he praised Augustus, the Roman Emperor who had protected poets and artists and thereby rendered his name so immortal that ever since kings have

adopted his name upon ascension to the throne. Some, Casanova went on, disguised it; for example, the first king of Sweden, who called himself *Gustave* which is an anagram of *Auguste*. (It was not of course unknown to Casanova that Stanislas Poniatowski had dubbed himself Stanislas Augustus upon his election to the throne of Poland.) In praise of Horace, Casanova finally cited, as his choice of the best verse by that poet, *In the presence of the king, they who shall not speak of their needs shall obtain more than those who speak thereof.*

The next day, after Mass, Stanislas Augustus slipped a roll of a thousand ducats into Casanova's hand. "Do not thank me," he whispered, "thank Horace; and mention this to no one."

CHAPTER XXIII

Casanova Acquires Nobility

APPARENTLY it was written that all Europe was to reject Casanova. Warsaw, in 1765, was striving mightily to be a little Paris, cosmopolitan, artistic, libertine. The Polish nobility vied with each other in lavish expenditures, in *affaires de cœur* and in gambling. Casanova had already secured the King's good will, and there was a rumor that he was being considered for a secretaryship, when suddenly an unprecedented event made any office for Casanova impossible.

Count Tomatis, director of the theater at Warsaw was no more a Count than Casanova was the Chevalier de Seingalt, and when he annoyed Xavier Branicki, Grand Pantler and a great favorite of the King, the latter simply ordered his servant to box the Count's ears. The dispute arose over the fact that Tomatis favored the dancer la Catai, while Branicki was in love with la Binetti, Casanova's old friend who had come to Warsaw and had taken la Catai's public away from her.

La Catai was being protected by the Czartoriskis, by Prince Lubomirski and others at whose table Casanova was a frequent guest. He did not feel that he could outwardly support la Binetti, although she had helped him so valiantly in Strasbourg. La Binetti egged Branicki on to treat Casanova as he had treated Tomatis.

One day Casanova went back stage to visit la Binetti. Branicki appeared and Casanova left at once and went to see an actress named la Casacci. Branicki followed Casanova to la Casacci's room and asked him what he was doing there.

"Do you love this lady?" he demanded brusquely in an offensive tone.

"Yes," Casanova replied.

"So do I," Branicki declared, "and I am not in the habit of admitting any rivals."

"I had not known of your love, else I would have withdrawn at once before so noble a cavalier whom no one can possibly resist."

"Good," Branicki said, "and now that the Venetian coward has submitted, let him take himself off."

"That is a strong expression," Casanova said quietly, after an interval of silence. "Perhaps," he added as he fingered the hilt of his sword, "a Venetian coward may shortly send a brave Pole to the other world." He went out to the street and waited before the door of the theater for a half-an-hour, expecting every moment to see Branicki appear.

In the evening Casanova went as usual to play *tre sette* with the Prince Palatine, but he played so poorly and his mind was so evidently elsewhere that the Prince begged for his confidence. Casanova related the events of the evening. The Prince looked greatly pained. "What shall I do?" Casanova pleaded. "He is the King's favorite."

The Prince shook his head. "In such cases," he replied evasively, "one must do a great deal or nothing."

A great deal or nothing. These words rang in Casanova's ears all night. The next morning he wrote to Branicki:

"Warsaw, March 5, 1766
"at five o'clock in the morning.

"Monseigneur: Yesterday evening, at the theater, Your Excellency insulted me out of pure lightheartedness, and without a shadow of reason or right. I deduce therefrom that your hatred for me is so great that you would gladly efface me from the list of the living.

"It is my intention to satisfy your desires.

"Be so kind as to fetch me in your carriage and take me to some place where my defeat will not bring you under the laws of Poland, and where I may enjoy the same advantage if God should assist me in killing Your Excellency. I would not dare suggest such a proposal to you had I not a high opinion of your nobility of character.

"I have the honor to remain Your Excellency's most humble and devoted servant."

In half an hour the reply came.

"Sir; I accept your proposal; be then so good as to inform me when I shall have the honor of seeing you. I am your most devoted and obedient servant.

"BRANICKI P."

Casanova answered that he would be at Branicki's house at six o'clock the next morning. The Pantler replied that he wished to settle the matter at once and was sending his carriage. To this Casanova returned that he would have to send the carriage back as he had business to occupy him.

An hour later Branicki appeared, entered Casanova's bedroom and locked the door. Casanova ran for his pistols.

"Do not be afraid," Branicki said quickly. "I have come to duel with you to-day, for I never put off anything until to-morrow if it can be helped."

"But this is mail day," said Casanova, "and further, I have promised some matters for the King."

"If you die the King will forgive your failure to fulfill your promise."

"I must draw up my will."

"What the devil! You may have fifty years yet before it will come to that."

"Very well, then, but at least wait until I've eaten."

"With pleasure. As for myself, I shall sup afterwards with greater appetite than I would dine now."

"Here is my sword, if you wish to take its measure," Casanova said.

"We must fight with pistols, for I do not meet unknown swordsmen."

"The choice of weapons is mine," Casanova cried. "I can prove by a dozen people that I have never been a fencing master."

"You are right, I must plead to your gallantry then," Branicki replied.

"I agree to pistols," Casanova said, "but if after an exchange of shots no blood has flowed, we shall take to swords until blood is drawn or the death of one of us, if you insist."

"You are an amiable gentleman, Seingalt. I like you. Come, let us embrace. I shall be here at three."

And at three Branicki appeared in a berline drawn by six horses, accompanied by two mounted grooms leading saddle-horses, several officers, aides-de-camp, hussars and four footmen behind the carriage. Inside were a Lieutenant-General and a chasseur. Casanova came down alone.

"You may want your servants," Branicki suggested.

"If I had as many as you—perhaps . . ."

The berline rolled out into the country along the snowy road. The men talked of weather and court functions. Finally they entered the gardens of a fine castle. Everyone dismounted. The General made some ineffectual efforts to reach a peaceful agreement; but Casanova claimed an apology, which Branicki refused.

"General," Casanova said, "you are witness that as far as possible I tried to avoid this duel."

The powder was weighed in scales, the bullets were carefully selected and the loaded pistols were offered to Casanova for his choice.

"I guarantee their worth, on my honor," Branicki declared.

Casanova carelessly took the nearest weapon and retorted: "I shall prove its worth on your head."

They stepped back, bared their chests to show that they wore no armor, the signal was given and they fired—so nearly together that only one detonation was heard. Casanova felt a sting in his left hand and at the same time he saw Branicki drop. He put his wounded hand in his pocket and ran over to his adversary. Three hussars ran up with naked swords.

"Stop," Branicki cried in a hoarse voice. "You scoundrels, leave this brave man alone."

The Pantler's men scattered to fetch doctor, surgeon, priest, friends and police. Supported by the General and Casanova, Branicki, bent double by the pain in his side, walked to a nearby inn.

Blood seeped through Casanova's breeches and ran down in a bright red stream on his white stockings. Branicki looked up interrogatively but Casanova affected not to notice.

At the inn Branicki threw himself heavily down into an armchair. He was undressed and examined. The wound in the lower chest looked serious.

"You have killed me," Branicki whispered feebly. "You are within the jurisdiction of this starosty and since I am a grand officer of the crown, you may find yourself in a sorry pass. Here's my purse, there is not a moment to be lost. Flee!"

His heavy purse rolled to the floor. Casanova picked it up and put it back on the chair.

"If I were guilty I should seek to escape, but I mean to go to Warsaw to seek the King's protection, and tend to my slight wound. I hope that you will soon recover from yours." Casanova kissed Branicki on the forehead and departed.

He had wandered but a short time on the snowy road that cut through the deserted and desolate country-side when a sleigh passed, driven by a peasant.

"Warsaw," Casanova cried and showed the man a ducat. He understood, lifted up a coarse mat under which he signed Casanova to lie and started off at a gallop. It was high time. Ten minutes later Casanova saw Biszewski, Branicki's most devoted friend, come tearing down the road with drawn saber. There was no doubt that had he seen Casanova he would have slashed him to pieces, but the humble sleigh did not excite his suspicion.

In Warsaw, Casanova had himself transported to Prince Adam Czartoriski's, but there was no one home. Time was precious, and Casanova bethought himself of demanding asylum in a nearby monastery. The porter, seeing a wild-looking man covered with blood, hastened to shut the door, but before he could do so, Casanova tripped him up. At the sound of his cries a number of monks came running. Casanova shouted out that he was seeking sanctuary, and was led to a miserable cell. He asked to have his servants and a surgeon summoned. A few minutes later Prince Sanguska, Prince Jablanowski and the Prince Palatine of Polachia and several other nobles came in. Casanova was soon installed in a fine large chamber.

He had to repeat the story of the duel to each new visitor, though an unskillful surgeon was causing him excruciating pain.

In the evening Prince Lubomirski came to say that Biszewski was swearing to find Casanova and kill him, wherever he might be. He had rushed to Tomatis, declared that Casanova was hiding there and discharged his pistol at him—missing him, fortunately. But when Count Moszczynski interfered Biszewski brought his saber down on the Count's face, gashing him deeply and knocking out three teeth. "He then ordered me," Prince Lubomirski continued, "to take him out to his carriage in safety, which I had to do. It is a good thing that you are here, for no sooner did Branicki's Uhlans hear what had happened than they set out to hunt you down. On the pretext of preventing your escape the Marshal has ordered two hundred dragoons to surround this monastery. His real object is to protect you from the fury of the mob. Branicki is still in danger of death. It is not yet known whether the intestines were pierced or not. You are lucky that Biszewski did not see you hiding in the sleigh."

"The luckiest thing," Casanova declared, "was that I did not kill Branicki at once, for when his friends were about to chop me to pieces, it was he who cried: 'Villains, respect this brave man!' "

Just then a servant brought Prince Lubomirski a note from the King. After reading it, he handed it to Casanova, who read: "My dear uncle,—Branicki is dangerously ill. My surgeons are with him, exercising all their skill; but I have not forgotten Casanova. You may assure him of my pardon, even should Branicki die."

On the following day, visitors came in crowds, and—a fact which displeased Casanova—many of them came only because they were opponents of Branicki. Several left purses of gold, which Casanova returned. It would not do to allow anyone to suppose that he had acted from any other motive than honor. He accepted only the generous meals which Prince Adam Czartoriski sent each day, and those he gave to his visitors, for he himself ate nothing.

On the fourth day, Casanova's doctor appeared, accompanied by two colleagues.

"Why the show of force, gentlemen?" Casanova asked.

"I need these two gentlemen's opinions before I operate," the

doctor replied. They examined the ugly, discolored wound and decided that the hand must come off that very evening.

"Not so long as I am alive," Casanova declared.

"But you do not understand. Gangrene is threatening and tomorrow your whole arm will be involved."

"Then you shall cut off the arm, which without a hand will be of no further use to me. Besides I know something of gangrene and it is my opinion that you are mistaken."

"But, sir, you must not be afraid, we will perform this operation with great speed. In two minutes it will be over."

"Gentlemen, will you do me the favor of tying up these bandages and leaving me in peace."

Everybody was convinced that Casanova was out of his mind. Even the King sent word to the Chevalier to let himself be convinced and save his arm and his life before it was too late.

When on the next day the surgeons found the wound well on the way to recovery, they declared that this was surely the work of some saint. Casanova himself was certain that their desire to cut off his hand had been the work of some vindictive friend of Branicki's.

Three weeks later, Casanova, thin but well, rose from his bed. His wounded arm in a sling, he went to pay his respects to the King. The Monarch, since dueling was forbidden, had to pretend to know nothing of the combat.

"Why is your arm in a sling?" he asked, with great concern, while all within earshot restrained their laughter.

"I am suffering from rheumatism," Casanova replied.

"You should not have exposed yourself," the King declared with a kind smile.

After leaving the palace, Casanova went to see Branicki, who was slowly recovering. The two conversed as though they had never been anything but the best of friends. "I owe my life," said Branicki, "to the fact that not having eaten before I fought, your bullet slipped over my empty intestines. Had they been full, the ball would have pierced them and I would not now be able to enjoy your visit."

Everyone wanted to see the hero of the great affair. Casanova was showered with invitations and for two months journeyed about Poland, fêted and dined wherever he went.

When he returned to Warsaw he found that his place as the lion of society had been taken by the aged Madame Geoffrin, hostess of the most noted Parisian literary salon. At the age of sixty-eight, she had come to visit her little Stanislas, whose gambling debts she had often paid when as a youth he had dwelt under her care in Paris. When he had ascended the throne of Poland he had written to her: "Mamma, your boy is king." Despite her age she was hopelessly in love with him and for years she had contemplated visiting him.

Was it she who spread the tales of Casanova's life in Paris—that he had stolen, and raped, that he had been condemned to prison, had been burnt in effigy, and had finally been expelled from there as from every country of Europe? Casanova does not accuse her directly, but, as head of one of the salons of Paris, nothing of the d'Urfé or X.C.V. episodes could have escaped her. Casanova does say: "All these tales were but a web of calumny." But nonetheless they circulated to his embarrassment.

"We did not expect to see you again," people said coldly. "Why have you come back?"

"To pay my debts," Casanova cried angrily. At houses where he had had standing invitations, no one addressed a word to him. One evening when he sat opposite the King, the Monarch did not so much as acknowledge his presence. Only a few people continued to welcome him, but they too urged him to leave Warsaw, where his presence was no longer desired.

Casanova was furious. But there was nothing to be done. He would have gone at once to Portugal had he had the money to pay his debts. Meanwhile he wrote to Venice and elsewhere for money. Then, to crown his misfortune, he received an order from the King to leave Warsaw within a week. He wanted to rush to court and cry: "It is not true, those tales you have heard are lies. I did not rob the cash-box of the lottery of the Military School; I have never been a traveling actor, I was never burnt in effigy!" But what good would it do! There is no defense against calumny. At least he would

tell the King that it was not for love of the inconstant Polish nobility that he was remaining.

"My creditors, Sire," he wrote in a mood of fury, "will forgive me when they learn that I left Poland only because Your Majesty compelled me to do so."

The next day Count Moszczynski brought Casanova a thousand ducats from the King. Stanislas intimated that it was only because of threats against Casanova's life that he was ordering him out of the country, and Casanova had to make the best of this explanation. He had the satisfaction of knowing that la Binetti, the cause of his troubles, had been abandoned by Branicki, and that moreover her husband had run away with her waiting-maid.

CHAPTER XXIV

Encounters with the Chastity Commissioners of Vienna—The Tale of Charlotte

IN Dresden Casanova found his brother Giovanni and the latter's wife, as well as his sister Mary Madeleine and her husband. His mother was living in the country near Dresden in an ease made possible by a pension awarded to her by the Elector. She welcomed him with open arms. The presence of her son, whose exploit in Poland had been talked about everywhere, who still wore his arm in a sling, could not but be a joy to her. Her son was a nobleman. Had he not fought a duel with a Count? Would a Count consent to give the satisfaction of a personal encounter with one who was not a nobleman?

Casanova's duel had increased immensely his vanity and his celebrity. In future years he would say: "I was not born a nobleman, I achieved nobility."

Henceforth he ranked his duel with Branicki along with the story of his escape from the Leads, and as the years went by, he added details to it, he made more and more of the doctor's efforts to amputate his hand, he inserted the circumstances of his last visit to Branicki. Eventually he wrote it up in three forms, each more engaging than the other—but all of them true in their essentials.

For in this case, historians have uncovered a mass of evidence bearing out all the major points of Casanova's story. A *silva rerum*, a kind of occasional and general news sheet of Poland published a long article on the very day after the duel. Paragraphs appeared in such widely distant and widely circulated gazettes as the *Wienerische Diarium* of Vienna, the *Vossische Zeitung* of Berlin, the *Public Advertiser* of London, the *Gazette de Cologne* and other papers of France, Germany and Italy.

Everywhere that Casanova went during the next few months, Dresden, Vienna, Spa, Paris, people stopped at the mention of his name: "Are you perhaps *the* Casanova who fought a duel with Branicki?" Casanova bowed and then the next natural exclamation concerned the arm which he wore in a sling. "And that is the arm which was wounded?" Indeed. And Casanova promenaded about, making a most arresting picture, as he himself says, until people circulated the cruel story that his arm was long healed and only worn in a silken sling for show. "The tale is untrue," Casanova retorts hotly in his Memoirs; "true enough the wound was healed, but for twenty months after the duel I still could not allow my arm to hang without suffering the most excruciating torture."

As long as he could Casanova paraded his magnificence, but always his past arose against him. No country wanted him. Exiled from Venice, forbidden to appear in Poland, wanted in England, exiled from innumerable cities, where was he to go? To Portugal! On to Portugal.

But just then his good fortune had brought him a marvelously beautiful woman whom he had known before in London. She had been abandoned by her seducer, the notorious international blackguard, Castel-Bajac, with whom Casanova had had an encounter many years before in Paris, during the X.C.V. affair.

It was the autumn of 1766 that Casanova met her in Leipzig, whither he had gone to see the fair. Ever a good shepherd, he promised to see that she reached her home in Montpellier. He took her first to Dresden where he presented her to his mother and his friends as the Countess de Blasin. Then he took her to Vienna as plain Mademoiselle Blasin, milliner, for the chastity commissioners of Vienna were quick to pounce on those who masqueraded as of the nobility.

These chastity commissioners were good detectives. Nothing escaped their vigilance. On the very morrow of Casanova's arrival they appeared, even as Giacomo was having his coffee with his beautiful mistress.

"We know that you have separate rooms," they said, "but we have examined the beds and found that only one has been slept in."

Mademoiselle Blasin appealed to the French minister, but Casanova and the milliner had to take widely separated rooms.

Casanova decided to remain in Vienna until spring, when he would go to Portugal, and he sent Mademoiselle Blasin on to Montpellier with a generously filled purse. Himself, he stayed on in Vienna, living quietly, going to see no one except Calzabigi the elder and Campioni, and occasionally visited the theater.

Into this idyllic existence came an old enemy. One day, as Casanova was dining with Campioni, a little girl entered their room and began without hesitation to recite (but in Latin) the most obscene verses describing the traffic she was carrying on. Casanova little suspected when he followed her to her house, that he would find there the infamous Pocchini, whose Italian countesses had once caused him much annoyance. "Now we shall get even," Pocchini gloated. Two murderous Sclavonians looked on while Casanova, realizing that there was nothing to be gained by resistance, abandoned his purse and was glad to be allowed to depart whole of skin.

Without witnesses to this robbery, how was he to get the police to aid him? He was nevertheless about to carry a complaint to the chief of police, when he was ordered to appear there.

Schrattenbach was Chief of Police. He gave Casanova his watch to read.

"Do you see what time it is?"

"Yes," Casanova answered, not quite clear where this was leading.

"Very well; if by to-morrow at this same hour you are still in Vienna, you will be carried out by force."

Casanova demanded justice. What had he done?

The Stadthalter said, "Do you recognize this purse? Do you deny that you lost it gambling with Pocchini?"

"Yes and no," Casanova answered. "My purse was full, not three-fourths empty, and it was not by gambling but by theft that I lost it. Here is the story of this crime as I wrote it out to present to you."

Schrattenbach read the report and laughed. "Your cleverness is well known. We know why you were ordered out of Warsaw, and much more. As for this report, it is nothing but lies cleverly strung together. Tell me, where do you intend to go?"

"I shall inform you," Casanova answered haughtily, "when I have fully made up my mind to leave."

"What! You dare tell me that you intend to disobey?"

"You, yourself, gave me the choice of obeying or being carried out by force."

"Humph! Well, I had heard that you had a good head. But it won't be of much help to you now."

Casanova went to claim the support of Prince Kaunitz.

"Put yourself under the protection of the ambassador of your country," the Prince said kindly. "Then write out a petition, and I will see that the Empress receives it."

"Alas! Your Highness, I have no country. I am a Venetian, but without the rights of a citizen. My name is Casanova."

The Venetian ambassador, Ranieri, who happened to be there, drew the Prince aside and spoke to him for ten minutes in a low voice.

"It is unfortunate for you," said Prince Kaunitz finally, though still kindly, "that you cannot claim the protection of any minister."

Just then a man of colossal stature came forward and offered the protection of the country he represented. He was Count von Vitzthum, representative from Saxony, and had, himself, once suffered at Schrattenbach's hands.

"Your whole family," he said, "is in the employ of my Prince;" which was literally true, for Casanova's mother, his brother, Giovanni, and his brother-in-law were all in the service of the Elector of Saxony.

Casanova composed the following letter:

"Madame: I am sure that if in a plaintive voice some poor insect were to implore Your Imperial and Royal Majesty to turn away her foot but ever so slightly in order not to crush it, Your Majesty would not, I am certain, refuse the request of that poor creature.

"It is I, Madame, who am that insect that dares to implore you to order the Stadthalter von Schrattenbach to wait a week before crushing me with Your Imperial slipper.

"It may then be, Madame, that upon the elapse of that time not only will he not crush me, but Your Majesty may even see fit to

demand the return of her august slipper from the hands of her Stadthalter to whom she has only confided it that he may crush scoundrels and not in order to pursue a Venetian, who despite his escape from the Leads, is still an honest man and most profoundly submissive to Your Majesty's laws.

"Vienna, Jan. 21st, 1767.

"CASANOVA."

This remarkable plea caused some amusement at court. The Empress granted Casanova a week's reprieve, but Schrattenbach refused to reconsider his judgment. Casanova, he asserted, had set up a game of faro, had held the bank and cut the cards, using both hands, for the sling which he wore was part of his rogue's outfit. Moreover he had used marked cards. When the players became aware of this trickery, they broke up the game and took back their money. Unless the Empress was determined to dismiss Schrattenbach she had to accept his decision. And Casanova had to leave.

Casanova went to Augsburg. There he was sure of friends, and in his financial condition friends were necessary. He solicited a position here as elsewhere, though he forgets to say so in his Memoirs, and here as elsewhere he failed. He dined every day with Count Lamberg, and wrote to all his friends for assistance. He wrote to Charles of Biren, son of the Duke of Courland, and in his letter exposed a "certain means of making gold" which would yield a handsome profit. "Destroy this letter," he cautioned, "for my life depends on it." In return for enabling Charles of Courland to make fifty thousand ducats a year, Casanova asked the paltry sum of one hundred ducats. The Duke sent him the money but did not burn the letter and thirty years later it reappeared, to Casanova's vexation. For the Prince was arrested in Paris as a common scoundrel, which he was despite his title. His papers were seized and filed away in the Bastille, where they remained until the Revolution brought them to light. Casanova was then in far-off Bohemia, but the publication of the documents of the Bastille called attention once more to an almost forgotten adventurer: Casanova, author of an alchemical letter of extortion.

With his purse refilled, Casanova took life easily, traveling slowly through Württemberg, stopping at Louisberg, Schwetzingen and Mayence, and arriving late in the summer at Cologne, where he found his Mayor's wife quite changed: she was still beautiful, but she had become devout.

In the autumn Casanova bethought himself of Spa, where thousands of adventurers went in hopes of good fortune at the gambling tables of the Bishop of Liege.

There he met Polish, English and Italian friends. He met there, also, some of his adventurer-acquaintances—in particular Della Croce, who long ago when impoverished had turned over to Casanova one of his mistresses. How strange that once again he should appear with money and jewelry and a fresh beauty, and that after losing every cent at the gambling tables, again leave his mistress to Casanova's care, while he wandered off to make a new fortune!

As for Casanova, he had actually fallen in love with this new prize, whose name was Charlotte. It was a pure and delicate love for a young girl of good family, who had had the misfortune to fall under the spell of Della Croce but a few days after leaving her convent-school.

Casanova surrounded this poor girl with all care and tenderness. Though he told her what he knew of Della Croce, he could not make her think ill of her lover even though she knew that he had taken her money and jewelry and abandoned her. Wisely, Casanova limited himself to enheartening her by companionship, telling her amusing tales of his past loves, promising not to abandon her and predicting that she would still be happy with her child and a good husband to take care of both.

"As long as Croce lives," she would reply, "I shall never be anybody else's wife."

They remained in Spa for several weeks, never leaving their rooms. She came to look upon Casanova as a father and he was content to experience once more something of the beauty and purity that are found only in a generous affection.

By way of Liège, Luxemburg, Metz and Verdun, Casanova and Charlotte went to Paris, where they stopped at the hotel Mont-

morency until Charlotte would be ready to go to a midwife's.

It was a sad, autumnal Paris. Old acquaintances of years ago were dead or gone.* Some had lost their fortunes and been swallowed up in the ever-growing mob of poor that flocked to the city. In the new streets, along the broad new avenues, the "boulevards," Casanova found a strange Paris. The gap between wealth and poverty was more striking than ever, and there was no intermediate estate.

Madame du Rumain and his brother François were the only two Parisians he went to see, though subsequently he met Tomatis and Princess Lubomirska and others from Poland who had arrived for the winter season. He generally stayed all day long with Charlotte. He liked to think that when she was delivered they would establish themselves with François in some suburban home. Or perhaps they would all go to Madrid.

Dreams that were to fade into tragedy!

On a chilly day of October, 1767, Casanova took Charlotte to the midwife's where he had engaged a neat room for her. At the corner their carriage halted to let a long funeral cortège go by.

Charlotte covered her eyes with her handkerchief and hid her face on Giacomo's shoulder.

"Silly," she laughed, "but this encounter seems a sorry portent."

"Come, my dear Charlotte, you mustn't torment yourself with futile apprehensions. Superstitions . . ." he went on learnedly—but behind his consoling voice he fought against a similar dread.

On the 13th she was attacked by a fever which would not leave her. On the 17th she gave birth to a boy, who was at once baptized with the name of Jacques-Charles—the Jacques for Casanova and the Charles for Della Croce. Giacomo wished to take care of the lad, but Charlotte insisted that he be taken to the foundlings' hospital, where she was certain that Croce would some day come to get him.

When Casanova had executed this commission, he returned to Charlotte's side and until her death, a week later, remained constantly near her. Even then he would not leave though his brother and sister-in-law had come to seek him, wondering at his long

* Madame d'Urfé was still alive, though Casanova denies it again.

absence. Only when she was buried did he go to his brother's home. There more misery awaited him.

From M. Dandalo came the report that M. de Bragadin was dead. He was drained of tears. With dry eyes he read of the loss of the man who for twenty-two years had been his friend and protector, who had been a father to him, had lived with economy and even gone into debt to provide for Casanova. His goods, house, furniture, library—all were lost to a host of creditors. On his death-bed the good old man, foreseeing his imminent end and the wreck of his fortune had scraped together his last thousand crowns and sent them to Casanova.

It was not Casanova's last misfortune in Paris. Princess Lubomirska had given him a ticket to a concert. There he heard himself spoken and laughed about. He turned around and confronted a tall young man seated between two elderly gentlemen. The fellow, looking aside, continued to speak in the same insulting manner, saying, among other things, that that adventurer Casanova, son of an actress, had cost him a million at least, for that was the sum Casanova had taken from his aunt, Marquise d'Urfé.

"You are an impudent fool," Casanova declared, "and if you will leave with me, I will teach you how to speak."

Enraged, he rose and left the theater, while the two old men restrained the younger one. Casanova waited outside, but no one appeared.

The next day an officer came with a letter from the King of France. The missive, signed "Louis," ordered Casanova to leave Paris within twenty-four hours and France within three weeks. The Marquis de Lille, the young man at the concert, was undoubtedly the instigator. The time-limits were mere formalities, for upon giving his word of honor to leave as soon as he could, Casanova was permitted to remain two weeks longer in Paris.

In leaving the sad chapter of Casanova's adventures in Paris, we must not forget to note a little story that required over a century to develop.

"If anybody," says Casanova, in reference to Della Croce's and Charlotte's son Jacques-Charles, "wishes to discover Charlotte's

family name, which I have suppressed out of sympathy for her relations still living in Brussels, let them go to the *Enfants-Trouvés* (Foundlings' Hospital) where the certificates made upon Jacques-Charles' admission will reveal it."

In 1894 Dr. Guède took this little suggestion to heart. No one else had ever done it, even during the years when Casanova's veracity was so hotly disputed. Dr. Guède, however, had great difficulty in finding any entry for little Jacques-Charles. He looked in vain under Della Croce, Lacroce, Lacroix, de la Croix and every other permutation which he could think of. Finally, under *No. 4871, —Lacrosse,* the record was discovered. All the details of dates, names, addresses are found to be exactly as Casanova reported them. And, in the words of Gugitz, the historian may add this epilogue: the child followed its mother into eternity two weeks after admission.

CHAPTER XXV

Spain—The Cobbler-Hidalgo—In the Prison of Buen Retiro and in the Dungeons of Barcelona

SORROWING for Charlotte, Casanova left France for Spain, still hoping to reach Portugal eventually. He had provided himself with letters of introduction to several powerful hidalgos of Madrid and he hoped in this last refuge to overcome the inclemencies of fortune that had pursued him since his encounter with la Charpillon. He did not deceive himself. He had often carefully weighed both the good and the bad in himself. He was in fine health and no longer so completely subject to those passions of his youth that had carried him into gambling and love. Not that he had forsworn either, but the events in Poland and Vienna had made him more cautious, and the death of Charlotte had left him without desire. He determined to be more prudent, more circumspect and, especially, more economical. Now that the death of M. de Bragadin had left him with no outside resources, must he strive doubly hard to find himself some comfortable niche, for already he was past the age when he could meet the hardships of adventuring with a smile.

Madrid did not rise to welcome Casanova as once Paris had, in those good old days when he had just escaped from the Leads, when everything he touched turned to gold, and every woman he looked at melted beneath his gaze.

Casanova took Princess Lubomirska's letter to Count d'Aranda, the most powerful man in Spain. It was he who had induced the King to sign the order banishing the Jesuits, as a result of which he could go nowhere without a strong bodyguard. He was hideous, his squint was discomfiting and his voice harsh as a peacock's.

He turned to Casanova and said coldly:

"Why have you come to Spain?"

"To observe the manners and customs of an esteemed nation, and perhaps find some employment in the government where I can put my talents to account."

"If you purpose to live here quietly and conform to the laws, you have no need of my protection. As to employment you will have to see your ambassador, for the King, if he should think of employing you, will always ask your ambassador for news of you."

"Monseigneur, the Venetian Ambassador will refuse to stand in my way, but just as certainly will he refuse to help me, for I am in disgrace with the State Inquisitors. He will not even receive me."

"Then I am sorry for you. You need not expect anything from the court, and my advice would be to amuse yourself as best you can."

The Neapolitan Ambassador spoke in a similar strain, and likewise the Marquis de Moras, and the Duke de Lossada. The latter advised Casanova to attempt to conciliate the Venetian Envoy. So Casanova wrote a letter to Dandalo in Venice and another to Mocenigo, the Ambassador himself. He claimed protection from the latter as representative of the Republic of Venice of which he still considered himself a citizen. It was only the State Inquisitors who had complaints against him.

These efforts had some effect. One day Casanova's servant announced the visit of a Count Manuzzi, a charming and handsome young Venetian, secretary to Ambassador Mocenigo.

"I have often heard my father speak of you," Count Manuzzi declared, "and when I read your letter, I determined to do everything I could for you. And I can do a great deal with Mocenigo."

Casanova was not long in divining that Manuzzi was the son of that humble gem-setter who, as a spy for the Inquisitors, had been responsible for his incarceration in the Leads; but he welcomed the handsome fellow as one who might be of great use to him, and an agreeable companion.

With the Ambassador not disinclined to help him, Casanova waited only for a suitable opportunity. Meanwhile he sought diversion in the society of Manuzzi, and at the table of Mengs, the

painter, who was now in the employ of his Catholic Majesty, where he was highly considered and well rewarded. Casanova went to the theater and to masked balls. He met a pretty senorita, daughter of a nobleman who was a cobbler by trade, so proud of his lineage that he cobbled with his sword at his side. Casanova, to secure his good will, wished to order a pair of shoes. But the haughty Castilian hidalgo refused, saying:

"I cannot do that, for I am a nobleman, and in measuring anyone I should be obliged to touch his foot, which would be degrading. I can do only repair-work."

With Doña Ignazia, the daughter, Casanova began the first affair since the death of Charlotte. He had consecrated three months of chastity to the mistress of Della Croce.

An unfortunate adventure with the police of Madrid subsequently redounded to Casanova's credit and came near to securing for him in Madrid the welcome he had failed to find elsewhere. We have two versions of it. The following, although quite in the Casanovan tradition, seems to be the invention of one Busoni, the over-zealous editor of the Rozez edition. According to this version, Casanova had often spied across the court a most beautiful girl. One evening he received an invitation from her. In the dead of night he went to her room and was received with warm embraces. But then, drawing aside the curtain of her couch, the girl revealed the dead body of her unfaithful lover, whom she had killed. Would Casanova be so kind as to deliver her of this accusing bit of evidence?

Zola thought this story so good that he made of it a short novel called: *For a Night of Love.* And it was indeed for but a night of love that Casanova went out into the dark streets of Madrid with a corpse over his shoulder. The next day he was arrested.

The more credible version is the one found in Casanova's letters to Count Lamberg: Casanova's servant had denounced him to the Police for the possession of forbidden weapons. Casanova, warned in time, took his pistols and ran for refuge to Mengs, who dwelt in the King's palace, beyond police jurisdiction. Mengs did not receive his old friend very warmly when he learned Casanova's errand. Casanova himself realized that Mengs' protection would not be worth

much and that his stay there was likely to cost the painter his royal commission. So, as soon as an officer appeared for him, Casanova surrendered. The polite Captain of Police demanded the consignment of the weapons.

"Chevalier Mengs will give them to you," said Casanova, "for I have left them here in his house. If you will have the kindness to wait, I shall follow you just as soon as I have written four short notes, which will require but a half-hour."

"I can neither wait nor permit you to write. But you will be able to write when you are in the prison of Buen-Retiro."

Casanova found himself locked up in a vast room on the ground floor of an old castle. A vile stench emanated from the filth that littered the floor, on which moved thirty tattered human beings. A dozen very big beds and some few benches were the only articles of furniture—no tables nor chairs for one who might wish to write. And, what was more, a soldier, commissioned by Casanova to bring him some paper and ink, promised readily, pocketed his crown with a short laugh and never reappeared.

Casanova wondered that no one came to question him. Was he doomed as once before in the Leads? Although tired, he held himself stiffly erect in a corner, for the beds were so covered with vermin that his heart turned at the sight of them. The other prisoners tormented him. In jail, castes are reversed: the brutal criminal stands on the top rung.

In the evening, when the rabble began to swallow maggoty bread moistened in an ugly-looking garlic soup, Casanova fasted. Two or three prisoners of a better class had ordered meals brought from the outside, but Giacomo thought of his crown for the paper and ink and righteously decided to give away no more crowns uselessly. At four o'clock a servant of Mengs appeared with a tray bearing food and wine enough for four, but Casanova, disgusted with his cell-mates, who looked on hungrily, ordered the servant to wait, ate rapidly and sent back to Mengs all the left-over food and a message to send but one tray a day and that bearing food for only himself. The greedy starved wretches, who at the sight of the loaded tray had promised themselves a feast on the left-overs, now set down Casanova as an avaricious and mean-hearted aristocrat.

At five o'clock, finally, Manuzzi appeared and brought with him an Officer of the Guard. After the exchange of formalities, Casanova asked whether one was permitted to write from this prison to people who would not permit one to stay there if they but heard.

"Evidently, for any prohibition of the sort would be tyranny," the Officer replied.

"Then tell me," Casanova continued, "Is a soldier here permitted to accept a duro for paper and ink, and then disappear with the money?"

"Who was that soldier?" the Officer demanded. No one answered. The guard had been changed. None of the prisoners seemed to know anything about the matter.

"I promise you, Sir," said the Officer, "to have your money returned and that soldier discovered and punished; and meanwhile I shall see that you are provided with pen, paper, ink, as well as a table and lights."

"And I," Manuzzi added, "will send you a servant from the embassy to carry your letters where ever you wish."

Now Casanova did a masterly thing. He took out three duros from his pocket and holding them up to the rabble, declared that they belonged to the first one who would reveal the name of the soldier-thief. Instantly the name was shouted by several, who hastened up for the reward. The Officer took the name down on a pad. He was beginning to know and like this man who, to regain a single crown, illegally taken from him, spent three. Evidently all this complaint about a crown was not due to avarice.

Casanova wrote four violent letters, to Mocenigo, to Emmanuel de Roda, to the Duke de Lossada, and the most violent of all to Count d'Aranda. The terrible condition of the prison in which he was incarcerated, and where he had been left to suppose that along with the others he would eventually be sent to forced labor in some isolated African community, roused him to fury. And if he needed additional venom it was distilled from his fellow-prisoners, who crowded about his desk as he wrote, pushed his arm or his table and apologized with mock politeness. They pushed their insolence so far as to read aloud to each other passages from his letters and to

beg him to explain what they meant. "I despair of my life, here," Casanova wrote, "in this vile stinking room, overflowing with human excrement. Either send a butcher to slay me at once, or I shall not survive many hours and I shall die in the knowledge that it was you who plotted my death."

His letters had a telling effect, though everyone declared that such furious communications should never have been written. But the effect was due to the fury: had he written mild missives he might have had to wait twice as long, or perhaps forever. As it was, the machinery of liberation soon began to function creakingly and in three days he was conducted back to his apartment, the seals removed from the doors, his confiscated arms returned, and he was free to wash away the vermin that had covered his body.

Everyone now united to undo the terrible affront to him. Chevalier Mengs invited him to stay at his house as long as he remained in Madrid. Ambassador Mocenigo, with instructions from Venice, recommended him to the King, while Count d'Aranda, the Prince de Catolica and others invited him daily to dinner.

Casanova and his letters were the talk of the town. Never were his opportunities better for securing a good post; he was introduced to Campomanes and Olivides, both powerful ministers, who were agreed that Casanova had done well to send out those violent missives, which by their violence alone had forced their readers to bring a prompt justice to bear.

Spain was sending men throughout Germany and Switzerland to attract settlers to the Sierra-Morena, a beautiful fertile region which was absolutely deserted. Such colonization schemes were not unknown in Europe. Influenced by politics or religion, great hosts of people migrated from country to country. The Swiss colonization of the Sierra-Morena was doomed to be evanescent, though even today a few Swiss names are to be encountered in that populous region, and occasionally a fair Northern face appears.

At table one day, when Olivides spoke of his efforts to colonize the Sierra-Morena, Casanova made some apt remarks concerning the necessity of preventing these poor transplanted people from perishing of nostalgia. "The Swiss," he said, "are especially prone to this

malady, the only remedy for which is the return to the chalet and the lake. It would be necessary, I think, to institute regulations such as these . . ."

Olivides listened with interest and finally asked Casanova to submit his reflections in writing. This beginning seemed destined to end in Casanova's installation as Governor of Sierra-Morena. Unfortunately, Casanova was soon to find the doors of all these friendly noblemen closed in his face.

One day when he had gone to dine, as usual, at the Ambassador's, the servant told him that he had orders not to admit him hereafter. Casanova was thunderstruck. He wrote a note to Manuzzi. It was returned unopened. He had himself driven to the Prince de Catolica. He was refused entrance. Wherever he went he met similar affronts. He was at his wits' end, he could not possibly understand this sudden change, which so startlingly resembled the treatment he had encountered in Warsaw. Were the Spanish as fickle as the Polish? At last he heard that everyone had been warned against him as being a most dangerous man. Count Manuzzi wrote and advised him to leave Madrid within the week. Casanova stiffened and refused.

Now he began to have an inkling of the cause of his trouble, and that he himself was to blame. Despite the kindness of Count Manuzzi, Casanova had foolishly revealed to a certain Baron de Fraiture, a gambler, that Manuzzi was but the son of a chambermaid and a spy. Baron de Fraiture had written to Manuzzi declaring that he knew his worst enemy and would reveal his name for a hundred crowns, offering as proof that this man was telling everyone that Count Manuzzi was not really a count. When Manuzzi sent the hundred crowns the Baron de Fraiture revealed the name: Casanova, who for months had been apparently Manuzzi's best friend. Manuzzi was deeply shocked. Was this his reward for his friendliness? He at once took steps to scotch this snake.

Again, as once before in Cologne, Casanova found himself described as a dangerous person. Without a friend remaining in Madrid, and without the hope of a position, what was the sense of stopping on? A new Venetian Ambassador had arrived who was most unfriendly to Casanova. Mocenigo and his mignon Manuzzi had gone to Paris. Casanova was left alone in a strange city where he

had nothing to expect and where poverty must soon overtake him. A book dealer named Corrado advanced him seventeen hundred francs, a sum that Casanova was never able to repay. From this day on, throughout Europe, he began to leave a trail of debts, never repaid.

He rejected the notion of going to Portugal. It was so long since he had received any letters from Pauline of Lisbon. He thought of Constantinople, but he realized that the possibility of achieving success there, without abjuring Christianity, was slight. He determined, finally, to return to Italy. He spent the last few weeks in Madrid in the constant company of Doña Ignazia, the pretty daughter of the noble shoe-repairer, who was now willing to make new shoes, having discovered that he could make them over casts of his customer's feet, and thus avoid the degrading necessity of kneeling before commoners.

Casanova went to Saragossa, whiled away pleasant days in beautiful Valencia, visited Roman ruins and speculated on the causes of Spanish degeneracy. He laid it, as others have done, to the charm of her climate, the beauty of her landscape and the fertility of her soil, as well as to the wealth that her lords draw from the mines of Peru and Potosí, and finally to the crushing Inquisition with its attendant swarms of monks and priests.

In Valencia Casanova met the famous dancer Nina Bergonzi of Venice, and imprudently became her lover, thus arousing the enmity of her protector, Count Ricla, Captain General of the province of Barcelona.

One day an Officer of the Walloon guards approached Casanova on the streets, while he was taking his mid-day walk, and politely informed him "what Casanova as a stranger perhaps ignored" namely, that his visits to Nina could not but displease the Count. "You should fear a jealous Spaniard!"

"Your advice is no doubt sincerely meant, Sir," Casanova replied, "but I cannot be so rude as to refuse Nina's invitations after having so long accepted them. If the Count knows of my visits, as I am sure he does, and if they offend him, of which I am not certain, he has but to tell me to cease and I shall be glad to comply."

"You understand that the Count will never do that; he would consider such a step humiliating, though he will stoop to the basest actions in the interests of his love. For Count Ricla, who was formerly a model of wisdom, justice and virtue, is to-day, thanks to his love for that woman, unjust, blind, violent."

Casanova realized that advice given by an honest disinterested man ought never to be neglected, but he continued to deceive himself that the Count would do nothing about a matter which was the gossip of every café in town.

One day, November 14, 1768, Casanova found at Nina's a man exhibiting pornographic miniatures. It was Passano, he who had so miserably failed to impersonate the Rosicrucian Querilinth in the mystifications before Madame d'Urfé at Marseilles. Casanova ordered Nina to throw him out of the house or he would himself leave.

"Why, he's a painter."

"I know who he is. Send him out and I will tell you all he made me suffer."

As Passano was hustled out he muttered, "He'll rue this."

The next day, the fifteenth, as he was leaving Nina's at midnight, he was attacked by two men who had hidden under an arcade. He jumped to the rear, drew his sword and, crying "Murder!" ran his nearest opponent through. Then he fled to his inn, out of breath, without his hat, still holding his dripping sword in his hand. His host advised him to leave the country at once, but Casanova would not run away, knowing himself innocent, for, if he had killed a man, he had done so only in self-defense.

On the morrow, at seven o'clock, an Officer appeared and ordered Casanova to turn over to him all his papers and to dress and follow him. "If you resist we shall use force," he added.

"I shall not resist," Casanova declared; he rose and dressed and, opening his trunk, exhibited it to the surprised Officer; it was half full of pads. "These are all my papers except for my passports, which I shall surrender only to the Governor General."

"You had better give them to me, for it is upon his orders that I am here and a receipt from me will be as good as a personal delivery to the Governor."

Casanova saw no point in insisting and gave up his precious passports. Ordering his host to send him dinner and supper to his prison, he followed the Officer. On the way Casanova recounted his adventure of the previous night. The Officer listened attentively, but did not proffer a syllable in response. Arrived at the citadel, he turned his prisoner over to the guard and again Casanova found himself imprisoned. But this time, at least, he was in a clean room and alone.

For three days Casanova was left to himself except for the guard who brought his meals, and supplied him with pencil and paper. Casanova invited him to share his generous tray, and to while away the tedious hours he worked out problems in geometry. Not that he did not have a more important problem on hand—that of discovering what part Count Ricla, Passano, Nina, and the midnight assassins, each had in his incarceration—but he could not arrive at any conclusion.

One day, from his window, he saw Passano between two guards, being led into the prison. The rascal raised his eyes, saw him, and laughed. . . .

On the fourth day, the Officer of the guard entered Casanova's cell and announced that he had sad news. "You are to be transferred to the dungeon below the tower."

This cell proved to be not quite as horrible as it sounded, for if it was gloomy even at noon, a lamp might be burned there all day. The prisoner was allowed to speak to the sentinels and his meals were as plentiful as before. Books or gazettes were prohibited, but paper and pencils were liberally supplied to him.

It occurred to Casanova then to write out his well-known *Confutazione della Storia del governo veneto d'Amelot de la Houssaie*, that is, Refutation of Amelot de la Houssaie's History of the Venetian State. Nearly a hundred years before, Amelot de la Houssaie, a Frenchman, had written his attack upon the Venetian government. This book was considered so diabolical that it was strictly forbidden any Venetian to read it, under penalty of death. Consequently no Venetian could ever answer Amelot de la Houssaie's attack, for to

have done so would have been to acknowledge having read it. Being a Venetian, though with none of the rights nor the penalties of citizenship, Casanova felt himself elected to refute de la Houssaie, a task which many would have done long ago, but which, it seemed, had waited a hundred years only to serve him as the entering wedge toward his pardon from the Inquisition.

"It was in this hole (in the dungeon of the citadel of Barcelona), where I spent forty-two days," says Casanova in his Memoirs, "that I wrote out in pencil, and with no other aid but my memory, all the refutation of the *History of the Venetian Government* by Amelot de la Houssaie; leaving out space for the quotations which I intended to add when I had recovered my liberty and could consult the book itself." And in a similar vein he writes in his preface to the first volume of his three-volume *Confutazione.*

We must on the basis of other evidence disallow this arrogant claim of having written a learned historical work in forty-two days without any aid but his memory. Perhaps the third volume, which contains attacks upon Voltaire, Rousseau, and others, mixed up with personal reminiscences, dialogues in French, reflections on the origin of literature, and on suicide, may have been written in the dungeon, but we have a letter written from Madrid *five months before his incarceration,* which shows that at least the major part of his work must have already been written out by July.

"There was talk then of my little work which is entitled *Confutazione della Storia del governo veneto d'Amelot de la Houssaie,* which I should like to have printed; and His Excellency Querini having expressed the desire to see it, I replied that I would lay it at his feet and I promised him that I would never risk publication without having previously received his wise councils."

On the 28th of December, Casanova was brought before the civil Officer who had arrested him. His trunk was returned to him intact and his three passports were handed back to him with the words: "They are legitimate."

"I know that. I knew it all along."

"No doubt, but we had strong reasons for believing the contrary."

"I can't imagine what reasons you can mean, for as you see, those reasons were not reasonable."

"You have been completely exculpated. Only you are to leave Barcelona in three days and Catalonia within the week."

"I shall obey, but is it thus that you repair injustice?"

"You may go to Madrid and lay your case before the King."

"I think I have great cause for complaint, but I have had enough of Spain and will go to France."

Back at his hotel, Casanova learnt that his bill had been settled by some unknown person.

"And the hat you lost was brought back three days after your arrest," his host informed him.

"And the murdered man?"

"Why, don't you know? This is really strange! It is claimed that you yourself fired the shot which was heard and rubbed your sword with blood, for no one was found either wounded or dead."

"I can't make head or tail of it! But it was known, was it not, that I was in the tower?"

"The whole town knew, and two reasons were advanced for it—one publicly, the other confidentially. The public reason was that your passports were false, while the secret reason, whispered about, was that you passed your nights with Nina."

It was Nina who had egged on Count Ricla, by nature generous and kind, to take action against him; for in the presence of Ricla she praised Casanova's politeness, erudition and appearance until the Count would burst into a frenzy of rage. But it was Passano who had offered the pretext by denouncing Casanova to the authorities as the possessor of forged passports. Bono, the banker of Lyons, who was a devoted friend of Casanova, subsequently wrote to him in a letter still preserved: "You err if you attribute your disaster at Barcelona to anyone but Passano. I have more than sufficient proof thereof."

Casanova stayed in Barcelona only long enough to save appearances and then left for Perpignan, the nearest town in France. On the road he was followed by three ugly men, but with the help of his servant and his driver Casanova cleverly misled them, and escaped across the border late at night. For the first time in many

months he slept peacefully in a soft bed, one of those soft and comfortable beds that in the eighteenth century could be found only in France.

Casanova spent the next few weeks in the delightful towns of Beziers, Montpellier and Nîmes, where living was so cheap and where the variety of foods and wines, the beauty of women, and the wisdom and politeness of men were all that the heart of an epicure could desire. As a stranger Casanova enjoyed the best, for says he, in France the appellation of stranger is a title, whereas in England and Spain it is an offense.

CHAPTER XXVI

Casanova Strives to Be Forgiven—The End of the Memoirs—Beginning of His Career as a Writer

THE middle-aged Casanova who in the years from 1769 to 1774 wandered slowly through Southern France, Switzerland, Italy and Dalmatia, still represents himself in the last volumes of his Memoirs as the hero of many love episodes, though in an occasional short confessional mood he admits that he was past the age of prowess. In Naples he found a remarkably talented and complacent little girl; on the way to Rome he rescued a seduced English girl (whom he also betrayed), in Rome he entered an orphan asylum like a wolf; in the country near Rome he discovered and seduced a niece, illegitimate daughter of his brother Giovanni; in Ancona a Jewess could not withstand him. So on to the very end of the Memoirs, which break off abruptly in 1774.

All these tales are as suspect as the story of Casanova's incest with his illegitimate child, that girl whom, at one point of his Memoirs, he did not know whether to call a son or a daughter. But eventually he called her Leonilda, his daughter by Lucrezia. We met her when she was the mistress to an impotent duke. Now we find her married to an impotent man who wants an heir, and Casanova obliges him. There is a sameness about the reappearance of an impotent man in connection with Leonilda, as there is a sameness about his two Jewesses, both named Lia and both difficult to overcome. And there is not one adventure that can be authenticated. Many are distinctly questionable, some have come down to us in contradictory versions from Casanova's own hand, some may be allowed to pass merely for lack of evidence to the contrary, and because we know from independent sources that Casanova did not lie about his amatory disposition. But if only a single piece of tangible evidence would turn up

implicating but one of these many women, the biographer of Casanova's life would be satisfied and able to add his agreement to that of the historian. Considered from the standpoint of social history they are remarkably faithful, while from the standpoint of biography, particularly autobiography, they are extremely suspect.

Casanova was stricken with homesickness. Cautiously he circled about his native Venice and discreetly knocked for admittance. His friends there, and they were numerous and powerful, labored to secure his pardon, but it was a long slow task.

Casanova took his manuscript of the *Confutazione* to Lugano in Italian Switzerland. There the Agnellis, by virtue of a dispensation, had grown wealthy in the printing of uncensored works. *Confutazione* which they printed for him is marked *Amsterdam*, but Amsterdam books had so high a reputation as radical works that printers all over Europe stamped their books as of Amsterdam. Casanova's moves were now followed with interest by Venice, since his book concerned them deeply. Giovanni Berlendis, Venetian Resident at Turin, reported thus to the Inquisitors on July 8, 1769:

"This evening I was told on good authority that the famous Jacques Casanova is going to Lugano; moreover, people who are on intimate terms with him have told me that he wishes to print there one of his works written in Italian and entitled: *Confutazione della Storia del governo veneto d'Amelot de la Houssaie.* I have good cause to believe that the work is intended to please; but for the nonce he does not wish his name to appear thereon, reserving that for another edition, in case his work should chance to be favorably received in the world of letters; his greatest desire is to be reinstated in the good graces of Venice, and after that to merit a place in literature.

"I have attentively followed his moves during his residence here, in order that I might inform Your Excellencies thereof, even as I now humbly do. I learnt that he speaks as a faithful subject, most respectfully, of his Lords and gives evidence everywhere of his deep repentance. He is the friend of several gentlemen of distinction and was often welcomed at the house of Chevalier Raiberti who declared that he greatly appreciated the former's talent and wit."

Six months later Casanova had returned from Lugano with his book, and the watchful Berlendis reported to his masters, the Inquisitors of Venice:

"Casanova has again arrived in this city and he gave me a copy of his work entitled *Confutazione d'Amelot,* which I have already had the honor of calling to Your Excellencies' attention when the author went to Lugano to have it printed.

"I think it my duty to present this work to Your Excellencies who will be better able than anyone else to appreciate the author's merit and zeal.

"I learn that he intends to reside here some time in order to insinuate himself in the favor of the Duke of Savoy, but how he intends to accomplish this I do not know. I shall certainly not lose sight of him and shall consider it my duty, etc. . . ."

The Inquisitors responded, acknowledging the receipt of the book, and approving Berlendis for his watchfulness. They warned him, however, not to show Casanova any sign of favorable intentions on their part. Berlendis replied that he would carry out Their Excellencies' orders, and that he had hitherto demeaned himself with the greatest reserve towards Casanova, despite Chevalier Raiberti's efforts in his behalf.

A few weeks later Berlendis reports Casanova's departure from Turin. Evidently nothing came of the adventurer's intention to propitiate the Duke of Savoy. Berlendis informs his Lords that Casanova has embarked for Leghorn by way of Parma and Bologna with the intention of securing a post with the Russian fleet, which was massing for an attack on the Sublime Porte. He would take care, however, to quit the Russian service if they should make any threat against Venice or her territories.

Two years later Casanova himself recalled these events in a letter to Prince Lubomirski in whose household he was then hoping to receive a position:

". . . After the generous aid which I received from you and from His Highness the Prince Palatine of Russia when I was at Lugano (Casanova refers to the order for 37 copies of his *Confutazione* of which 20 copies alone were bought by the Prince Palatine), I passed the Winter in Turin and in the Spring of 1770 I

proceeded to Leghorn provided with a letter of recommendation from the Minister of England to Alexis Orlow.

"Being at the end of my wits as to what to do for a living, I conceived the notion of going to war against the Grand Turk, and with this in mind I went to offer my services to Orlow. I know the Greek language which is spoken in the islands of the Archipelago, I know all these regions and I should have been able to be of use to him in a foray in which, although only a secretary, I should not have refused to take part. Perhaps with me he would have managed to pass the Dardanelles.

"But I was doomed to disappointment. There was there a M. da Loglio, styling himself Minister of the King of Poland, and insisting upon being called Excellency, and a Count Marulli who imagines that he is really a Minister of the second rank of Empress Catherine, who both said so many evil things about me to General Orlow that this gentleman finally declared right out that he would have nothing to do with me.

"I saw then that his enterprise would fail (it did, actually), and I pitied the Russians who were going to the Levant and more so those who were accompanying them, and I went instead to Naples, to seek my fortune, but always in vain.

"I found in Naples that Englishman, with the ugly face, who was in Warsaw, in my time, as adjutant to the King, and whose name is Lee. He challenged me to a swimming match. I accepted his defiance, but he defeated me, and I caught an illness that nearly killed me.

"When I was cured I went to Rome where I passed a year writing verses and declaiming them before our Academy, with my old friends of Arcady.*

"Last year, in summer I went to Florence, hoping that the Sovereign would take me for his secretary in some department, but nothing of the sort. I simply lost six months. Now I have come here to Bologna where I am negotiating for my pardon with the terrible Venetian Tribunal who still prevent me from returning to Venice. That too is wasted time, and I have come really to desire nothing

* Casanova was a member of the Arcadians of Rome; his name as shepherd of the Academy was Eupolemo Pantassena.

else but to be able to return to Poland to finish my life in the country, serving you, my lord, and Madame the Princess, your wife, and my lord the Prince Palatine of Russia. . . ."

Casanova was of course not called upon to tell Prince Lubomirski exactly what happened in the city of Florence where he had hoped to become secretary to the Sovereign, but where he only wasted six months of his time. He had more reason to tell the truth in his Memoirs, especially since he asserts so frequently that he worships only one goddess: Truth.

He had gone to Florence with the intention of devoting himself to his literary studies. Remembering that more than once he had been told to leave Florence, he went to Archduke Leopold and informed him of his desire to reside peacefully in his territory. The Grand Duke gave his consent when Casanova assured him that he had sufficient money.

For three weeks Casanova lived very sagely. Then came young Morosini from Venice and insisted that the old adventurer accompany him in debauchery. Casanova, much indebted to the Morosini family, could not refuse, especially since the young man paid for everything. After Morosini came that great adventurer Medini, with whom Casanova claims to have measured swords three times. Medini was in great distress and begged Casanova for assistance, which he coldly refused.

One of the brothers Zanowitch, Albanians who had made fortunes at the gaming tables of Venice and who, expelled, went out with the gold to seek new worlds to conquer, also reached Florence. This worthy's career was now running along the course which Casanova's had traveled. With fortune and wit, a handsome physique and cards that were always lucky in his deft fingers, he journeyed about, styling himself Count Premislas, with a mistress or two, a luxurious carriage, lackeys in livery, maids for his women, and valet and courier for himself. No wonder Casanova withered him with fine scorn. (He reminded Casanova too keenly of his past glory.)

Zanowitch and Aloïs Zen, a Venetian rake, joined hands to trim a wealthy young Englishman, Lord Lincoln. They fleeced him out of twelve thousand pounds sterling. Medini, when he heard it, was

wild with fury, for he had thought he was going to be included in the party. He suspected that Zanowitch and Zen had taken Casanova as their third man. Everyone else thought so too, but Casanova assures us that he had nothing to do with it, and was glad of it, for he suspected that there would be consequences. Indeed there were consequences: Zanowitch, Zen, Medini and Casanova were expelled from Florence.

Casanova felt outraged. He composed a dignified letter to the Grand Duke, reminding him of the promise he had made seven months before. Then he packed his trunks.

Medini arrived to tell Casanova that Zanowitch and Zen, after leaving him out in the cold, now refused even to pay his traveling expenses, although they were responsible for his banishment.

"We are all going to Pisa, to complain to the Archduke," Medini declared. "We are quite surprised to hear that you are not going with us."

Casanova laughed: "Your surprise is ridiculous. Please leave me now. I have my trunks to pack."

Medini thereupon begged a loan, but Casanova refused "in the least equivocal manner."

In Bologna, whither he went in 1773, Casanova made the acquaintance of a young Abbé who gave him two anonymous pamphlets, "the recent output of the genius of two professors of the University." The young Abbé promised Casanova that the reading of these booklets would provide him with some amusement. And so it did; for in the first of the pamphlets the author attempted to prove that a woman must be forgiven her misdeeds because she is ruled by her matrix while in the second an anonymous opponent developed a refutation.

Casanova wrote, in three days, a diatribe ridiculing both authors. He sent his manuscript to Dandalo in Venice, begging him to have five hundred copies printed. These he gave to a Bolognese bookdealer. In two weeks his edition was exhausted and himself richer by a hundred sequins.

Lana Caprina, Casanova's pamphlet, derives its name from an expression in Horace, meaning literally goat's wool, or as we would

say, *splitting hairs*. The booklet would still to-day be fairly amusing were it not for the unending Latin quotations, which Casanova hurls at his opponents. Casanova takes a very logical stand: "The education and condition of women are the two causes which make them differ from us in their system; while our education and our condition is what makes us differ from them in our reasoning."

Cerutti, a Roman, whom Casanova had badly mistreated, took his revenge in the form of a vicious criticism inserted in his weekly paper *Literary Ephemerides;* "Nothing could be worse than the preface (in *Lana Caprina*), where the author speaks with affectation in the language in use among the lowest classes of Paris, in the dives and jails. The rest of the book is written in a language which is certainly not Italian, although Italians will manage to guess its meaning rather than understand it, even as they manage to decipher the worst dialects of Piedmont, Genoa, Bologna, etc. The author of this pitiful little booklet seems to want to display his erudition . . . he makes a just criticism of his two medical rivals but in his turn he says so many stupidities on the subject of metaphysics, morality, history and even religion, that we ought to call him the most ignorant of men, certainly the most extravagant, . . ."

Four or five copies of Casanova's *Lana Caprina* have come down to us. Of another pamphlet, or perhaps more properly speaking, broadside, that he also mentions writing in Bologna, not a trace has been discovered. But it led to a correspondence with the Patrician Zaguri of Venice, a correspondence that continued for twenty-six years and which is now one of the chief sources of our information in regard to Casanova's last years.

Pietro di Zaguri undertook to secure Casanova's pardon. For two years he strove towards this object and finally he succeeded. Upon his advice Casanova went to Trieste so as to be as close as possible to Venice.

Casanova reached Trieste at the end of the year 1772 and, after few necessary visits, shut himself up to edit the many notes he had gathered at Warsaw concerning the turbulent events in Polish history.

He lived economically here, worked on his manuscript, never gambled, went every day to the houses where he had standing invitations, and took only such pleasures in love as he felt were absolutely necessary. Thus he spared both his health and his pocketbook. Economy was now obligatory, for his purse held only fifteen sequins a month, the income provided for him by his two remaining friends in Venice.

Thus in November of 1773 Casanova was able to go to Goritz to superintend the publication of his *Istoria della turbolenze della Polonia.* A Count Coronini, a Count Torres and a Baron Soardi had all promised to see that Casanova's seven-volume history was published by a reliable printer. The final agreement stipulated that this printer was to do the publishing at his own expense and advance twenty-five florins to the author for each volume.

Casanova was soon embroiled with his three protectors and his printer. It seems from the many letters we have that the fault rests largely upon the irascible Casanova. The printer was losing money upon the venture and at the end of the second volume balked at the payment of the twenty-five florins. Finally he refused to continue publication. When a certain Prividili, a learned man of Goritz, offered his own resources for the publication of a work which as he said: "could not but immortalize its worthy author," Casanova still insisted on his advance payments.

One further volume was issued and then the publication ceased definitely.

In his Memoirs Casanova says: "I published only the first three volumes on account of the rascality of the printer, who did not adhere to the stipulated conditions. The four final volumes in manuscript will be found after my death, and he who takes possession of my papers, may publish them if he so desires." * Casanova says nothing of the law suits which dragged on for years through the courts of Dalmatia. In his letters Casanova addresses his protectors in the most ingratiating manner, in his Memoirs he has little good to say of them. Of Count Coronini, for example, he notes: "No one read his works, everyone preferred to grant him the title of savant gratu-

* These volumes have not been found.

itously, rather than take the pains to discover if he merited it." Of Torres he says: "He was ugly, cross-eyed, a libertine, a braggart, a liar, impertinent, mean, indiscreet . . ."

This did not prevent Casanova from wooing Torres' sister Gioseffa. Since there is nothing of this affair in the Memoirs, it is perhaps worth mentioning that it was unsuccessful. Countess Torres was interested in Casanova, as ten letters she wrote to him demonstrate. She reveals therein "her admiration for the wit, the knowledge, the judgment of the Venetian encyclopedist."

Casanova was for a while very ardent in his intentions, but he was forty-eight years old—and he lost to a man who was sixty-two. It was no doubt upon this occasion that he wrote a letter which has been preserved:

"There was a time when I possessed your good graces, though I had done nothing to merit them; at present I no longer enjoy them, though I cannot discover why. It seems that I have lost without reason that which I took without right . . .

"In thinking seriously of me, you took a great risk; for had I managed to capture your heart, you would have been cheated. You should thank me, Mademoiselle, for having unwittingly managed to displease you, for I am in truth a worthless scoundrel . . ."

When Casanova returned to Trieste late in 1773 he was sick at heart. Across the arm of water lay the Venice that he had not seen for sixteen years, and he was not permitted to take the short trip over. Pietro di Zaguri wrote him to be of good cheer; his case was advancing. There were three new Inquisitors, favorably inclined, and if they did not pardon Casanova, then he might know that it was hopeless. It would be either this year or never.

So Casanova waited, patiently enough. He felt old now. He suffered a great deal from petty illnesses for which he blamed the air of Trieste. He lived very quietly, taking great care not to give rise to gossip. Once a visit to a certain boat was proposed, and Casanova refused to go, knowing that the ship was Venetian and that he had no right to board it. His action was reported and praised in Venice.

Meanwhile his friends in Trieste aided him. They enabled him to serve Venice in several minor matters. Marco di Monti, the Venetian

Consul at Trieste, had been unable to persuade the Austrian government to have the weekly Trieste-Mestre postal diligence stop at the Venetian city of Udine. Casanova's Austrian friends were willing to exert themselves in his behalf. They secured the order for the diligence to stop at Udine and made Casanova the bearer of the news. Marco di Monti wrote home glowing reports of Casanova's ability, influence and loyalty to Venice. The result was that di Monti was authorized to employ Casanova's services wherever necessary. They even rewarded Casanova with a small grant of money. The final act of pardon was immanent, but it is at this point that the Memoirs break off abruptly.

CHAPTER XXVII

Casanova Returns to Venice—The Rake Turned Moralist

WHEN Buffon was writing his vast *Histoire Naturelle*, amateur scientists all over the world aided him by sending to him skins of animals they had met in their travels. The endless numbers of these specimens cast his mind into a melancholy mood. "Those everlasting sea-birds," he once exclaimed, "those gray creatures that kind friends insist on sending to me from all the lonely watery wastes of the world, in numbers that never cease, what shall I say about each one?" Those who have read the delightful descriptions Buffon has given us of the horse, the elephant, the swan, the dog and all other animals of which his wealth of lore enabled him to write so engagingly, will sympathize with him in his laborious task of classifying his boring sea-birds—and with the present author, who, leaving the fertile field of Casanova's Memoirs, must go into the desert wastes of the quarter of a century of life that still remained to him.

Did Casanova cease writing his Memoirs when he had reached the year 1774? The title of his manuscript reads: "Story of my life until the year 1797." What, then, happened to the rest? It is possible that death interrupted the task he had assigned to himself. What little we know of the last years of his life leave us no doubt that they were sad, and there would be reason to believe that he took no pleasure in continuing a work that recorded only melancholy events. And the period in Venice contained matter that did not redound to his honor or his glory. The question as to whether the Memoirs were concluded, as to what, if concluded, became of the records from 1774 to 1797, is one which has caused much ink to flow. There is a possibility that the events therein described were too recent, and that still living and powerful people who figured in them, saw to the destruction of the implicating documents.

What information we now have is huge but fragmentary and for the most part uninteresting. The ruins left us are so small that they can give one no conception of the vast architectural whole. The mere recording of these sad, gray fragments will occupy many pages where the reader will miss perforce the life which animated the portions that were drawn from Casanova's own record. Here and there several little shards will fit; for a moment we may catch a glimpse of a tall elderly man, still straight and vigorous, keen eyes beneath bushy gray brows, a long inquisitive nose, and a sensuous mouth, behind whose mobile lips the yellowed stumps of teeth are loosening in their sockets. For just a second now and then we shall see the man move, his eyes blaze, his lips open and speak and then the curtain will be drawn again.

Most readers know only the Casanova, hero of his own Memoirs; but the lowly police spy and the prolific writer of forgotten novels, libellous pamphlets, histories, poems, biographies and mathematical works whom we shall meet here is Casanova, too. And a knowledge of this new Casanova is necessary for a complete picture of a man who was not merely a Don Juan.

No one could know the sorrows of old age better than Casanova, who had practised all the follies of youth.

More and more he began to see life in terms of years rather than in terms of days. No longer could he be content to gamble and lose his all in one night, and retire to sleep in peace knowing that soon Fortune would smile on him again. Then indeed, but too late, he must have bitterly regretted his youth. The glorious days were over and consigned to the sheets of his Memoirs. The joy he had had in flinging wide his gold had turned to words. He had the record of the hours he had laughed, wined and danced; he had the names of a hundred or more women "whose heads he had had the good fortune to turn."

In old age a man begins to draw himself together and prepare himself for the grave. Under his chestnut wig, Casanova found stubbles of gray among the black. In spirit he still rebelled, carried high his head and hoped. But his better sense prevailed: he turned his face homeward.

The *Confutazione* was not Casanova's first attempt to secure a pardon from the State Inquisition. On several occasions Casanova, by direct addresses, had striven to interest the Venetian government in his case.

Possibly the letter which we are about to quote was not the only one of its kind, and perhaps the Venetian State Inquisitors were not at all surprised to receive it. It may be but one of a number that were not equally well preserved.—It was while Casanova was adventuring among the lords and ladies as well as the forgers and wenches of London, that the following missive reached Venice:

"London, Nov. 18, 1763.

"Most Serene Prince: *

"The Orientals have always been in possession of the industry of dyeing cotton by means of the same grain which yields scarlet. The Phœnicians communicated to them the secret of this art, and the Europeans, after a thousand ventures by various States to wisely improve their manufactures have never been able to discover this most important secret.

"All the States of Europe which have needed kerchiefs and other materials woven of red cotton have been forced to go to India to get them, and have thus been obliged to send to these new worlds sums of cash that deprived us of so much of our precious metals. My researches, my voyages and my studies have made me master of this secret. And to-day I offer it to my fatherland."

And in order to prove the truth and value of his proposition, Casanova offers to go at once to the Venetian Resident in London and show him samples of cloth selling ordinarily for six liras that can be manufactured for ten sols. Casanova himself is willing to instruct laborers in the process and take charge of its development.

As to the remuneration, Casanova is most politely modest in his demands. He does no more than suggest that "whatever it may be,

* A formal expression used in all letters addressed to the Venetian Republic. The letter was actually sent to the "Five Sages in Commerce," equivalent to the Board of Trade and Industry, who upon the sight of Casanova's name sent it on to the Inquisitors in whose archives it was found.

that my Most Serene Prince may believe fit to award me, I shall regard it as a sovereign boon far above my poor merits. My greatest satisfaction, as a subject still faithful though in disgrace, will be to have known myself of use to my fatherland." No answer was vouchsafed by the Inquisitors.

A most interesting example of how Casanova, while seeking his pardon, tried to live down his bad reputation, was dug out of the files of the *Gazetta Toscana* by Carletta. Casanova had recently been to Lugano in Switzerland where he had had his *Confutazione* published. From Lugano he had gone to Florence.

On April 14, 1770, the fifteenth issue of the *Gazetta Toscana* carried the following paragraph: "There are furthermore present in our city several strangers coming from various parts, among them . . . Signor Giacomo Casanova di S. Gallo, Venetian nobleman."

Now though Casanova says nothing of this, we can imagine that having just published his three volume *Confutazione* and having presented a copy to Venice through one of their ambassadors, he was careful so to demean himself as not to arouse the ire of the Patricians. What if the *Gazetta Toscana* was read in Venice, or what if some interested party called the Inquisitors' attention to this notice? What would the haughty Lords of Venice think of this son of a comedian who had the audacity to solicit their grace, while he falsely mocked their nobility by arrogating to his ignoble blood a title? We can be sure that Casanova lost no time in hastening to the editor's office, for the very next issue carried this apology: "The gentleman who in the previous issue of this paper was described as Signor Giacomo Casanova di S. Gallo is still in the city of Florence. We feel it our duty to report that the gentleman in question appeared in person in our office and declared that his name was Giacomo Casanova di Seingalt and that he was Venetian, but not a nobleman, and he *furthermore asserts that he has never ascribed any such title to himself*, which is far above his own condition. He professes to be a good subject of that nation and not a nobleman."

The end of the Memoirs leaves Casanova in Trieste on the eve of receiving the long-awaited pardon. In 1773 he had shown his capa-

bilities by persuading the government of Trieste to send its weekly Trieste-Mestre postal diligence by way of the Venetian city of Udine. On March 10, 1774 the Inquisitors, through their representative Marco di Monti, thanked Casanova for his services. Casanova had already been intrusted with a new task, that of settling the affair of the Armenian monks who fifty years before had fled the Turks and had been assigned by the Venetian government to the Island of St. Lazare. In 1773 a portion of the congregation seceded and set up their own church in Trieste. They installed a printing press and solicited from the Austrian government the right to administer sacraments. Monti had been advised by Venice to prevent this. Monti had replied that Casanova was a great friend of the monk, George Saraf, the only man who was well received by the Armenians; and so Casanova was appointed to keep Venice informed of the actions of the monks by periodical reports.

"Most Illustrious Lord, Reverend Master," Casanova wrote on the 8th of February 1774, "my disgraces may weigh heavily upon me, and even shorten my life, but in no way will they modify my principles of existence" . . . and he went on to give his report. Through Monti he hinted at his need, and the Three Inquisitors awarded him twelve sequins. In his reports he never fails to mention that despite his illness he will constantly strive to fulfill the desires of their Illustrious Lordships.

Casanova declared that the monks on Austrian territory would not be able to exist separate from their parent organization on Venetian territory, unless their printing press were a financial success. The point, then, was to prevent this. And at this moment Casanova suggested to Monti that his financial troubles were such that he had decided to accept the invitation of Giuseppe Brigido, recently promoted to the presidency of Temesvar, to accompany Brigido to the latter's new post. Monti at once wrote to Venice to express his fears that Casanova, whose material condition was grave, might be tempted by so advantageous an offer. The Inquisitors replied that they recognized Casanova's value and would reward him accordingly.

Throughout these reports Casanova cleverly led the Inquisitors to believe that the monks could be prevented from securing a foot-

hold in Austria, but that he himself must leave the task incomplete because the climate of Trieste had ruined his health. In his last letter he wrote:

"I therefore inform Your Illustrious Lordships that nothing will be able to prevent my departure from this city at about the middle of September, unless it be your own interdiction; nevertheless I must inform you likewise that if I received that interdiction from your revered person, I should obey, but without thereby being able to be of any further service to you. The climate here is positively bad for my health, I am dejected, borne down by the weight of my personal sufferings and misery, grave matters that will soon unite to snuff out my miserable career, and I shall be forced to die outside of my fatherland and in disgrace.

"Philosophy has not the power to enable me to envisage such a death with dry eyes. A healthy morality demands that before seeking to obtain God's forgiveness for my sins, I first obtain the pardon of my just and clement Prince.

"If I do not succeed therein, I foresee that it is only with difficulty that I shall recover the salvation of my soul, for I feel that my spirit is attached to the honor of this world. To a dying man, the monks would say that such matters are mere vanity, but I should like to make such vanities agree with religion, and the Gospels teach me that I can do so. In recommending myself to your mercy, I hereby undersign myself, in utter and most respectful submission, the most humble and devoted servant of Your Illustrious Lordships.

"GIACOMO CASANOVA."

There is no reason to suppose that Casanova did not actually feel these sentiments, although there is little doubt that he deceived the Inquisitors as far as the Armenian monks were concerned.

Finally influenced by Casanova's promises, by his repeated pleas, and by his friends in Venice, the tribunal, on September 3, 1774, sent Monti a safe-conduct for Giacomo Casanova, worded thus:

"We, Inquisitors of State, for motives known to us, concede a free safe-conduct to Giacomo Casanova, to take effect at once, for all the

current month, so that he may without hindrance, come, go, stop and return and communicate with whomsoever he may please without being subjected to any annoyance. Such is our will.

"Francesco Grimani, Inq. r di Stato,
"Francesco Sagredo, Inq. r di Stato,
"Paolo Bembo, Inq. r di Stato."

Just as soon as his object had been attained, Casanova ceased to be interested in the Armenians, for the Austrian government was only too anxious to secure their lucrative business for its own regions, while the seceding monks were actually wealthy enough to ignore the withdrawal of Venetian patronage.

From various sources we can piece together Casanova's feelings at this period. His friend of Augsburg, Count Max Lamberg, wrote a book entitled *Mémorial d'un mondain*, where we find:

"I was surprised that a man known in the world of letters, a man of profound knowledge, whose misfortunes kept him away from his country, Mr. Casanova de S. Galt (who, imprisoned in Venice, contrived in a miraculous fashion to effect his escape from the Leads) should not be able to reënter his Republic, considering the number of protectors he counts among the nobility: at Warsaw, he wounded Count Branicki in a duel, and wrote to me, September 13, 1772, that he had spent the autumn of 1768 in Spain.

"A letter from Venice, dated September 24, 1774, reassured me concerning his fate.

"'. . . I am mad with joy, never did the redoubtable tribunal of the State Inquisitors accord a citizen a more complete pardon than that with which they overwhelmed me; I was welcomed, and just as soon as I had presented myself my freedom was conveyed to me, in reward, so I was told, for my *Refutation of the History of the government of Venice* by *Amelot de la Houssaie*.'"

In Venice little had changed. Through the heat of lazy autumn days the canals wound like glistening serpents. In the evening, in the coolness, the cafés, the casinos, the Ridotto, were crowded with the usual flock of idlers and adventurers. From the waters rose the voice of the barcaroles. It was the same Venice he had known in his youth,

only he himself was no longer young, and Bragadin was long dead.

"I began," says Casanova in his *Histoire de ma fuite, etc.*, "to enjoy the pleasure of showing myself to the whole city, where I became the talk of the town. I went to visit each Inquisitor separately at his home. I was graciously received, and invited to dinner in order that they might hear from my own lips the splendid tale of my flight . . .

"I paid long visits to the three patricians who had been interested in me and who had worked for my grace, and I succeeded in obtaining their permanent friendship. The first was M. Dandalo, the most ancient of my protectors, so constant to me that he abandoned me only when death took him away. It was he who procured me the support of M. V. di Grimaldi. My second visit was to M. Pietro di Zaguri who for two whole years had labored to smooth away all the difficulties that opposed my return home. The third visit I made was to the Procurator di Morosini, a most important figure in Venice, and who had persuaded M. di Sagredo to sign my pardon.

"Whether out of love of my country or personal vanity I know not, but it is certain that this return provided me with the most beautiful moments of my life: no expiation was demanded from me and all the world knew it. The extraordinary plenitude of my pardon, compared to the importance of the tribunal, was my apology. This great and sovereign magistracy could have done nothing more signal either in the way of declaring me innocent, or in the way of convincing all Europe that I had made myself worthy of its indulgence.

"Everyone, except myself, expected that I would be given some employ suited to my capacities and sufficing for my subsistence, but everyone, except myself, was mistaken. For a position of some sort given to me by a tribunal whose influence is unlimited would have seemed almost like a reward, and that would certainly have been too much. I was credited with all the talent that a man should possess who wishes to provide for his own living, and that opinion was flattering to me; but all the efforts I made in that direction during nine long years were unavailing. 'Either I am not made for Venice,' I said to myself, 'or Venice is not made for me; one or the other.' In this hesitation, a most opportune quarrel came to help me and give me strength to leave. I determined to quit my country as one

leaves a pleasant house where, however, one has to suffer the presence of a bad neighbor whom one cannot force into leaving.

"Now I am at Dux.

"Here in order to live harmoniously with my neighbors I only have to keep from reasoning with them, and nothing is easier than that."

With these words Casanova glosses over one of the least creditable periods of his life. The truth is that he became a spy in the service of the Inquisition. Just such a spy as Manuzzi senior who years ago had secured the evidence which had put Casanova under the Leads. Is it not for that reason perhaps that the Memoirs cease before this period is reached?

In Casanova's defense be it said that he made a bad spy. But he did assume and carry that function for seven years. It has even been advanced that he had coveted this office ever since his escape, and that during all the years of his life as foot-loose millionaire he had never ceased to work for two objects: one, to be pardoned by the State Inquisition, and the other to be appointed by them to the post of Confidente. I think that is stretching the little evidence we have too far. During periods of unfortunate circumstances, Casanova may indeed have had such purposes in mind, and it was then no doubt that he wrote such letters as the one in which he proposed to establish a dyeing industry in Venice. There is of course the possibility that Casanova served as spy at numerous periods in his life. We have already mentioned the theories of his connection with the Jesuits or the Masons, or perhaps both, and the words of Ketteler who examined Casanova's papers at Cologne: "a most dangerous spy, capable of anything." When in September of the year 1773, Casanova returned to Venice, his great aim was undoubtedly to take advantage of the good reputation he had acquired in Trieste and to be on the permanent pay-roll of the Inquisition.

Giacomo Casanova was poor. For a man accustomed to luxury, to gambling, to women, to the high society which his acquaintances compelled him to frequent, the two hundred and sixty-four lire per

month which he had was dire poverty. He was constantly meeting actors and actresses, visitors from England, Russia, Poland and France, friends from everywhere who had known him in the days when he lived like a lord, squandered gold on prostitutes, rented whole floors in a hotel, criss-crossed Europe in a fine coach and four with mounted postillion riding ahead, footmen fore and aft. Now he was often forced to be ashamed of himself. There were moments when he was compelled to pawn his fine coat with the Jew Abraham. His jewels had long ago ceased to be genuine. He suffered in his most sensitive spot: his personal vanity.

We cannot be surprised, then, that he should have wanted a remunerative post with the Inquisition. He attempted to make some little money by his pen, and he published a number of matters which we shall examine shortly. But his main source of income, outside of his steady two hundred and sixty-four lire per month, was the exchequer of the Inquisition.

The Inquisitors were not convinced that Casanova would be of much service to them. They were willing enough that he should keep them informed of what important news he might discover, and they would pay him accordingly. They would not, however, agree to take him on as a salaried employee. And that was Casanova's great ambition, if we are to judge by the florid and humble language of his reports.

Secrecy was essential in the work of a spy. Casanova sent in his reports by a gondolier, remaining at some distance to note their delivery. He signed himself "Antonio Pratolini, in the casino of His Excellency Sir Marco Dandalo, in the court across the wooden bridge next to the court of columns." And it is highly probable that many of his best friends were unaware of the ignoble service he performed. All the more so since he often mentioned their names, accusing them of slight crimes.

Casanova prepared his reports with great care; he was not content to submit merely the facts; he seasoned his letters with wise remarks on all manner of subjects; he expounded his theories concerning

politics and developed his ideas on the manner of improving Venice morally, commercially and intellectually. And of course he never forgot to mention the pecuniary difficulties which harassed him.

"The chief urge in human nature," he wrote in one letter, with the amusing wisdom of a man in despair who stops to philosophize, "is toward self-preservation and it is for that reason that human nature cannot summon up eagerness toward matters except when they offer hopes of contributing to its support.

"I, most miserable, supplicate Your Excellencies for some small assistance, not because I have earned it by valuable discoveries—of that He is sole judge—but rather that by a small help I may be given the courage to hope that in the future the discoveries which I shall make efforts to secure will be of some value.

"I will appeal to the Wisdom and Humanity of Your Excellencies to forgive me. Thanks."

And the cruel Tribunal made answer that they would consider this matter as soon as he had returned better and more important reports.

Since we have no better record of the manner in which Casanova spent the nine years at Venice than these reports and his publications, the most convenient way to treat this period is to treat Casanova the spy and Casanova the writer separately.

His earliest mission, it will be remembered, was a secret journey to Trieste in connection with a dispute between the Republic and Vienna over Fiume. It was a movement in the general policy of Venice to restrain by secret diplomacy her inevitable relegation to a minor position in the traffic of Europe. Casanova showed some ability here and elsewhere as a commercial envoy, but if he had employed his talents to no other end there would be very little of personal interest in his activity. Evidently, these missions were infrequent, or else other matters were part of his duties as a spy, for Casanova soon made a number of reports on the morals of his fellow citizens.

In 1776, for example, he wrote:

"It is this craze for luxury, and the wantonness of women, and the horrible new freedom in the commerce of love, which, despite the undeniable necessity of stable family-life, is the cause that the rotten conditions here grow daily worse, and that of those who have

hearth and home but few can declare themselves satisfied with the administration of their domestic affairs.

"In late years the number of quarrels between married couples has grown to an alarming extent, especially since repeated examples have shown that in every marriage there may be found a flaw that will be sufficient to secure an annulment of the marriage.

"Of course it was always permitted that a husband or a wife send his consort a suit for divorce; but there was then a formal trial that had to take place and unless the reasons were deemed just and sufficient, the divorce was refused. Now the demand for a divorce is never contested, and if no veridical reason is forthcoming, the marriage contract itself is examined and found to be invalid, and it is really to the private surprise of the couple themselves that after a short interval of time, they hear from their clever lawyer to this effect: 'My dear people, you are now free—in fact you never were married at all!'

"If the intelligence of Your Excellencies does not proceed against these evils with remedial agencies then the most horrible damages to society may result therefrom, for example: the dying out of whole families, tangled relationships, stains on the family escutcheon, doubtful heirs, division and wasting of family fortunes.

"We shall find the sources of this evil in the extraordinary levity of conversation, in the shamelessness of women who have thrown off all restraints of modesty, in the laziness of men who fear honest work; with envy and godlessness, this laxity in morals has become the usual and unquestioned thing. The youth, as soon as it enters the world, learns to see these mispractices without flinching, and thus is all his good education corrupted. Beware, oh, beware, if this condition be allowed to take root! And it will take root, when in this Republic the last old people are dead who could say: such horrible evils were not practised in our day."

Those who have risen to Casanova's defense, saying that the Inquisition needed such information, that no one was better able to secure it than Casanova, that as an employee he was morally and economically bound to furnish any information ordered, do a great injustice to a man who was always fully able to justify his own acts. If he ever described this period in a lost or destroyed conclusion to

his Memoirs, we may be sure he excused himself in terms more flattering to his self-esteem.

Among the published reports, for example, he writes that a certain ring is operating an employment agency as a cover to their actual business, the recruiting of soldiers. In his next report he bemoans his inability to find anything worthy of submitting. "My spirit," he says, "is animated by a desire to ferret out the sources of crime, and as a loyal servant of Your Excellencies to report to you the discoveries I have made. Unable as I am to notice anything worthy of your attention, I should be happy were I only convinced that your subjects are each and every one really free of sin, and that the wrongs which Your Excellencies' great wisdom is striving to suppress have no existence in their just conduct. But I am, on the contrary, convinced that the laws are violated, therefore I bemoan deeply that either I am unfortunate or that my ability is too slender for the purpose, and howsoever that may be I pray for pardon and rely on your majesty and leniency for mercy."

He then relates that there is some murmuring against a new ordinance, and that even the youngest patricians express themselves very cynically. It seems to be Casanova's fear, as it is the fear of all elderly men, that when they are no longer there to take care of things the world will surely go to pieces.

He concludes this same report as follows: "In the theaters I saw no license, no violations and no scandal worthy of being brought to Your Excellencies' attention, except that in the newly opened theater of San Cassiano, I did indeed make an important discovery.

"In the fourth row of loges, after the performance, disreputable women and sporting boys are guilty of deeds which even if the administration is willing to permit, should not be thrust upon the vision of other people. An order that the theater remain illuminated until all have left the loges will at once remedy this condition. The ushers who are supposed to search the loges after each performance should be required to order out any suspicious characters. Thanks."

Other such minutae occupied his reports when they did not deal with methods of unnaturally restraining trade to Venice, for he is frequently sent off on missions to prevent, for example, the establishment of a paper-mill in Austria. Now and then he takes it upon

himself to give some advice of his own as when he recommends that the manager of a sugar refinery be invited to open a factory in Venice.

In the midst of such matters he continued his activities as censor of public morals.

"In San Moise, at the entrance to Fish Alley, about where one goes to the Calle del Ridotto and the Canal Grande, there is a place generally called the Painting Academy. There, students of art assemble evenings, now to draw a naked man, again to draw a naked woman, from various poses. To-day, Monday evening, a woman will be exhibited naked and will be drawn by various students.

"To this academy, with its naked woman, several very young students are admitted, boys that can scarcely be more than twelve or thirteen years old. In addition many lovers come to this spectacle. Being neither painters nor draughtsmen, it is obvious that simple curiosity is the reason for their coming. The session begins an hour after sundown and lasts two hours. Thanks."

Oh, Casanova watched closely over the morals of his dear countrymen. When after five years of constant effort he finally secured the desired position of Confidente with a regular monthly salary of one hundred and twenty lire, he wrote a letter of thanks wherein he expiated on the program of watchfulness, which he intended to follow embracing the domains of religion, morals, public safety, commerce and industry.

The following report is evidence that Casanova really did apply himself to the protection of his fellow citizens' morals.

"Since it is my duty, Your Excellencies, to point out where licentious books are to be found, I must with all due respect call your attention to this: here are only books whose title or at any rate whose author is known to me, for I might otherwise report too many books, which, though they are not always to be procured at the book dealers are found in all civil and aristocratic circles. Most people keep such books rather as collectors' items, and they are convinced that from the mere fact of possession, no conclusion can be drawn as to their morals, since they are often people of knowledge and no small mental endowments.

"But I obey the revered command and declare that in general the works of Voltaire are to be found in everybody's hands and are also procurable at all book dealers. The dreadful *Ode to Priapus* by Piron must also be mentioned here, as well as Rousseau's *Emile*, which contains many godless passages, and the *New Héloise*, which sets up the principle that man is not by nature endowed with free will. Further the *Esprit* of Helvétius, Marmontel's *Bélizarius*, the *Spiritual Laurels*, the *Philosophic Theresa*, the *Telltale Jewels;* and from Crébillon the younger, the scandalous story of the Bull *Unigenitus* * concealed in the slippery and obscene fairytale of *Tanzai*.

"Godless are all the works of the deep Boulanger; godless are the poems of Baffo. The Latin poem by the atheistic Lucretius was translated into Italian by the Ex-Jesuit Abbé Pastori; the author lives in our very own city, under our own friendly and mild sky. The well-known treatise by Lord Bolingbroke, an exceedingly atheistic work, in fact a satyre on our religion, treating of it from the creation of the world to the last ecumenical congress, is to be found in many houses. *The Military Philosopher*, *Fréret*, *Christianity Revealed;* all the very godless works of the atheist Lamettrie; Lucian in an Italian translation, Charon's *Wisdom*, actually printed here in Venice; Machiavelli; Aretino and many other works whose titles I do not recall are to be seen in many private collections.

"Thus the *History of the Church* by Abbé Fleury with the atheistic preface dedicated to the King of Prussia, and Abbé Raynal's work which in France was condemned to be burned. The last edition of the latter was brought to Venice by His Excellency the Ambassador to Vienna upon his recent return. Angelo Zorzi also owns a copy. Of the books of the godless founders of heretic sects and the praisers of atheism, Spinoza, Diagoras, Porphyry, I do not wish to speak, since these are to be found in all good libraries.

"In many houses one finds rich collections of various books that cannot be called godless (since they refrain from mocking our faith) but which are equally bad, since they exhibit the most arrogant kind of licentiousness, and are evidently written for the sole purpose of teasing dormant passions into action by means of obscene descrip-

* The bull hurled by Pope Clement XI against the Jansenists. Proclaimed in 1713 it continued to form the subject of virulent quarrels for the next fifty years.

tions. So that, even though these books cast no ridicule on our religion, they are nevertheless worthy of being cast into the flames and many of them were actually condemned to be burned upon their first appearance.

"Unfortunately a book is never so avidly and widely read as when it has been declared infamous and condemned to the pyre, and it is just such sentences that result in the greatest fortune to these licentious authors. The titles of some of these books are: "*The Carthusian Gateman, Philotanus, The Nun in her Shift, Nocrion, Marguerite the Old Clothes Mender,* etc., etc. . . ."

CHAPTER XXVIII

Casanova Ceases to Be a Spy in the Service of the Inquisition—His Last Mistress—He Is Forced to Leave Venice

AS a salaried Confidente, to which post he was appointed in October, 1780, Casanova evidently did not distinguish himself in any unusual way, for he was released suddenly three months later. The blow was severe. He wrote at once:

"Most Illustrious Excellencies, My Lords
the Inquisitors of State:

"Filled with confusion, crushed by sorrow and repentance, openly admitting my absolute unworthiness to address my vile handwriting to Their Excellencies, and confessing to have failed in my duties upon the occasions that offered themselves, I, Giacoma Casanova, on my knees, invoke the clemency of the Prince; I supplicate him that in his mercy and compassion he accord me that which in all justice and after ample reflection he might readily refuse to me.

"I beg the sovereign munificence to come to my aid, that I may be enabled to subsist and prosecute vigorously my duties in the field of service to which I have been initiated.

"May the Wisdom of Your Excellencies judge from my respectful plea what my intentions are and what the frame of my mind."

The Inquisitors' hard hearts were softened and they granted Casanova a month's salary, but specified that in the future he would receive pay only in accordance with the importance of his services.

But Casanova had many strings to his bow. Once he would have scorned to interest himself in anything less than sequins, now he was willing to do many things for a few lire. Writing was one of these.

In those days a man who wished to earn his living by his pen needed a wealthy patron or a large group of friends who were willing to subscribe to his works. In the eighteenth century authors usually paid to have their books published and themselves assumed the task of distributing them. His first publication in Venice was a translation of Homer's Iliad into Italian stanzas of eight lines each. The work reached three volumes, stopping short at the death of Patroclus. The first volume, which appeared in 1775, was dedicated to Signor Carlo Spinola, a wealthy Genoese who resided in Venice. Casanova was his secretary for a short time. The second volume, dated 1776, was dedicated to Milord Count Tilney, Peer of Ireland, and announced the names of eighty-five new subscribers. The next volume was promised for 1776 but did not appear until 1778. It was dedicated to the Most Illustrious and Most Reverend Monsignor F. Gio Domenico Stratico, Bishop of Citta Nuova, and carried a new list of twenty-four subscribers. An announcement added that the fourth volume would appear in 1779, but it never appeared. The eighteenth canto, which was to begin the fourth volume still reposes among the papers of the adventurer.

An extremely interesting criticism of the *Iliad* came from the pen of Ange Goudar, that arch-adventurer and one-time friend of Casanova. Writing at Florence above the signature of his wife Sara Goudar, he published in 1776 a *Letter to Monsieur L—— on the Carnival at Tuscany*, in the course of which he writes:

"When my imagination is weary, I have recourse to translations. I choose just such moments since no special genius is required in order to read them. Authors of the translating type begin their career without aptitude and end it without glory. *If you always translate*, says the author of the 'Persian Letters,' *you will never be translated*. The translation recently published by Signor Casanova, Venetian, is a bit below the mediocre: it is said that he wished to clothe Homer; but Homer needs no coat, he has his adornment which suits him; and an Italian dress can only spoil his figure. In putting a new pair of pants on Homer, Casanova has had the Poet bare his fundament."

It is, all told, a rather typical criticism for the period, and per-

haps not entirely unmerited. Casanova may gradually have realized his limitations and deliberately discontinued his work. Or perhaps the death of Voltaire interrupted him.

Casanova had never forgiven Voltaire for his ill-humored criticism of the translation of *l'Ecossaise*. In Genoa in 1760 Casanova's version of Voltaire's play had been given five presentations. The public was so pleased with it, and Casanova was so elated, that he sent a copy to Voltaire, begging his pardon for turning the beautiful French prose into Italian. Voltaire's answer was short and plain: he said that he had found the translation very poor.

"So irritated was my self-love . . . that I became this great man's mortal enemy," says Casanova. Twenty-nine years later he had not forgotten.

Upon the death of Voltaire in 1778, a French publisher collected and issued in one volume a number of the panegyrics in Voltaire's honor when he received academic laurels. Shortly after Casanova gave to the world a booklet wherein he submitted these praises to the harshest examination. The work did not cost him much effort; he merely gathered together the ideas he had been expressing for years.

The title is: *Scrutinio del libro "Eloges de M. de Voltaire."* It is dedicated to Polo Renier, the Doge of Venice. "This little book," Casanova confesses in his dedicatory note, "has but recently come from my inexperienced pen, in the hours of leisure, which are numerous, at Abano, for those who do not go there solely for the baths." We wish we knew more of Casanova's trip to the little health resort near Padua. He did not go there only for the bathing. Had the Inquisition sent him there to take notes on the morals of the bathers? Or had his own private morals lured him? Or had he gone there but to vent his spleen against Voltaire, in a booklet which is, to quote Pollio: "a monument of enraged dialectic, a heap of grotesque accusations, of fuzzy nonsense wrapped up in a Christian philosophy ordered up for the occasion . . . wherein the irreproachable *Chevalier de Seingalt* reproaches Voltaire for having disguised his name of *Arouet* and for having arrogated to himself the particle *de* of nobility! He denies Voltaire's right to his assumed name . . . Voltaire's books are amusing, says Casanova; they make

one laugh *just as tobacco causes one to sneeze* . . . Voltaire's novels are obscene . . . !"

In these days Casanova found another of his humble beauties to elevate from penury to the service of his pleasures.

Who was Francesca Buschini? We have only the slightest knowledge, gleaned from her own letters, which are delightful reading. They are glimpses of a poor seamstress trying to support her elderly widowed mother. She provides also for a younger sister and a shiftless brother.

The family inhabited a miserable dwelling where Casanova met Francesca. Had he come to her that she might make him a suit, at a lower price than that charged by well-known tailors? Or had he seen her walking on the streets, and smiled at her? She was young and pretty, very likely, and not necessarily innocent, but she was easily dazzled by Casanova. Her former admirers had all been poor workmen.

Casanova took her to the theater, to comedies, to balls, and to late suppers. He opened a new world of delight to her. She accepted his gifts with joy and willingly reciprocated. Her Casanova was a distinguished man, "good-natured, talented and brave." He had private dealings of great importance of which not a word must be whispered. He knew every famous dancer, every *castrato* and prima donna in town. At theaters he was admitted free to the best seats. He dined daily at the table of noted patricians—at the Memmos' or at Zaguri's, where his wit and conversational abilities made him a welcome guest. She herself did not go with him, but she knew all that happened, and everyone knew that Casanova was more often found at her house than at his own. And if he did not dare take her into the houses of the patricians, he did often go with her to visit Signora di Monti, a relative of the Venetian consul at Trieste, or Signora Catrolli, a retired actress, or Signora Anzoletta Rizotti, with whose mother Casanova had once been in love, or M. Lunel who was professor of languages. These were people far above poor Francesca.

Her letters, found at Dux, are all written in Venetian, and are all dated after June, 1783, when Casanova had permanently left

Venice. Only the first two precede his departure. They were sent to Abano, where he had gone, "not solely to take the baths." The first is merely affectionate, but the second contains the news about which Casanova is curious:

"Venice, Wednesday, July 28, 1779.

"My very dear and very Beloved:

"I received your so longed-for letter and upon reading it understood that you had received mine together with its enclosed writ. Here is another that arrived Wednesday. As to news, there is none as far as I can see, unless it be that H. E. Piero Zaguri returned to Venice; his servant came twice to ask for you and I told him that you were at the baths at Abano.

"You have good reason to complain of my poor memory, because I had forgotten to send you the numbers that came out at the recent drawing; I shall tell them to you now; they are: 45 (the first number), 53, 55, 59, 69.

"I repeat that you may well pity me.

"Remember to greet Catina and her mother on my behalf.

"I am happy to hear that you are drinking the water and taking the baths; but I am afraid you do not sleep enough. As for myself I sleep a great deal these days, generally I am in bed at 24 o'clock and sleep until noon. It seems to me that for you it is very little. You say that the rest of the time you think of me, and that is exactly what I do all day long: I do naught but think of you.

"I kiss you with all my heart.

"I am from the depths of my heart, your sincere friend,

"F. B."

It was probably upon his return from Abano that Casanova rented a house. He selected a small three-story building, which rented for thirty-two lire a month, where both he and Francesca's family could be lodged in comfort. There was a street-floor consisting of one room and a kitchen, a floor above that, also divided into two rooms, one of which Casanova arranged as his library and bedroom; the other room was probably occupied by Francesca. On

the floor above that dwelt the mother and her children. Above that was still a garret where chickens were kept.

Francesca made Casanova's breakfast, beating his chocolate. He was very particular about his chocolate, the older he grew the more particular he became. She saw to his clothes and to his linen, she cleaned his room, took care of his mail when he was away, she performed all the offices of a good wife. Economy, naïve sensuality and natural kindness were her main traits.

It is too bad that we cannot know her better, but she was neither a criminal nor a person of wealth or distinction and her life therefore, has left us no records. She was a poor girl plying a needle to keep from starvation, one of thousands, snatching at what little pleasure she could reach. To her, however, belongs the honor of having retained Casanova's fidelity for years, where others had succeeded at best for only months.

As he grew older the Muses absorbed the energy that had once been sacrificed to the Graces. His pen was rarely inactive for, beside writing the *riferti,* he published a magazine in 1780, the *Opuscoli Miscellanei,* which failed after seven months.

The *Opuscoli* began to appear in January, 1780. They ran to about a hundred pages each and the price was fixed at two lire a copy; for a year's subscription in advance the bait was a free copy of a novel that Casanova had evidently not yet published, since the first edition bears the year 1782.

In the first issue, Casanova apologized to his readers for having apparently failed to keep the promises he had made in his manifesto. "However, if the collectors of these little books will preserve the complete series of all the *Opuscoli,* their hard-working editor guarantees that despite the variety of the contents, the owners will eventually possess a unit which will conform to that promised in the prospectus." The rest of the first issue was devoted to the letters of the noble Dame Silvia Belegno to the noble Mistress Laura Gassoni. This was the first part of a love tale of the fifteenth century written in the espitolary form and supposed to have been merely gathered together by the editor. In reality it was an original tale. Gamba, Casanova's earliest biographer, claims that it abounds in allusions to

recent events, though actually based on a translation of a medieval manuscript written in the Venetian dialect.

Influenced possibly by Bottari, a man of equivocal reputation, Casanova went to Florence between July and September, 1780, and recruited a troop of French comedians, who first appeared in Voltaire's *Zaïre*, and *The Merchant of Smyrna*, by M. de Chamfort, at the San Angelo Theater, on Saturday, October 7, 1780. It was, by a strange coincidence, the very day upon which the three Inquisitors signed an order appointing their ancient jail-bird to a position as Confidente with a monthly salary of one hundred and twenty lire.

To help the actors fill the house, Casanova published a weekly journal, in French, where, in eight small pages, he gave an historico-critical account of the plays which his company was presenting that week, along with a list of those that would follow during the next.

Casanova was not in the habit of imposing upon his pen strict limitations. His *Messager de Thalie* is a little history of the French stage from its earliest inception to his own day. There are some subtle criticisms, some personal reminiscences, some intelligent remarks on theatrical matters, all served up with that dash of salt, that pointedness, that have kept all Casanova's writings from dullness. The *Messager* can be read to-day with profit. Beneath Casanova's expatiation on the value of establishing a French theater in Venice, on the necessity of censorship in a well-regulated state, on plagiarism, can be sensed the tragedy of his efforts: after eleven weeks the enterprise failed, and the *Messager* ceased its weekly appearance.

As a dramatic critic Casanova cannot be disdained. He had the rare art of expressing himself vividly, he draws his reader into the controversy he is exposing, so forcing him to take sides and become personally interested in a quarrel which would otherwise be dry history. And he knows how to season his articles with little anecdotes of himself that satisfy the natural curiosity of every reader concerning the author. Of his profound acquaintance with his subject-matter there can be no doubt. The *Messager* is more than mere advertisement, it is journalism of a fairly high order.

The bibliography of Casanova has only recently added the *Opuscoli* and the *Messager* to its list. All original editions of works by Casanova are rare, but the *Opuscoli* and the *Messager de Thalie* are rarest of all. There is one single volume of all the issues bound together, and preserved in the Querini-Stampalia Library at Venice, where it was discovered by Aldo Ravà. A few copies of single issues are in private collections.

In 1782, the novel which Casanova had promised free to the subscribers to his *Opuscoli* at last appeared. It bore the title *Di aneddoti Viniziani*—that is, *Military and amorous anecdotes of fifteenth century Venice under the dogeship of Giovanni Gradenigo and of Giovanni Dolfin.* It was as compensation to the people who had paid a year's subscription and received only seven issues, rather than as an inducement to further custom that Casanova felt obliged to distribute his book. He says so in a "Notice to the worthy subscribers to my *Opuscoli,*" that, various circumstances having forced him to discontinue that monthly publication, he has decided to indemnify his patrons and fulfill his obligations by sending them this little novel, begging them for their kind pardon. The rare copies of this volume (about four are known), have had few readers, and none has seen fit to praise it.

Casanova may have been proud of it. At least, he sent a copy to Madame de Wynne de Rosemberg (Mademoiselle X.C.V.). She had recently published an account of the visit to Venice of the Grand Duke, subsequently Emperor, Paul I of Russia.

"Madame," Casanova wrote, "the beautiful epistle which Your Excellency has printed concerning the sojourn in this city of the Count and Countess of the North, exposes you to the necessity of suffering yourself to be praised as an author by all those who write. May I flatter myself, Madame, that Your Excellency will not disdain my compliments?

"This little novel, Madame, is a translation due to my heavy and stiff pen. I cannot present it to you as a gift; accept it rather as a humble offering that I dare pay to the superiority of your style."

In a similar vein she replies: "I am most touched by the sign you have given me of your approbation. . . . I thank you for the book

you have sent me and I am surely not risking anything in thanking you in advance for the pleasure which it will procure me. . . .

"De Wynne de Rosemberg."

A reading of these cold compliments tossed back and forth would give one no inkling of the fires that had once consumed these two in a Parisian garret.

Casanova had at some period entered the services of the Marquis Spinola as secretary. His duties were probably not very arduous, and no doubt allowed him the time to continue his secret-service work. Unfortunately they involved him in a quarrel which ultimately forced him to leave Venice. Several years before Spinola had lost a wager of two hundred and fifty guineas to one Carletti, an officer in the service of the Court of Turin. The wager had remained unpaid, and was perhaps forgotten, when, to Spinola's misfortune, Carletti appeared in Venice and made the acquaintance of Casanova. Learning that he was the Marquis's secretary, Carletti proposed that he become his own intermediary in the matter of the debt, promising to reward Casanova for his services should he secure a settlement from Spinola.

Casanova blushed to act in so humiliating a capacity, but consented, and a few days later appeared at the Casino of Carlo Grimani, whose guest Carletti was, with a paper signed by Spinola agreeing to pay the debt in installments. Carletti in turn offered Casanova a note vaguely worded which promised to pay his commission when the debt had been settled in full. Upon Casanova's demand for immediate payment, he arose in anger, attacking Casanova and vilifying him in the most offensive manner. Grimani joined in the quarrel, taking the part of Carletti, and Casanova was forced to endure jostlings and insults without defending himself, since the laws of hospitality forbade his attacking his host and his host's friend under the roof that had often sheltered him as a guest. The story became current in Venice and Casanova soon found himself the central figure in an anecdote which branded him as a coward.

Humiliated, derided by everyone who heard the tale, Casanova revenged himself upon both Carletti and Grimani by writing a satire entitled *Neither Loves Nor Women, or The Stable Cleaned Out,*

in which, under a tenuous disguise, he presented vicious portraits of both his enemies. The action was contemptible and Casanova must have recognized it, for he dedicated the book to Branicki, as if to remind himself and the world that whether through prudence or a regard for the laws of hospitality, he had not defended himself on this occasion with the sword, the famous duel with Branicki amply attested to his courage.*

The affair never came to an official head, but the suggestion that Casanova suspend the sale of his book and leave Venice came from quarters that expected their slightest hint to have the weight of a command. Francesco Morosini conveyed the order. Morosini had long been a protector of Casanova and was his friend.

To this nobleman Casanova wrote: ". . . When the Romans wanted one of their number to leave, they forbade him the use of fire and water. . . . A matter that afflicts me deeply, to the shame of stoicism, is that all Venice will know that Your Excellency will no longer permit me to approach him; for no one will know that you will still allow me to come and kiss your hand now and then, as you are so kind as to say. If I could leave in eight or ten days the knowledge of my humiliation would not have spread, but it is impossible for me to leave before October the twenty-second, for I must await letters from my brothers before I quit my fatherland; I have already written to the one at Paris; to-morrow, I shall write to Dresden.

"I have a nephew whom I obviously cannot abandon; I have a sense of honor, but I shall have the wit to put it to sleep. I have, moreover, to fulfill certain proprieties that are giving me serious thought, but I shall sacrifice everything to the barbarous, inexorable and most cruel necessity; may I find strength to do as much with sacred duties!

"I am fifty-eight years old; I cannot think of going away on foot; winter is approaching; and when I look at myself in the mirror and think of becoming an adventurer again, I laugh.

"It is meet that I leave, for my departure has been decided upon,

* Years later, Alzetta published a new edition of the novel with a preface by an unknown writer giving a detailed account of the quarrel between Casanova and Carletti.

arch-decided; but not without taking some precautions. Either Thursday or Friday morning I shall present myself to Your Excellency at S. Steffano, with your kind permission; and if you will be so gracious as to give me some advice, bring some light to bear upon my situation, I shall receive with gratitude all your observations and make use of them.

"For three years I have been living in Venice in a constant state of constraint, aware that I must finally resolve to die elsewhere, and yet ever putting off my departure. The present incident forces me to do what I should have done spontaneously, and it is Your Excellency who has given me the last necessary push to bring me to a decision.

"Life's combinations are so complicated that—who knows?—I may yet find some spot where I shall enjoy tranquillity, life's most precious treasure. If ever that should happen, I shall know that it is to the cruel compulsion, which you so courageously used to oblige me to depart, that I owe my happiness. I shall forever carry, engraved in my heart, the veneration which I feel towards your eminent virtues. It is on account of them that I pardon all those who were wicked and unjust in their actions towards me, that I renounce all resentment against them. . . ."

CHAPTER XXIX

An Old Adventurer Tours Europe—Humiliating Encounter at Spa—The Successes of a Superannuated Philanderer—Casanova's Mæcenas

WHAT really was at the bottom of the trouble with Carletti? Why did Casanova act as he did? Three years of sordid effort to lift himself from a morass of petty financial difficulties. Visits to Jewish money-lenders, the sale of his last precious relics—portraits, perhaps, whose ornate frames had long gone to defray life's expenses, portraits of the women he had loved, gone for a song. But he had borrowed from all his friends, borrowed and borrowed again. Cards were persistently unlucky and he long ago lost the audacity necessary to break the bank. He hazarded little sums on the lottery and dreamed of a big winning like the one that thirty years before had enabled him to pay his first glorious visit to Paris. His heart was no longer in the game. Cards no longer exerted the fascination on him they did when his reputation flew before him, when with long bony fingers he ripped open a sleek new deck for every deal and saw, without a flicker, his gold rise and fall with the varying fortune of the punters. He had given up the green table; he felt more at ease at his escritoire. But his writing would not pay, and he went back to cards from pure habit—he knew no other way of earning money.

The days when he had first returned to Venice had been lightened by the generosity of friends and by his acclaim as the man of the hour. But the glamour of the situation had died. New heroes rose. His best friends, Zaguri, Morosini, Memmo, Dandalo, remained kindly disposed, but apparently they were unable to secure him any position worthy of his abilities. They welcomed him at table, for there was no one who had more excellent stories, there was no one

who had seen more, traveled more, than he. He knew the scandals of every notable figure in Europe.

"In France," he would say, "I had the honor of seeing the ugly daughters of the King riding with their breasts exposed. It was the fashion. Silly fashion! In London I saw Lady Graffton appear with her hair in stiff bangs. Everybody exclaimed at the horror, but in a few years the style had conquered Europe from one end to the other. . . .

"I once stood in respectful attention while the Queen of France, Maria Leczinska, ate a meal. The silence was profound. A dozen courtiers watched her while her ladies-in-waiting served course after course. Not a word was said. Suddenly she signed to one of her ladies not to remove a dish of which she wished another portion. She raised her head majestically and gazed around at the circle of nobles. For a moment her eyes wandered from face to face. Her gaze finally rested on the conqueror of Berg-op-Zoom, Monsieur de Lowendahl, then in the service of France. "I think that nothing is quite so good as a chicken fricassée," she said. M. de Lowendahl advanced three steps, bowed and answered in the most serious voice, "I am of the very same opinion, Madame," whereupon, still bowing, he retreated to his place and the meal was continued and finished in utter silence. Thereafter for months not a house in Fontainebleau was without its dish of chicken *fricassée à la reine* for supper."

When Casanova's tongue had limbered he ventured into better stories, of the Prince de Catolica of Spain who sat all morning on his *chaise percée* receiving audiences, drawing up documents and dictating and signing his mail, of Empress Catherine of Russia, who loved too well and too often, or of the Duchess of Villadorias, who suffered from andromania.

When the rapt silence with which he was attended had dissolved his last reticence he would tell stories of his own life: of how he loved the Mayor's wife in Cologne and how he and a famous cardinal had amused themselves with a nun in a casino of Venice. In this very city!

Did someone mention d'Affligio, the theatrical director, recently condemned to the galleys? Casanova knew all of that famous gambler's life, who had lived like a prince and was to die chained to the

oars. Did someone speak of Cagliostro, of Saint-Germain, of Tomatis, of Medini or Pocchini or Lacroce? Casanova had known them all. And as for such former beauties as Preati, Thérèse Imer, la Binetti, Silvia Benozzi, why he had not only known them well, but listen . . .

And when the evening broke up everybody was urging him: You must write these stories down! You must make a book of your life! Count me as subscriber for a dozen copies! Then Casanova went home to dream of a book he would write. It was not his Memoirs he thought of, but a novel which would teach all the world how to live, a Utopian tale that would satirize everything, explain everything and be hailed as the greatest book of the age—of any age!

But to write he must find peace, a home, find leisure and comfort. Instead he must go out into the world of adventure again!

And that he was old and past the age of conquests, nothing so plainly convinced him as the fact that he had lost his last natural tooth.

His mouth was accustoming itself to a set of porcelain teeth.

The nephew Casanova had mentioned in his letter to Morosini was a scapegrace son of Giovanni Casanova, the Giovanni who had been condemned for passing a bad check in Rome, but who had got safely away to Dresden. Giacomo and Giovanni had never been able to get along, but their life-long quarrel had momentary truces, during one of which Giovanni's son Carlo (Giovanni was the only one of the Casanova brothers who left legitimate offspring) came to Venice to stay with his uncle. He conducted himself badly—even committed a robbery. How Casanova, in the midst of his own troubles, took care of his nephew one cannot say. Nor can we speak with authority of his farewell from Francesca, who for years had been almost his wife.

The great enemy of the Francesca-Casanova ménage was Francesca's mother. She had had no doubt some marriage to an honest tradesman in mind. Instead she had been forced to see her daughter submitting to a man who could have no honest intentions to a person in their station of life. A garrulous woman, she carried her tale

throughout the quarter and caused the lovers many a bad moment. And now her predictions were to be realized.

Casanova's conscience had become more sensitive. He promised the Buschinis that he would return soon, and that meanwhile they could depend upon him for the rent. Francesca must have begged him tearfully not to leave her alone with her mother, and Casanova may have proposed to take her along with him. At least we know that at a later date she regretted bitterly that she had not listened to his good advice nor accepted his kind offers. Had he suggested marriage? Then what led her to refuse? Perhaps she overvalued her hold on him and believed that she could force him to remain in Venice.

Casanova, however, went on with his preparations, took leave of his friends, or at least such as would still acknowledge him, and early in the year 1783 he turned toward Vienna, where there was now a new Police head and a new Emperor, Joseph II, to receive him. Indeed such was the new freedom in the gay city on the Danube that hosts of adventurers were flocking there. Old Casanova would try his hand again at his old tricks and take a Parthian shot at Venice.

He managed to slip a letter into the dispatches of the Venetian delegate at Vienna. Therein he prophesied that a great earthquake was soon due in the city of the lagoons. The islands would sink into the sea, the canals would rise and flow through the palace of the Doges and the Campanile would tumble into the waves. That would be the end of Venice. We wish we could lay our hands on his letter. But we have this excellent description of the results of his fantastic revenge in a letter written by Schlick, French Envoy to Venice, to the Count de Vergennes:

"Last week the State Inquisitors received an anonymous letter bearing the news that on the 25th of this month an earthquake more terrible than that of Messina would destroy Venice from top to bottom. This letter spread a panic throughout the city. A number of Patricians left the city in haste and their example will draw away others. The author of this anonymous letter . . . is a certain Casanova, who wrote it from Vienna and managed somehow to slip it into the ambassador's own package."

How Casanova must have laughed to see the frightened Patricians stupidly believing that earthquakes were predictable. It recalled to him the old days when he had deceived the Greek into believing that mercury could be augmented, or the time he had made Madame d'Urfé accept as truth anything he cared to tell her.

Four months in Vienna found Casanova only poorer and still far from tranquillity. He returned to Italy, stopped for a week at Udine, and on the sixteenth of June was in Venice. He had himself conveyed to his house, where Francesca greeted him with a wild cry of surprise. But he would not land. He greeted her, and without leaving his gondola went on to Mestre. From there he took the post across the mountains to Augsburg. Francesca's letters followed.

"My most Beloved Friend:

"I hasten to reply to your letter of the twenty-first. I saw therein many things but nothing so important as that after thinking of yourself, your only other thoughts are for me. I am grateful to you for that and I shall remain so to my death, for I have no other person in the world but you; and on you I have founded all my confidence and all my hopes. . . .

"You say you saw that impostor Bolis. . . . I swear to you, my dearest, that I have never spoken to him and only now and then nodded to him. . . . I am miserable to think that he has invented tales of which I don't know the least thing. You know that at Venice people take him for a fool. I hope that you will believe me. This business has vexed me considerably for I thought that for the moment you had perhaps been taken in by this impostor.

"I sold your gun for about thirty lire. As for your suit of satin and the velvet knickers, we did try to sell them to a second-hand clothes' dealer, but he would offer me only fifty lire. I refused, of course, and told him that we wanted much more. Then we, that is mother and I, went to the *ghetto*, to Abraham, and I begged him to try and sell the suit for me; he asked me how much I wanted and I said: 'seventy lire and in any case not less than sixty.' Off he went at once to try to sell them; but he was told that there were spots on it and besides that this was not the season. In short, they

were willing to give him fifty lire; but in as much as I told him that it was not enough, he asked me to leave it with him and promised to sell it elsewhere soon for a higher price; then he told me that you had already pawned it at his place for sixty lire and that consequently if I left it with him he would try to sell it for a greater sum; he would come and tell me what was offered to him. So as soon as I shall have sold it I shall tell you for how much it went. Abraham was much surprised when I told him that I had seen you; he begged me to give you his regards."

A few weeks later she writes: "I hasten to answer your dear letter of the twenty-ninth of June from Augsburg, in which I saw that you had stopped at Innsbrück in order to go to the theater where you say you had the honor of conversing with the Duchess of Parma and that you then left at once and traveled forty-eight hours without stopping. You are a great man for traveling, you are indeed! I am quite happy to know that you are perfectly well.

"I see in your letter that you are anxious to know whether we have paid the rental for our house; I shall inform you thereof: we paid the rent on the fifth of this month; the five days' delay was due to the fact that we had not yet sold the sheets. As for the satin suit and the velvet knickers, we did not find a cent more than the fifty lire offered at first. In short, with the sale of the suit, the gun and the sheets, we had just enough to pay the rent, which is thus paid up for another three months; without you, my friend, we would never have known how to pay it.

"Sunday, while going to Mass with my sister, I met His Excellency Bernardo Memmo* and I stopped to greet him. He at once asked for news of you and where you were at the moment; he was very much surprised when I told him that three weeks ago you had been in Venice and that you had not wanted to dismount from the boat and that you had come but to greet me."

Casanova went to Aix-la-Chapelle and to Mayence, where to save six sequins he attached himself to the suite of the Marquis Durazzo,

* Brother to Andrea, the lover of X.C.V., and both high dignitaries and protectors of Casanova.

former Austrian ambassador at Venice, and so rode up the Rhine to Cologne, where years before he had given such a magnificent banquet and endured two nights of incarceration in order to sleep with the beautiful Mayoress. She was long dead. The gay officers quartered there had scattered to the four winds. The Seven Years' War was forgotten history. He left Cologne for Spa, but fortune did not smile upon him, though he did send Francesca a gold coin. He took the baths, gambled in a small way perhaps and continued, very likely, with some grandiose plans on which he had been meditating on the way from Aix-la-Chapelle. They concerned a trip to Madagascar, for one, and for the other a huge canal flanking the Pyrenees from Narbonne to Bayonne, diverting Atlantic-Mediterranean trade from the route through the Straits of Gibraltar.

But in Spa he had a strange adventure. He wrote from Antwerp to his friend Abbé Eusebio della Lena, a bibliophile residing in Vienna. "I went from Aix-la-Chapelle to Spa, to that place where every summer, I know not in obedience of what convention, all the nations go to play a thousand pranks; I committed my own too, and spent a month there. The noble Nicolo Venier was there, so too Marquis Manzi, la Bonafini, Baron Thugut, the Venetian ambassador Dolfin and his son and the musician Pachiarotti, who gave a public concert.

"An English lady who had the mania of constantly speaking Latin, invited me to accompany her to Amsterdam, where it was proposed that I should travel with her for four years. Monday, while dining *tête à tête* at Saardam, she made certain suggestions that made my blood run cold. For half-an-hour I remained in a deep revery which she did not interrupt to remind me that I ought to answer her. Then, pulling myself together, I said: 'Give me permission, Madame, to leave you and never to see you again just as soon as we shall have returned to our hotel.' This unusual woman answered me in Latin with these three words: *Sequere voluntatem tuam*, and at once gave me a note to her banker, ordering him to give me twenty-five guineas. Then she left me alone.

"I returned to my room and an hour later I had left. I passed a day at the Hague and another at Rotterdam, and I reached here, Antwerp, the day before yesterday. On the twentieth of this month

I shall be in Paris from whence I shall write to you of my fate, and if at the end of this month I have not decided to go off to Madagascar, I shall once again return to Italy, but not to stay there: *Fata viam invenient.*

"Never shall I tell anyone what proposals this English lady made to me, only some great event may in time enable you to guess it, even as others may who may have been informed of my connection with her."

What could be the nature of the proposals she made to him, that caused his blood to run cold and made him decide never to reveal any word of it? Gugitz has hazarded that the English lady did nothing less than propose to pay Casanova to become her lover for a period of four years. She suggested perhaps some form of delayed payments that would accumulate to his benefit and become completely his at the expiration of his term. Says Gugitz: "This English, Latin-speaking blue-stocking, who trusted to the power of her pounds not in order to become a fine conquest, but in order to tie the old skirt-chaser up for a period of four years, so to speak, kicked the bottom out of him. Casanova remained speechless . . . he felt the ridiculous and also humiliating character of the situation: A paid Casanova!"

From Francesca came little consolation, unless it be the company of misery.

". . . thank you for the money you sent. In your second letter from Spa dated August 16, I am pained to see that your affairs are not advancing as you would like to see them. But console yourself, my darling; after so many misfortunes happiness will come; at least I hope so. For me too; for you can imagine in what neediness I exist, I and all my family; believe me I am in far more pitiful circumstances than you, for I have not a soul who will give me as much as a cent. I have no work, for I haven't the heart to go and ask people for any. Mother earns so little money that we could not manage to save the little cross on the golden thread that you know I loved so well; we had to sell it; that's the least! for I have already sold so many things in order to be able to eat! In short there are moments when we do not know what to do in order to exist. I have no one in

the world but you, and from you only can I expect aid. When you can help me, do so. I know you have the heart to help me whenever you are able to.

"If you only knew, my dear friend, there are days when we have nothing to eat! I advise you to send me letters as light as possible, for when they are heavy the carriage is too expensive. Last week your good letters cost me four lire. We did not have the money. Twice the postman came, and we had not a cent. We asked him to leave the letter and come again for his money, and he made a terrific scene."

Casanova's letters were heavy, no doubt, because he included other letters which Francesca was to deliver for him. They were letters similar to hers, though on a grander scale, as we can gather from what she says further on in the same letter: "I took the letter (to Francesco Morosini) and did exactly as you told me. . . . He had only taken the letter in his hand and not even opened it when he said: 'It seems that I never hear anything from Casanova but matters that cause me pain.' Whereupon he read a little more than a page and then said: 'I don't know what to do!' I told him that on Saturday, the sixth of this month, I was to write to you at Paris and that if he would entrust me his answer I would enclose it in my letter. Imagine what he answered! I was terribly surprised. He said that I should wish you much luck, but that he would never write to you again. He added nothing more. I kissed his hands and went away. He did not even give me a cent. And that was all that he said."

"To Monsieur Casanova de Seingalt
at M. de Casanova, painter to the King,
in the Louvre at Paris."

By this time, then, the middle of September, 1783, Casanova was in Paris. It was a changed city, where even Casanova lost his way. Nothing, so it seemed to his aged eyes, had been left of the gay metropolis he had known in his youth. Madame d'Urfé, Madame du Rumain, Manon Balletti, Camille, d'Alembert, the mathematician, were all dead.

In vain he knocked at doors to solicit interest in his Bayonne-

Narbonne canal. He planned a new gazette, but that too came to nothing. For a while he still contemplated the voyage to Madagascar. Meanwhile he became excited, with everyone else, concerning the experiments of the Montgolfier brothers. After the first flight of some barnyard animals, these brothers, preceded by several other bold spirits, entrusted themselves to their "ascending globe" filled with thin hot air and allowed themselves to be carried to wherever the wind might choose to waft them. Great crowds assembled at the Tuileries to see them, and Casanova was one of the thousands whose minds were thrilled by the first realization of an age-long dream.

On the 22nd of November, 1783, the Academy of Sciences held a session at which the Marquis d'Arlandes, who with Pilatre du Rozier, had been the very first to go up in one of the Montgolfier brothers' balloons, read a report of his experience. Casanova writes: "A few days after the death of the illustrious d'Alembert I was in the Old Louvre where the Academy . . . was in session. . . . Being seated near the savant Benjamin Franklin, I was rather surprised to hear Condorcet ask him if he thought it possible for man ever to succeed in giving the aerostatic balloon other directions. This was his reply: 'The matter is still in its infancy, therefore we must wait.' " Casanova was of a different opinion.

But Academic sessions did not put any money into his pocket and Casanova had other troubles. His brother François, the painter, was then living with his second wife in the Louvre, where an apartment had been assigned to him, and there Giacomo found room for himself.

François had become known as the best painter of battle-scenes in Europe and he received commissions from everywhere. Despite his lack of imagination and his tendency to fill up the canvas with smoke, his work was highly valued and his earnings were enormous, but so were his expenses and there was never a time when he was not oppressed by debts.

His first marriage had not turned out well, and when his wife died after ten years, François married a Jeanne-Catherine Delachaux, whose large dowry was due to the generosity of her lover,

the Count of Montbarey, father of her two children. This marriage, too, was unhappy. François continued to live in the style of a great lord and soon his new fortune was gone.

Giacomo took his brother's case much to heart, and he set himself to the task of straightening out his financial condition. He drew up a list of François' best friends and customers and wrote them letters wherein he exposed his brother's condition. He went hotly after those who, having ordered paintings, had failed to take them or pay for them, and finally he set out after new orders.

Within a short time he had managed to take care of the most pressing debts, and at once applied to the Venetian Ambassador Dolfin for a passport. They proposed to escape secretly and leave the shrewish wife to shift for herself. Meanwhile Casanova went to Fontainebleau for a week and saw there a charming young man, the son of the lovely O'Morphi. Another chance encounter was with a young man, the son of his Swiss governess, Dubois, his own son.

The passport, signed by the Minister Vergennes, was no sooner ready than the brothers left for the nearest town in Germany, and thence to Dresden, where they saw again their relatives-in-law, the Augusts.

Giacomo and François did not find in Dresden the asylum they were seeking, and went on to Vienna, where the painter soon found a powerful protector for himself in the person of Prince Kaunitz. Francesco Casanova served the latter not only as painter but also as "master of pleasures." He seems to have possessed the same brilliant conversational abilities as his brother, and the Prince de Ligne enumerated both of them among the most interesting men he had met.

Francesco comfortably ensconced himself in his old seigneurial life. He fitted up a most comfortable apartment, with many servants, three horses and not less than six coaches; and in a suburb of Vienna he purchased a pretty country home. And despite what Casanova says concerning his impotence he entertained a mistress, a certain Madame Piazza.

Of course he ruined himself, and after Prince Kaunitz's death his

financial condition grew daily more precarious. Finally, in the year 1803, his creditors had him declared bankrupt. He retired to his country home, where he died a few weeks later of consumption.

The last letters of Francesca Buschini sent to Paris had described her deepening poverty. Her brother was near death, she herself was ill, her mother's bad humor never ceased. "Learn, my darling, that all the winter blankets are pawned in the *ghetto;* the cold weather is coming on and I do not know what to put on my back; I haven't even a thing to go to Mass in; my green satin dress, my cape of black satin with its gold embroideries and my little scarlet hood, all that is pawned for forty lire; I don't know what to do, for I have no money."

"You say you dreamed of a letter from me and that you laughed when one did come at noon. . . . I too, night before last, dreamed that you had come to Venice with a huge quantity of sequins; we were at table and eating superb *beccaficoes;* I was in despair in the morning, when I saw neither you, nor money, nor even *beccaficoes.* . . ."

"To-morrow is All Saints' Day, but I shall not eat the *fava* as I ate them last year . . . it was you yourself had made them and they *were* good! I beg you to love me and not to forget me; for if you abandon me, I shall have no one in the world who thinks of me."

In Vienna Casanova seems to have secured some money, probably by gambling, or perhaps from his brother. A week after he sent Francesca a letter of exchange for one hundred and sixty-two lire to pay the rent. Apparently he was off again at once for Dresden and for Berlin and back to Vienna. At least Francesca continues: "I am surprised, my dear friend, at the immense voyages which you are making in these terribly cold days, but you are a big man, full of heart and spirit and courage, you travel around in this great cold as if it were nothing. . . ."

In February Casanova entered the service of Sebastiano Foscarini, Venetian ambassador at Vienna, as secretary. A happier period in his life began, to last, unfortunately, but one short year. In one of Francesca's letters we get a glimpse of his life:

"I see that you amused yourself greatly during this carnival and that you went four times to the masked ball, where there were two hundred women, and that you danced minuets and quadrilles to the great astonishment of the Ambassador Foscarini, who was telling everyone that you were seventy years old, although you really haven't reached sixty yet. No doubt you laughed well at that and you should have told him that he must be blind to have such an idea.

"I saw, too, that you and your brother were present at a splendid dinner given by this same ambassador. You began to tell me all that you had eaten, but stopped, so you said, in order not to make my mouth water. That's very true. You are right too when you say that you and I have two different mental dispositions, yours is always to be speaking of food, while mine is always to be in need of money."

"If your brother is still thinking of coming to Venice, tell him yes, that he can lodge in your old room. The chickens are still kept in the garret; there is therefore no chicken dirt about; as to the dogs, we will watch to see that they do not soil the place. As for the furniture, it is almost all there; a wardrobe is missing and that little bed which you had bought for your nephew, and the mirror; as for the rest, it is all just as you left it."

It is probable that this great banquet was the one where Casanova first met his future patron, the Lord of Dux, Joseph Charles Emmanuel Waldstein-Wartemberg, a descendant of the great Wallenstein, distinguished for his egotism, his wilfulness, his imprudence and his love of gambling. A picture of this meeting is given to us by the Prince de Ligne:

"My nephew Waldstein took a liking to Casanova at a dinner given by the ambassador from Venice. Waldstein pretended to believe in magic and to have much practice in it and fluently rattled off the clavicules of Solomon, Agrippa, etc., as though all matters in that line came readily to him.

" 'To whom are you speaking?' Casanova asked. *'O! che bella cosa, cospetto!* All that is familiar to me.'

" 'Then come with me to Bohemia," said Waldstein, 'I am leaving to-morrow.' "

More than a year elapsed before Casanova went to Dux, but it is

likely that from that date he counted upon Waldstein and Dux as a last resort. Shortly after this banquet, Lamberg congratulated Casanova on his new protector: "I know the Count of Waldstein, having heard him praised. . . . I congratulate you in having a Maecenas like him, and on the other hand *I congratulate him in having chosen a man like you.*"

With a little leisure and a little money at his disposal it is readily surmised that Casanova engaged in some new writing and in a new romance.

The book was entitled *Lettre historico-critique*, etc., and was reprinted a few months later with additions and corrections under the title: *Exposition raisonnée du différent, qui subsiste entre les deux Républiques de Venise et d'Hollande*, and was later followed by a *Supplément à l'Exposition, etc.* These pamphlets, for they are only about seventy pages long, were translated into German and Italian. Although anonymous, there has been no difficulty in tracing them to their source: The Secretary of the Venetian Ambassador at Vienna, Giacomo Casanova. For who else could talk so intimately of those rascally Zanowitches and divulge the account of their trickery which embroiled Holland and Venice into a war wherein, fortunately, no blood was shed.

And this is the romance. In Vienna Casanova was still not proof against the attraction of a pretty girl. Twelve years later he could not recall without a shudder how near he came to marrying "a young and hot-headed girl with whom I had fallen in love; fortunately my guardian angel protected me."

Is this the girl of whom Count Fabris wrote to Casanova: "What is the little Countess doing? If you see her, tell her I still wish her well, although I now and then fancy she is untrue to me." She was probably the "M." of whom two letters to Casanova are known and to whom Casanova wrote a violently amorous poem, ending,

> Alors tu crois, Caton, lire au fond de mon âme;
> Tu crois y découvrir tout l'amour qui m'enflamme:
> Eh bien! détrompe toi. Ces désirs, ces baisers,
> Ces transports, ces soupirs, ces pleurs, ne sont encore

Du feu qui me dévore,
Que des indices bien légers.

A powerful love indeed for a man of sixty! And in Caton's letters we find references to another little girl, Kaspar. Caton herself was of the wealthier classes, very likely the countess mentioned above, for, though she writes of her various lovers, and tells how she went from the arms of Count de K. to M., then back to K. and once more to M., she insists that Casanova must not confound her with those girls "who go seeking their fortune on the Graben. . . . You must not sermonize me as if I were a great libertine."

"As to the little Kaspar," she continues in her letters sent to Casanova after his departure from Vienna, "whom you so loved formerly, she came to ask me for the address of her dear M. de Casanova, to whom she wished to write a tender note full of love and gratitude; I was too polite to refuse so reasonable a demand to a pretty girl who was once my own dear friend's favorite; I therefore told her your correct address except that I gave her a city far away from you."

"Aren't you just dying to know the name of that city, my dear darling, in order to have the letter sent on to you? But you can depend on my word of honor that you won't get it until I receive from you a very long letter in which you humbly beg me to tell you where is the divine missive from your adorable sweetheart. You ought readily to agree to such a sacrifice for the sake of a girl in whom the Emperor himself takes an interest. For you must know that ever since your departure from Vienna, it is he who sees after her French and music lessons; and I really think he must go to the trouble of instructing her himself, for she is constantly visiting him to thank him for the kindness he shows her; but I really don't know in what manner she expresses herself."

What happened to Caton and Kaspar? The first presumably continued to go from the arms of one to the arms of another; while little Kaspar probably did not make from her alliance to Joseph II the fortune that other discoveries of Casanova made when they passed on to wealthier lovers. Joseph II did not elevate his women

to nobility and give them millions as Louis XV had done to O'Morphi and Mlle de Roman.

Suddenly on the 23rd of April, 1785, Count Foscarini died and left Casanova penniless once again. These were bad days for Casanova. He had quarreled with his brother. His books had hopelessly failed and his efforts to become secretary to Count Fabris were unsuccessful. In desperation he even entertained the idea of taking the cowl.

It is probably to these days that we must assign the narrative relating to Casanova found in Da Ponte's Memoirs. Da Ponte was in Vienna at the time as poet to the Emperor's theater, and as such he composed the librettos to Mozart's famous operas.

"I had left Venice," says Da Ponte, "and for more than three years I did not hear of him (Casanova). Finally, one day, I met him on the Graben, one of Vienna's squares, where I was then dwelling. Casanova remained in Vienna several years, without anybody being able to tell what he was doing or how he made his living. I frequently had converse with him; my house and my purse were at all times open to him; and though I did not approve of either his principles or his conduct, nevertheless I liked and even greatly appreciated his counsels and his precepts, which to tell the truth were worth their weight in gold, and of which I profited very little though they would have been of infinite service to me.

"One day I was walking with Casanova along the Graben, when I saw him suddenly frown, grind his teeth, contract, squirm, raise his hands to Heaven and brusquely leaving me hurl himself after some man he seemed to recognize and cry out in a loud voice: '*Assassino! t'ho colto!* (brigand! I've caught you finally!)'

"A great crowd of people had gathered due to Casanova's cries and his wild actions, wherefore, though the scene was enough to inspire me with some fears, I took courage and almost by force dragged Casanova away from what threatened to become a mêlée.

"Then, with the gestures and histrionics of a mad man he told me the story of the old lady and said that this man was Giovachino Costa, who had betrayed him. By his vices and his bad conduct, this Giovachino Costa had been reduced to domestic service and was

even then valet to a Viennese lord (Count Hardegg) and turned his hand to poetry now and then without much discernment. He was as a matter of fact one of those who had honored me with their satyres when Joseph II had deigned to appoint me poet to his theater.

"Costa entered a café and, while I continued my walk with Casanova, he wrote the following verses in Italian which he sent to us by a little boy:

Casanova make no noise,
You stole and so did I;
You were master, I disciple,
And well I learnt your art.
You gave me bread, I gave you cake;
It would be best if you kept quiet.

"These verses produced a good effect; after a moment's silence, Casanova began to laugh and whispered into my ear: '*Il birbante ha ragione!* (the rascal is right).' He entered the café and beckoned Costa; they both began to walk up and down, very quietly, as though there had never been any quarrel between them and when they separated I saw them shake hands several times in the most amicable fashion.

"When Casanova returned he showed me a cameo ring which he had on his finger, and which was all that was left of the once immense booty. By a curious coincidence the cameo represented Mercury, guardian god of thieves; that was indeed the ring's only value, and it fitted the character of the two reconciled friends admirably."

"I will mention still another incident," Da Ponte continues, "wherein Casanova makes so bold as to deny the immortal Joseph II the homages due to his memory. Casanova prides himself upon having given the Emperor a very bold answer, which this sovereign, despite his great leniency, would never have permitted from anyone."

Da Ponte here refers to an answer that figures both in Casanova's Memoirs and the Prince de Ligne's short biography of him. I quote from the latter:

"The Emperor who never forgot anything said to Casanova:

" 'It seems to me that you were a friend of M. Zaguri?'

" 'Yes,' said Casanova, 'he is a noble Venetian.'

" 'I like not the quality of his nobility over much; I do not esteem those who purchase it.'

" 'And what do you think of those who sell it, Sire?'

"Joseph II changed the conversation, not wishing to talk of that matter, and retired rather angry at so bold a response, which by its justness struck him to the quick."

Da Ponte's version is different.

"Here is the truth," Da Ponte continues. "Giacomo Casanova's head was always full of plans, while his purse was only too often empty. He had been in Vienna for some time managing somehow to exist, but principally by gambling. . . . One day, being totally without funds, he conceived the notion of proposing to the Emperor a Chinese fête, which would greatly amuse the city and be at the same time profitable to the one who would run it. He had first come to me to beg funds for this purpose . . . but I excused myself as well as I could. He thereupon wrote a monograph so long that it almost felled the Emperor when he received it from Casanova's hands.

"One morning I had gone to see the Emperor concerning theatrical matters, when our Giacomo solicited an audience. He entered, bowed and presented his dissertation. The Emperor unfolded it, but seeing its length, he closed it and asked him what he wished. When Casanova had exposed his plan Joseph II wished to know his name. 'Giacomo Casanova,' he replied, 'is the humble person who begs for Your Majesty's favor.'

"The Emperor remained silent for a few moments; then having declared, with his usual affability, that Vienna did not care for such spectacles, he turned his back to him and went on with his writing. The solicitor without a word retired in confusion. I wished to follow him, but the Emperor held me back and having repeated twice or thrice: 'Giacomo Casanova!' he began to speak to me of the theater.

"Several days later I met this irascible man; he was positively furious. It is almost impossible to conceive of all the evil he said of

the sovereign, and all my efforts to change his opinion were unavailing. I concluded ultimately to let him vociferate all he pleased, certain that the diatribes of a Casanova could not but add to the splendor that this adorable monarch possesses in the minds of those who know both of them."

What the actual relations between Casanova and Joseph II were, we shall never know unless the final volumes of the Memoirs come to light. But Casanova subsequently addressed several of his writings to the Emperor. And just what bond Kaspar was between them, one cannot know. What credit shall we give to Da Ponte? We know his own memoirs to be as unreliable as those of Casanova. At first sight they ring true, but what can one say of a man who first writes: "My purse was always open to him (that is, Casanova)," and on the next page bluntly refuses him a loan for his Chinese fête.

For some time Casanova had ceased to correspond with Francesca. The reason was that, in the depths of their poverty, her mother had sold Casanova's books to a second-hand dealer. She wrote at once excusing herself and telling him that hereafter she would inform him of everything. She is sorry to hear that he has sent someone to fetch his books. Four months ago her mother sold them for fifty lire, their need was so pressing.

Casanova did not answer.

She writes: "I could not believe that I would be disappointed in my expectation of a letter; I am afraid that you are ill, which would greatly disturb me. . . . You have already two letters from me. . . . I am awaiting your writing anxiously, I sigh for a glimpse of you; it seems a century since we are separated! . . . You shall see that in the future you shall have not the slightest vexation on my account. . . ."

Casanova did not answer.

"Your silence worries me! No more to receive your letters! . . . You have reason to be angry at me for I hid from you that I had gone to that casino, but you see by my last letter that I wrote to you all the truth concerning my fault and asked you to pardon me. . . . Twice the clerk came for the rent and we don't know what to say. . . . Mme. Zenobia has taken your room. She pays us eight

lire a month plus five more for cooking her meals. Thirteen lire a month! Just think! What can one begin to do with thirteen lire . . . I was mortified to think that you wrote Madame Zenobia a letter in which you did not even mention my name. It is a sign that you no longer wish to think of me; and yet I do not wish to believe that you have forgotten me. . . . Consider that we are without a cent to live on . . . I beg you, if you don't wish to see me in the streets, me, my mother, my sister and my brother, do not abandon us; just this once more, pay our rent as always you have before this. God knows what would have become of us without you. . . . Do not abandon me!"

And still he did not answer.

He went to Berlin, hoping for a place at the Academy, but was disappointed. He stopped at Brunn in Moravia and saw his old friend Count Lamberg, who gave him several letters of introduction, among them one to Jean-Ferdinand Opiz, bank-inspector at Czaslau:

"My dear friend: A famous man, M. Casanova, will present to you the visiting card which he is carrying to Mme Opiz and to you. The acquaintanceship with this amiable and rare man will mark an era in your life. . . ."

Two weeks later Opiz writes to Lamberg as follows:

"Your letter of the 30th of last month as well as the visiting cards for my wife and me were remitted to me by M. Casanova on the first of August. He was in great haste wishing to meet Princess Lubomirska before she left Carlsbad. But in as much as something on his coach was broken, he was obliged to spend two hours in Czaslau and these he passed in my company. He left Czaslau promising to accord me a whole day upon his return. Already I am overjoyed at the prospect. For even in the short space of time during which I conversed with him, I found in him a man worthy of our highest consideration and love, a kindly philosopher whose patriotism extends to the universe (and not only to the state of Venice) and who even in kings esteems only the man . . ."

CHAPTER XXX

The Hermit-Encyclopedist of Bohemia—Casanova's Last Love-Affair

CASANOVA never revisited Czaslau, though he saw Opiz once or twice again at Prague. From Carlsbad he went to Toeplitz where he joined Count Waldstein and accompanied him to the castle at Dux. There Casanova passed the remaining thirteen years of his life as librarian to the Count.

The little town of Dux is situated in the mountainous region of Northern Bohemia, not far from the summer resort of Toeplitz. By far the most conspicuous object in the place is The Castle, an immense affair, a conglomeration of buildings rather than a single one, spreading horseshoe-wise toward the principal square of the village, while at the back it opens upon a large and beautiful park.

It has been so customary to stress the miseries that Casanova endured here that they have become legendary. Yet the truth is that he was in many respects fortunate in his new situation where his duties were slight and where he could ruminate peacefully among the books in the old library.

Casanova received a salary of a thousand florins a year plus his room and board, which thus amounted to two or even three times the salary paid to him by the Inquisition of Venice as reward for services that were far more trying. In addition, Count Waldstein allotted him a private valet and an equipage of his own. Moreover Casanova had the comforting knowledge of feeling secure in his position for as long as he cared to keep it. That such security irked his adventurer's vanity and pride, that in his fine scorn he often determined to give it up, was natural, but when he did resign and run away, and then returned, the Count laughed, embraced him and settled up his debts.

The castle of Dux was near the summer and health resort of Toeplitz, where a society of wealth, refinement and nobility which

Casanova enjoyed came yearly. It was not only that in his nature there was a strain of the sycophant, but it was among the wealthy and noble that he could always be sure of finding minds like his own, keen, alive, subtle, and above prejudice. And Dux itself was frequently the scene of festivities, to all of which the librarian was invited.

The library was Casanova's pride and joy. In its lofty white rooms generations of Wallensteins had placed the books they amassed. Little care had been taken of them. They lay on long shelves that lined the walls from floor to ceiling, and were uncatalogued and unordered. To Casanova books had always been a delight, and in his old age he transferred to them much of the emotion which he had formerly squandered on his paramours.

With all the energy of a beginner, he attempted to put the library into a semblance of order and actually made out an incomplete catalogue. He had for a time two German secretaries and labored with these at the classification of forty thousand volumes. There were rare old tomes in Latin and German and in all languages, and it was a collection that attracted students. Schiller we know came to Dux in 1791, though Casanova does not mention him, nor he Casanova.

No doubt Casanova craved improvements. Probably the Count did not purchase enough new books. To Max Lamberg, Casanova wrote in December 1786 after over a year's residence at Dux:

"A difficulty that people attempted to prepare for my kind Lord of Dux, to whom I have the honor of belonging, made it necessary for me to go to Dresden, where I remained six days and brought everything to a good conclusion. In two or three days the Count will be back and I shall give the best of my hours to friendship, gratitude and duty. The Count comes from England where he amused himself and purchased a string of thirty horses who are all extraordinarily handsome, but they don't interest me. I would give them all away in order to secure the books which are lacking in his beautiful library, whose guardian I am, while the Count would give his whole library away for a single one of the horses of whom Ariosto sang such praises, or for one of those of Achilles, who, if we are to believe Homer, could talk like professors, or at least like people of quality, without ever having learned anything."

This letter reveals a life that was varied and interesting despite its modicum of sorrow and vexation.

Much has been made of Casanova's quarrels with the servants in the castle, particularly with Feldkirchner and Wiederholt. The truth is that Casanova was a testy old man, readily roused to anger, and his irritability probably tempted the servants to be short with him. But in his letters of the first five years in Dux, little appertains to his petty troubles with the servants.

The winters, it is true, must have been trying. Then the last bathers and tourists who had lingered through the end of autumn at Toeplitz abandoned the region to the colorless life of a little country town. The snow fell deep and buried the people in with nothing but their trivial gossip to divert them. Waldstein went off somewhere, anywhere. Casanova, aloof, scornful, remained in his room writing busily to a hundred correspondents all over Europe. *Tota Europa scit me scire scribere,* he once declared proudly, all Europe knows that I can write. In the loneliness of snowbound Dux, time hung on his hands. He filled endless reams with observations on every subject—classical, philosophic, mathematical and theological.

At first he was too occupied with his writings to pay much attention to life's miseries; but when his writings failed to pay and he found his salary diminished by his printing bills, then he began to pity himself.

One day he says: "When I left Venice in the year 1783, God should have made me go to Rome, or else to Naples or Sicily or Parma, and in all likelihood my old age would have been happy . . ."

He had forgotten that elsewhere he had said: "In Naples I was always fortunate, but I was young then . . . if I should go there now I would be most unhappy, for old age is miserable everywhere."

And finally he makes elsewhere still another statement: "They say that Dux is a delicious spot, and I see that so it might very well be for many; but not for me, *for what causes the delights of my life has nothing to do with the place where I dwell.* When I am not sleeping, I dream, and when I am tired of dreaming I grind out

black on paper, then I read and more often than not I reject all that my pen has vomited."

All his life Casanova had desired to be a writer. In Constantinople he claimed to have refused an advantageous marriage, because he had ambitions to distinguish himself in Occidental literature. Through the golden years of his vagabondage he had preserved that ambition. In 1760 he had gone to see Voltaire. "Beware of publishers," Voltaire had warned him, "they are bandits worse than the pirates of Morocco."

"I shan't have anything to do with them, at least not until I am old."

"Then they will be the bane of your old age."

And truly, except for his initial venture, *Lana Caprina,* which had sold for a profit, his other volumes had frequently not repaid the cost of printing. And his greatest venture, his five-volume novel, was to keep him in debt for years. The publisher of his projected many-volumed *History of the Troubles in Poland* had deceived him. His *Opuscoli* failed to find sufficient subscribers, his *Exposition du différent . . . entre la Holland et le Venise,* was censored. Still he did not hesitate, again and again he gave his writings to an ungrateful and unappreciative world.

He had no sooner settled in Dux than he had printed *Les plaisantes anecdotes d'un voyage à Sultzbach.* Now Casanova's books are all rare; first editions of any one of them can be counted on the fingers of both hands, while of several titles only one known copy is in existence. But *The pleasant tales of a voyage to Sultzbach* so far has never been seen. Indeed the only reference to it is a mention in a dealer's catalogue (1912) where the price was quoted as forty lire. Who the purchaser was and why he disappeared forever with his volume is unknown.—Some pleasant anecdotes of a voyage to Sultzbach are to be found in the Memoirs, and no doubt it is substantially these same adventures that Casanova used for his book.

The story of his writings at Dux could be expanded into many volumes, and it would reflect something of the canniness and complexity of his mind, its spontaneity and sometimes its depth. But,

regretfully, we must be careful to hold it within appropriate limits and keep rather the man than his books before us.

In the same year that the Sultzbach anecdotes appeared, he published in French an anonymous pamphlet, *Soliloque d'un penseur.* It is no more than a very capably done life of Cagliostro, who is easily recognizable, but never named. In it Casanova exposes the tricks and methods of the charlatan, and even includes a paragraph or two in tribute to his victims.

"Those who believe that a dupe is necessarily a fool," he says, "are much mistaken, for we are dealing here with a partial folly only: that is why a man of intelligence more easily falls victim to an impostor's guile, than a big fool. The big fool is suspicious, and with all the faculties of his mind blunted, is incapable of falling into any grandiose snare—while a man of intelligence, cultured, full of confidence in his own lights, places his faith in his convictions, falls in and is lost."

Who in Bohemia in 1786 was as well informed concerning the wiles of impostors as the erstwhile impostor Casanova himself, recently-appointed librarian to Count Waldstein? But this in itself does not explain the appearance of the booklet. Of course, Casanova hated Cagliostro as he hated all his fellow adventurers: Saint-Germain, Marquis de Prié, Albergati, Ange Goudar, etc., whatever the particular form of their deceit—romance, gambling, alchemy. Casanova, however, seems to have had another motive besides hate. Cagliostro had approached Joseph II with a cure for eye disease, and had been laughed down. By exposing the fakir and praising Joseph's intelligence, he hoped to propitiate the monarch and procure himself acknowledgment and reward.

The "Soliloquy" was followed by the most pretentious and most tragic of all Casanova's literary efforts, the *Icosameron.* Under the influence of Opiz and Lamberg, two disciples of the new enlightenment, of the ponderous philosophy of the eighteenth century, Casanova had been indulging in the most encyclopedic speculations concerning natural and psychological phenomena. In his correspondence with these two, there appear incredibly exaggerated notions of science and sociology. Casanova was seized with the desire of

casting himself "in the rôle of the creator of a new universe, a new human race, a new civil code, a good religion, a new means of nourishing oneself, of housing, of living together, of reproducing." In five volumes he erected a Utopia that operated according to his ideals. The inhabitants are eighteen inches tall, they never sleep, they feed on liquids and odors, and live to the decent age of ninety-six. In a world, perpetually illuminated by an immovable sun, they speak only the language of music, cultivating all the arts, moving in a charmed society, supported by a huge industry.

"A delightful portion of my book will be the manner in which I cause two English people, brother and sister, to find their way into this land and how, after passing 64 years there, I have them manage to get out. They enter alone, but they leave 203,002 male and an equal number of female descendants, of whom, among the latter, there are 20,310 that are pregnant, 8,770 with twins at the breast, 172 married, 887 virgin and 34 aged. All that is the work of Edward and Elizabeth, in 64 years. Count it out yourself. In my world women can give birth from the age of ten to the age of fifty and they nourish their children but three months—here is a work that will secure me immortality."

When eventually the laborious tomes were brought out "well printed, on good paper and with all the care that a book that is not to be despised demands," they met with a brutal disregard. Casanova was left with almost the entire issue on his hands and no way to meet his expenses.

Oppressed by his misfortunes, he blamed Dux and dreamed of striking out for himself again. For a moment, he was convinced that all he needed was freedom and once again, as of old, gold would spring up beneath his feet. He contemplated a voyage to Berlin. But soon he was undeceived. He was old, he was no longer handsome, nor strong—in short, he returned to Dux. Now he was more than ever satisfied with Count Waldstein and wished to terminate his life in his employ. And the Count purchased all of his manuscripts, perhaps to ease the burden of his debts.

What became of the five hundred copies of the *Icosameron* which Casanova was unable to sell? They were lost, no doubt, and so well

that until 1869 there is not another mention of the book. Casanova had meanwhile become famous for his Memoirs, but his authorship of a five-volume novel was practically unknown. But in 1854 a Parisian bibliophile, Lorédan Larchey, picked up a copy from a bookstall on the quay and wrote about it to his friend Claudin. Fifteen years later he wrote two articles about it in the *Bibliophile Français*. Since then a dozen or so copies have been located, which command a constantly rising price.

Lorédan Larchey confessed that at first sight he had found the *Icosameron* very dull, but on looking into it closer he had discovered some very curious things, for example a description of a kind of electric telegraph. There are, too, prophecies of arsenical gas for use in warfare and suggestions of a vague Darwinism.

Aside from these curiosities, the book serves as an excellent vehicle for Casanova's opinions on everything; politics, medicine, surgery, geology, mathematics, theology, physics, chemistry and philosophy. These enormous dissertations are frequently illuminated by flashes of brilliance which play even in his dullest writings. But the result is an interminable conglomeration which no one can find the courage to read through carefully, though there is matter in it which will well repay those who understand the art of thinking.

The most frequently republished work by the hand of Casanova is undoubtedly his *Histoire de ma fuite des Prison de la République de Venise qu'on appelle les Plombs*, which is substantially the same tale as that which he subsequently incorporated in his Memoirs. During his own life-time it went through several editions, including an anonymous, scrupulously revised edition with the sub-title: *Interesting and instructive tale for youth.*

"Thirty-two years after the event," Casanova says, "I at last resolved to write the history of an occurrence that surprised me at the age of thirty, *nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita.* The reason which compels me to write it out is that of relieving myself of the pain of telling it orally when persons of my respect or friendship insist that I do them this pleasure. Now in order to narrate one needs more than a limber tongue. One must have teeth, for over a third of the

alphabet consists of dental consonants. I have had the misfortune of losing mine . . ."

In 1790, Joseph II opened a contest for the best dissertation against usury, with a prize of five hundred ducats. Casanova set himself to the task and produced a *Lucubration on Usury and the means of destroying it without recourse to comminations.* He felt deeply on the subject and was well acquainted with it, but there was no prize forthcoming. The Emperor died and, in the disordered days of succession, the essays of a hundred needy scholars lay forgotten. Casanova had promised himself much from the prize he dreamed of winning. He could not forgive the Emperor for dying so inopportunely.

In the same year, Casanova burst upon the scientific world with a *Solution du Problème Deliaque demonstrée.* He had gone to Dresden himself to supervise its printing, but the scientific world remained impassive before a discovery which had been sought for two thousand years. *Le Problème Deliaque* was the problem of doubling the cube, the mechanical solution of which had to await modern times. A numerical solution, however, such as Casanova claimed to have reached is definitely impossible.

Nevertheless, full of confidence in the accuracy of his calculations, he engaged in many controversies, but after all the clamoring he came to recognize his error and confessed it, but, unfortunately, in a book which his poverty prevented him from printing. Those who have examined these rare pamphlets agree that Casanova managed to instill into this technical subject a warmth and a spirit that make them pleasant reading even for the laity.

Throughout these years and after, he maintained a voluminous correspondence with friends in all parts of the world. His letters to Opiz and Lamberg, a drama in themselves, supply a mine of information about his doings and, as this triple friendship breaks up, vividly represent the old man's decline into bitterness and loneliness. But even his last days were cheered by letters from distant places and gossipy friends.

It is not likely that Casanova, shipwrecked in Bohemia, had much good fortune among women. Still the ancient Don Juan was not totally devoid of power despite ink-stained fingers, seared face, wrinkled brow and old-fashioned clothes.

How often in the Memoirs does not Casanova tell us of some pretty young maid-servant who came to his bed in the morning? Just such another dainty creature, Anna Dorothea Kleer, daughter of the gate-keeper, visited his bed-side at Dux, and came to grief. But through no fault of Casanova! He tells of her in one of his letters.

"The very amiable daughter of the gate-keeper, who used to come to my room every day, that true maiden, incapable of telling a lie, was discovered to be pregnant and her father and mother were in a terrific rage over the disgrace. For four days they tortured the poor girl in an effort to make her confess who her seducer was. The poor creature would only burst into tears and would not speak a word. All Dux was convinced that I was the cause of it and repeated this until I became quite tired.

"Finally I summoned her father to appear before the priest with two witnesses and I declared straight out, that I was a man of honor and was tired of a pointless joke, which amused everyone while it made me tremble. I told her father that if his daughter with whose fine nature I was familiar was capable of saying that I was cause of her pregnancy, I would marry her.

"Everyone was astonished at my speech and the father added that his daughter only wept and would not speak. I thereupon told him that he should lead me to her and I guaranteed to make her speak. Everyone went along, and as soon as I was before her I said that her silence was cause of my being considered father of the child which she was carrying, and that if that was so she had but to declare it upon which I was there to marry her at once, but if she persisted in her silence I would have her punished.

"The girl spoke amid sobs and confessed that no one else but the painter had had anything to do with her. We at once adjourned to the painter's room. He threw himself upon his knees, confessed his trespass, and a week later married her by bell and book."

It is no doubt Anna of whom Francesca Buschini had written: "You say that you have been forgotten by a person who had taken deep hold in your heart, that she has married and that you have not seen her for more than a month . . ."

It was at this time that for some reason Casanova's correspondence with Francesca was renewed. His letter has been lost and we have only her pitiful response.

"After a silence lasting a year and a half, I received a welcome letter from you which consoled me with the news that you were in perfect health. But on the other hand, I was very hurt to see that you no longer called me *sweetheart*, but *Madame!* Ah! yes, you are right, I realize that I do not merit it, for a sweetheart does all that a lover as sincere and as kind hearted as you might demand. Ah! if only I had listened to you, I would not now be in the lamentable situation where I am at present without a single sincere friend who will come to my assistance.

". . . You have said that I should not have contracted debts, and it is only too true that I am deeply in debt. But if you knew the sorrow that I feel when I see myself unable to meet my engagements and have to face the last resort, the sale of the last little bit of furniture . . . remaining from that which you left us. You are right too in scolding me for having rented a house without guarantee, without any means of paying the rent. As to your advice, namely that if some honest person would care to pay my rent or at least a part of it, I ought not to have any scruples, for a little more or a little less, it little matters . . . you cannot imagine how deeply offended I was, for in no particular do I deserve such a reproach from you. I declare that if I wished to have young men without morals or honor, I should readily enough find many who would court me for a little while and then leave me planted there, and what a figure I'd cut then. Believe me, real friends like you are rare; nowadays one meets only vicious and disreputable people, knaves, rogues, impostors and hypocrites!

"Ah! my darling, if you could see the condition of all our family, I am sure you would be moved to pity! But it is all my fault, because you, for your part, did all that an affectionate father could do for

his own daughter; you offered me a happy condition, which I either ignorantly or foolishly refused. I have had to regret it often since!

"You say you have near you a young girl who merits all your solicitude and love, that she and her family of six persons all adore you and pay you infinite attentions; that she costs you all you have, so that you cannot send me as much as a penny. . . . I learned with pleasure that you have a situation for life, but I was hurt to hear you say that we would never again see each other at Venice, and still I hope . . .

"I would like to know what two affairs of mine are known to you, for I am not sure of what you mean. Darling, even now as I write, my eyes are full of tears; I am weak with hunger for I have not what to eat; for pity's sake do not abandon me . . ."

Casanova must have been moved, for her letters are transparently sincere, but he could not send her any money. For one thing he was not any too affluent, and for another he could not forgive her and her mother for the vexations they had caused him.

A month later she wrote again. He failed to answer, and she wrote again in October, 1786. On Christmas he sent her a hundred and twenty-five lire, for which she thanked him tenderly, and asked him to forget the sorrows she had caused him, and not to remind her of things which were but too true and of which the memory alone was nearly breaking her heart. Months afterwards he answered, and she replied with another of her sad and charming letters. It was her last. Possibly he never answered it. Perhaps she never wrote again. The series of her letters, which Casanova preserved, is consecutive, and we have reason to suppose that if others had been written he would have added them to his collection. The curtain falls upon her and conceals her from us even as she utters her last sad appeal.

She is not mentioned in the Memoirs, but we can gather from her letters that for a period of years she was Casanova's best beloved. She ranks higher than any of the women of the Memoirs, not only because she has years to her credit where they have but days or weeks, but because she is the only one whose connection with the adventurer is substantiated by documents. Of all the women Casanova loved, there is left us but a scant letter or two, from Silvia one, and from Madame Cornelys one, but not addressed to him; and that

is about all, unless we count the letters of Manon Balletti, who was never his mistress.

It is to be noted, however, how clearly the letters of Francesca Buschini confirm the picture which Casanova has left us of himself. She is resigned to his instability in love. She speaks of his magnanimity. And what can we add in judgment upon a man who years after he has left his mistress forever remembers to send her a hundred and twenty-five lire for Christmas? Who for a long period after his departure continued to support her despite his own pinching poverty?

CHAPTER XXXI

Casanova's Life at Dux—A Debtor Is Nowhere Safe—Reflections on Suicide

FOR the tale of Casanova's existence at Dux during the last few years of his life, when, though his purse could not afford to publish, his pen was still busy as ever, we must go to the Memoirs of the Prince de Ligne:

"Casanova was a man of high character, intelligence and knowledge, who had seen the world. In his Memoirs he writes himself down an adventurer, the son of an unknown father and a third-rate Venetian actress. The merit of his Memoirs lies precisely in their cynicism, but it is this very cynicism which will prevent their ever being given to the world, though they are full of dramatic turns, of comedy, vivacity, philosophy, of original, sublime and inimitable things.

"When Casanova had come to the end of his money, his travels and his adventures, he accepted the offer of my nephew, Count Waldstein and became his librarian. In this position he passed the last fourteen years of his life at the Castle of Dux, near Toeplitz, where for six succeeding summers he was a constant joy to me, because of his enthusiastic liking for me, and his useful and agreeable knowledge.

"Casanova would have been a splendid-looking man if he had not been so ugly. He was tall, built like Hercules, but with an almost African complexion; his eyes were bright and quick, frank and intelligent, but they indicated an uneasy susceptibility and a vindictive ferocity; it was easier to make him angry than to make him laugh. In fact he seldom laughed, even when he brought everyone else to laughter. He had a way about him, a very charming way, that was both of Arlequin and of Figaro.

"He knew everything, except those things which he prided himself upon knowing—such as the rules of dancing, of the French language, of good taste and breeding and of conduct in high society. In the same way it is only his comedies that are not comic; only his philosophical works in which there is no philosophy, all the others are full of it, and entrance one with their flashes of depth, character, piquancy, and originality. He was a mine of science and learning, but wearied one with perpetual quotations from Homer and Horace.

"His wit and his sallies had a dash of Attic salt in them. He was touchy and grateful; but when he was displeased, he was grumbling, bitter and altogether detestable. With a million you could not have bought back his good will once you had offended him with a joke at his expense.

"His style is like that of old prefaces, long, diffuse, and heavy, but if he had a story to tell you—particularly out of his own adventurous life,—then he was so amusing and dramatic a raconteur that one was quite carried away. In interest he easily exceeds *Gil Blas* and the *Diable Boiteux*.

"He believed in nothing except what was least worthy of credence, and was full of superstitions. Fortunately he was high-minded and delicate, and when he had said: 'I have sworn to God,' or 'God so wills it,' there was nothing in the world that he was not capable of doing. He loved everything and coveted everything and after having possessed everything he knew how to get along on nothing.

"His head was always running on women and little girls, and there in his head they had to stay, which made him furious. He raged against the fair sex, against himself, against Heaven, against Nature, but above all, against the year 1725. He revenged himself by devouring food and drink in quantities. Since he could no longer be a god in the gardens or a satyr in the forests, he had become a wolf at the table: no dish ever passed him, he began gayly and finished sadly, grieving that he could not recommence at once.

"If he occasionally used his superior intelligence to get the better of foolish men and women, it was, so he said, to render happy those who were around him. In the midst of the disorders of a stormy youth, and a most adventurous and somewhat equivocal ca-

reer, he was able to show, at times, a strong sense of delicacy, honor, and courage.

"He was proud because he was nothing. If he had been a landowner, a financier, or a great nobleman, he would have been more easy-going; as it is, no one dared contradict him, no one dared laugh at him; everyone had to read his books and listen to his stories. One never dared tell him that one had heard an anecdote before; one had to listen to it as though for the first time. One never dared forget to salute him respectfully, or one had made an enemy of him for life.

"His prodigious imagination, his Italian vivacity, his travels, all the parts he had played in life, all the trades he had pursued, his courage in the absence of all moral and physical support, made an extraordinary personality, good to know, and worthy of the consideration and friendship of the small number of people whom he condescended to ask into his limited circle.

"It must not be supposed that Casanova was content to live quietly in the haven of refuge that the kindness of Waldstein had provided for him. That was not in his nature. Not a day passed without a storm: something was sure to be wrong with his coffee, his milk, his dish of macaroni, which he insisted on having served to him daily. There were constant quarrels in the house. The chef had spoilt his *polenta;* the coachman had given him a bad driver to take him over to Toeplitz to see me; the dogs had barked all night; there had been more guests than usual, and he had had to sit at a side table; a hunting horn had tortured his ear with discordant sounds; the *curé* had been trying to convert him; Count Waldstein had not said good-morning to him first; the soup had, maliciously, been served to him too hot, or too cold; a servant had kept him waiting for his wine; he had not been introduced to some distinguished person who had come to see the lance that had pierced the side of the great Wallenstein; the Count had lent someone a book from the library without notifying him; a groom had not touched his hat to him; he had spoken in German and had not been understood; he had got angry and people had laughed at him.

"The fact of the matter is that people laughed at him for many

reasons. When he showed his French verses, they laughed. When he declaimed Italian poetry with much gesticulation, people laughed. They laughed at him when he came into the salon and bowed in the style that Marcel, the famous dancing-master, had taught him sixty years before. When, at all the balls, he danced a minuet in a grave and stately manner, they laughed. When he put on his befeathered hat, his cloth of gold coat, his black velvet vest, his buckles of paste diamonds, worn over rolled silk stocking, they laughed.

" 'Cospetto!' said he: 'low scoundrels that you are! You are all Jacobins, you are wanting in respect to the Count, and the Count is wanting in respect to me when he fails to punish you.'

" 'Sir,' he said one day to the Count, 'I wounded the Grand Chamberlain of Poland in the belly. I may not be a gentleman by birth, but I raised myself to the position of one.'

"The Count laughed, which was an added grievance.

"One morning the Count went into his room with a pair of pistols in his hand, and looked at him seriously, though he was inwardly dying with laughter. Casanova burst into tears, and fell on his shoulder. 'What!' he cried, 'I should kill my benefactor—*O che bella cosa!*'

"Then lest he be suspected of cowardice, he took the pistols and returned them gracefully to the Count, holding his hand at the level of his eyebrow, as one does in a minuet; then he wept a little more and fell to talking of magic, of cabalism, and of macaroni.

"All the mothers in the village complained of his talking nonsense to their little girls!

"He managed to involve the Count in a quarrel with the monks at the Abbey of Ossegg, which he called, for some reason known only to himself, *Calvados*. When he got indigestion from overeating, he declared he was poisoned. When his carriage was overthrown, it was by order of the Jacobins! He bought a quantity of cloth on credit from the Count's factory at Oberleutensdorf, and flew into a rage when asked for the money.

"In short he could not endure so much persecution!

"God ordered him to leave Dux!

"God ordered him to ask me for letters of introduction to the Duke of Weimar, who is very fond of me, and also letters for the

Duchess of Gotha, who does not know me, and for the Jews in Berlin.

"He went off secretly, leaving a tender, proud, honest and irate letter behind for Waldstein, who laughed and said he would be sure to come back some day.

"Poor fellow, they did not offer him a place as tutor, or librarian, or chamberlain, but kept him cooling his heels in the ante-rooms, and he revenged himself by proclaiming loudly that all Germans are stupid. The excellent and amiable Duke of Weimar received him marvelously well, but he instantly became jealous of Goethe and Wieland, and declaimed against them and the literature of the country of which he knew nothing!

"At Berlin he launched his diatribes against the ignorance, superstition, and dishonesty of the Hebrews I had sent him to, which did not, however, prevent him from borrowing money from them and giving them in exchange bills drawn on Waldstein.

"My nephew laughed, paid the bills and embraced Casanova when he returned. As for Casanova, he laughed and wept at the same time, and said that God had told him to take a six weeks' voyage, to go off without saying a word, and then come quietly back to his room at Dux. He told us all what had hapened to him, including these little contrarieties, which he dignified with the name of humiliations.

"A week after he had returned there were fresh disturbances. The strawberries were handed to everyone before him at table, and none were left for him; and worse still a portrait of himself, which had disappeared from his room, and which he flattered himself had been taken by an admirer, suddenly reappeared hung up on the privy-door."

Is it not strange that so clear and definite a picture of Casanova's life at Dux should have given innumerable commentators the notion that Casanova was persecuted at Dux, that he was mistreated, that the Count considered him as his buffoon, that he was virtually a prisoner, respected by no one, a prey to malicious servants? All these humiliations existed only in his own imagination, as the Prince de Ligne gives us clearly to understand. They laughed at him, true, but

any other people at any other place would have done the same. He was annoyed by the petty impertinences of the servants. He was especially mistreated by Feltkirchner, the major domo, and the courier Wiederholt, as is amply testified by the *Letters written to sieur Faulkircher (sic) by his best friend Jacques Casanova de Seingalt*, which are usually appended to the Memoirs. But we must not take that stupid trick of Wiederholt's, that is pasting up Casanova's portrait in the privy, as anything more than it was, although Casanova's anger was roused to the point where he filled hundreds of pages with his ire. He complains of the most petty matters. It is true that such trifles may make one's life miserable: anonymous letters, a lock for the library door stolen, accusations of having lied—Casanova is even given a beating. They are mosquito bites that drive a noble soul to frenzy. He goes to a lawyer and draws up a complaint. He writes the story out in detail to all his friends. Zaguri commiserates with him from Venice. And it is really only because Waldstein is away that the servants permit themselves such bold acts, as indeed Waldstein's mother writes to him, for of course he has written to her, too: "I pity you, Sir, for having to reside among such people and in such bad company, but my son will not forget what he owes to himself, and I am sure he will give you such satisfaction as you will demand."

And indeed when Waldstein returns after an absence of several years, Feltkirchner and his *mignon* Wiederholt are dishonorably discharged. But meanwhile Casanova suffers. He suffers deeply—of what?—of impotence. Of an impotence that he tries in vain to conceal. The impotence of no longer being successful with women, of no longer commanding his own way by the force of gold, of no longer being able to threaten with his sword. But life had so long accustomed him to such power that he felt ashamed to have people realize that he had lost it. And instead of leaning forward to the earth, as old age insists we must, he stood more stiffly upright than ever, and mentally, at least, he leaned backward. In everything, everywhere, his sensitive nature suspected malicious attacks. He had a mild case of paranoia aggravated by a great sensitiveness. And therefore he was unhappy. He was miserable at Dux. Yes, even after his trip to Berlin had taught him that Dux was a paradise compared to the rest of the world. A paradise, and Count Waldstein a guardian

angel, such as are granted to but few impecunious and infirm adventurers who have wasted a life-time on the satisfaction of their desires.

"Writing my Memoirs," says Casanova, "was the only remedy I had against the certainty of going crazy or dying of chagrin amidst the annoyances and vexations which I have to submit to daily from the envious scoundrels who are here with me at the Castle at Dux . . ." Evidently Casanova had not the virtue of being able to look upon these miseries from afar and judge them dispassionately. We have always enough courage to bear the misfortunes of others, says La Rochefoucauld. *Mea culpa!* For indeed one has but to read the sheets that Casanova blackened, one has but to read the Memoirs carefully, to know that he suffered as he wrote them. The certainty of death, the failure of his health, the loss of his youthful powers, all appear in the texture of his self-confession.

When his troubles at Dux got to be more than he could bear, Casanova went over to the Count's Castle at Oberleutensdorf, where he was as badly off as before. For he perished with boredom in the society of Dr. O'Reilly, who was yet the only one there with whom he could converse. At night, when O'Reilly had departed, Casanova amused himself by writing down various dialogues he had with this man. They are semi-fictitious, no doubt, and thus they allow Casanova to vent his spleen the better, but they reveal the nature of the old Venetian who could never forget his brilliant youth.

Casanova. What wines do you drink?

O'Reilly. Austrian.

Casanova. Austrian?! Why that is scarcely fit for Lombards to wash their feet in.—Rhine wine for me!

O'Reilly. Mere question of taste! I prefer Austrian.

Casanova. You do, of course, but only because it costs seven groats. Rhine wine would cost you a gulden.

O'Reilly. Do you imagine that just because it costs more, it must necessarily be better?

Casanova. Of course I do! My dear Doctor, everything that is good costs money, not excepting women, doctors and cooking.

O'Reilly. You're chaffing.

Casanova. Indeed I'm not. What do you pay for your chocolate?

O'Reilly. A gulden a pound.

Casanova. And I pay two for mine. And your coffee?

O'Reilly. Twelve groats.

Casanova. Mine costs me twenty-four a pound.

O'Reilly. If you spend that much people will think you are rich.

Casanova. And they do think I am rich. Here at Oberleutensdorf everyone thinks me richer than you, for no beggar ever approached me for alms that I did not give him a groat. And even two groats, if he smiled as he asked me: for I love happiness. You never give anyone a single farthing. For a message to Dux I pay eight groats and am always promptly served.

O'Reilly. Of course if one is rich.

Casanova. No necessity to be rich. It suffices if one have the monev at the moment.

O'Reilly. But when one no longer has any.

Casanova. Then one borrows.

O'Reilly. And when one no longer has any credit.

Casanova. Then one sells one's possessions.

O'Reilly. And when one no longer has any to sell.

Casanova. Then one suffers patiently . . .

And Casanova suffered patiently. He wrote, book after book on every subject, not only on his life. His manuscripts accumulated dust, for he was unable to publish anything. Even while he was still corresponding with Opiz he had written a work that bore the epigraph *In pondere et mensura.* "It deals," so he wrote to Opiz, "with gravitation and measure. I wish to demonstrate not that the orbits of heavenly bodies are irregular, but that they are susceptible of only mean measurements and that . . . I prove that all the fixed axes have an irregular oscillation . . . I demonstrate that light is neither body nor spirit . . . I criticize not only Tycho Brahe, but also Kepler and Newton . . . I could send you my manuscript and allow you to have it printed at Prague or elsewhere . . . I would sell the book either to you or the printer for fifty florins . . ." But Opiz objected that "as father of a family, . . ."

It is to be noted that before Young's work, Casanova had dared

oppose Newton's corpuscular theories and demonstrated that light was neither body nor spirit. Much stranger is the fact that as early as his *Solution of the Deliac Problem*, Casanova had shown himself to be a Kantian. And more than likely he anticipated Kant, for Kant's recently published works were unknown to him as they were to almost everyone, and they were in German, a language of which Casanova was ignorant. Yet in Casanova's book we may read:

"Time and space are abstract beings that exist only in the imagination: thus it is impossible to imagine the existence of time before man, nor space before man, who conceived it upon seeing matter, for matter cannot have being except in space, even as space cannot exist without matter."

Equally surprising is a chapter on "Natural History" in his manuscript work: *Critical Essay on Customs, Sciences and Arts*, where Casanova, according to Charles Henry, one of the few fortunate mortals allowed to see the volume now in the possession of Brockhaus, expressly remarks that the three divisions of natural history are totally subjective and that in reality the highest reaches of the mineral kingdom merge insensibly with the lowest of the vegetable, while the highest of the plant kingdom may be confounded with the lowest degrees of animal life.

Charles Henry, who was allowed a leisurely perusal of the manuscripts belonging to Brockhaus upon the promise not to publish so much as a quotation from them, has described a number of Casanova's large and prophetic views upon a variety of scientific and social subjects. Casanova's geometrical works remind him of Pascal. From an examination of a manuscript entitled *Reveries on the mean measure of our year, according to the Gregorian reformation*, in the vain hope of printing which Casanova had traveled to Dresden, Henry deduces that Casanova had a great acquaintance with astronomical works. "The author knows perfectly all the various measures which have been given to the solar year; he gives a history of the various divisions of the year: the calendars of Romulus, Numa, Cæsar are examined and judged. The work of the Council of Nicea, the representations of the devout at the Council of Constance, the reclamations of John Stoeffler, of John-Mary Tolosan

are not omitted; and finally Gregory XIII's great enterprise is carefully appraised . . . Casanova examines D'Alembert's article on the year in the Encyclopedia and finds several just corrections to make . . . He has himself a correction to make: he asks the public's pardon for having erred in the duplication of the cube. He recognized his error six months later; but at the same time he recognized the impossibility of that equation. What more could one desire?"

In these matters it seems as though Casanova, who in his youth had wanted every woman, in his old age wished to embrace all the seven Muses at once. There is something of Pica della Mirandola, there is something of Leonardo da Vinci, in Casanova: in the multiplicity and grasp of his interests, in the depth to which he carried his investigations, in the prophetic vision of his intellect. High praise, yes, but not undeserved, and the world would readily grant it now if his Memoirs had been less scabrous.

Unfortunate as an author, with old age fastening its cold tentacles deeper and deeper into his once warm flesh, there were still poverty and semi-servitude for Casanova to bear. All the world may have forgotten him, but his creditors ferreted him out. They dunned him perpetually. And these old debts, along with his printing bills, meant that his salary was always spent long before he had received it. Among his papers we find many little notes and bills. A certain Banker Thun, of Prague, writes a warning letter in which he demands that Casanova pay his debt. In one of Casanova's own letters we read:

" . . . the death of that poor Lorenzo, who was a good man, pained me much. I owed him more than three hundred gulden and I paid over two hundred of it through Banker Thun of Prague . . . I shall pay the rest of my debt to his heirs . . ."

Casanova also wished to collect the little sums that were owed to him. Thus he wrote to Prince Batthyani asking him to pay him the fifty gulden which Casanova claimed to have laid out for the Prince's father, recently deceased. The Prince, who had just inherited five millions, refused to pay the sum. Casanova answered him in a letter that is worth quotation:

"Prince!

"I have had the letter, with which You have honored me, translated, and I appreciate fully all the reasons which Your Highness has brought forward in order not to pay me the fifty gulden which I spent for the dead Prince, Your father. Here, my Prince, is the torn note, which I believe it incumbent upon me to return to You, for I am old and do not wish anyone to read it after my death and be able to ridicule me. Your Highness too ought to be glad that I have destroyed His letter, since such papers do not add to a family's repute . . . My Prince, I have found that in this world there are more true impossibilities than true possibilities. Who, thirty years ago, would have believed it possible for the wealthy Prince Adam Batthyani to die in debt—owing poor Jacob Casanova—ten ducats? And yet so it happened.—And who would have believed that Casanova would risk the danger of being suspected of forgery in order to obtain—ten ducats? And yet so it happened . . ."

Towards the end of the year 1793 Casanova's troubles had grown to the point where he had to pour out his feelings on paper lest they seek a more violent outlet. He wrote then a *Short reflection of a philosopher who finds himself compelled to think of bringing about his own death* (*done at Dux, as I rise from bed on the morning of December 13, 1793, day dedicated to Santa Lucia, remarkable in my too long existence*).

"My life is an oppression.

"What metaphysical being forbids me to kill myself? It is nature.

"What is the other being which orders me to get rid of the burden of life, whose pleasures I can sense but feebly, while I experience to the full all its pains? It is reason.

"Nature is a coward whose one law is to conserve, and who commands me to sacrifice everything in order to live. But reason is that which has made me resemble God, it is that which bids me trample on instinct and which teaches me to choose the best after having carefully weighed all arguments. Reason demonstrates to me that I am a man only that I may impose silence upon nature whenever she opposes herself to an action which alone and at once will relieve all my ills.

"Reason convinces me that the power which I have of killing myself is a privilege which God has granted to me in order that I may realize that I am superior to all the other animals which He has created on this earth, for there is no animal which kills itself or thinks of killing itself, with the single exception of the scorpion, which poisons itself when the fire that surrounds it convinces it that it can only escape by burning itself. This animal fears fire more than death.

"Imperiously, reason bids me kill myself . . . Amen!"

There was positively nothing to do but blacken paper, anything else was boredom. So we find him writing *Reflections on the French Revolution*, which he condemned outspokenly: an acephelous government, he declared, cannot live any more than an acephelous animal. He writes a hundred-and-twenty-page letter to Robespierre which has been lost, but we can imagine that in it he stormed against the Jacobins with all the forceful language of which he was capable. He continuously rails against the French revolutionaries and again and again he predicts the dismemberment of France like that of foolish Poland whose internal disturbances he had described. Here again he was doomed to be disappointed, for France was to rise to be the conqueror of Europe, the destroyer of his own dear Republic of Venice.

Da Ponte, in trouble in Venice, was on his way to Dresden when he bethought himself that Casanova still owed him several hundred florins—from the days in Vienna, we may suppose. He stopped at Dux to find Casanova, in the hope of obtaining all or at least part of the money owed him.

"I arrived there," says Da Ponte, "was well received, but perceiving shortly that his purse was even slenderer than my own I forbore giving him the mortification of asking for what he could not repay me. So, after a visit of three or four days, I decided to be on my journey to Dresden.

"To my misfortune he wished to accompany me to Toeplitz, a city ten or twelve miles from Dux where there was an estate belonging to Count Waldstein, whose friend and librarian he was. I was thus obliged to take another horse and another driver who re-

turned when we were half way there. We had to waste a half a day in order to repair our wagon, and nevertheless, once having reached Toeplitz, I saw that it would be perilous to continue our voyage. I therefore sold my coach and horse for sixty piasters. They had originally cost me a hundred; and Casanova, who served as my agent, kept two sequins of the money, saying, as he handed me the rest, that he would need them to return home.

"'And since I shall never be able to pay them back to you,' he continued, 'no more than the other sums I owe you, I shall give you instead three good counsels that will be of more worth to you than all the gold of the world.'

"'My dear Da Ponte, if you wish to make your fortune, do not go to Paris, but go instead to London; but in that city never go to the Italian Coffee-house, and never write your name anywhere.'

"How happy I might have been, had I religiously followed his counsels!" Da Ponte exclaims, in his autobiography. "All the misfortunes, all the losses I had to sustain in London came from my having frequented the Italian Coffee-house, and from having imprudently signed my name without foreseeing the consequences thereof.

"After Casanova had left us, my wife, who had remained dumbfounded before the veracity, the eloquence, the fecundity and the gesticulations of this really extraordinary old man, wished me to tell her the history of his life."

The counsels Casanova gave to Da Ponte were only those which he wished he had himself followed. His misfortunes in London could be traced to the friends he made at the Italian Coffee-house and to his having accepted and endorsed a bad check.

CHAPTER XXXII

The Death of the Dog and His Master

IN an uncompleted manuscript found at Dux, Casanova thus describes a section of his life there:

". . . At present I am living in a little city in Bohemia, where I am never happy unless I am alone; but sedentary solitude engenders ills in me, which are most seductively coaxing me to the tomb. The diseases which attack sedentary people are known to all, they are not painful, but they afflict one, or me at least, for I am not a sufficiently great philosopher to be able to contemplate my approaching end with indifference. I therefore go to seek dialogue now and then and give my pen a rest."—Here follows a number of examples of the types of people with whom he converses and who, he finds, are all too stupid to afford him amusement. Theologians, business men, politicians are considered and rejected. Then Casanova speaks of Waldstein:

"The master here is the most amiable of all the individuals found at Dux, yet he is at the same time a man with whom I cannot spend a quarter of an hour, unless I am willing to sacrifice both his peace and mine. Dissipation is his idol, never has he been known to apply himself to anything serious. He is the enemy of writing, of reading, of forethought; he cannot give his attention to anyone unless the conversation deals with horses, occult sciences, extraordinary characters, astounding events, voyages or spectacles . . . Gayety is his predominating trait and the chief cause of his happiness, and everywhere he finds cause for laughter . . . The most sinister events cannot trouble his gayety, which he preserves amidst the worst sufferings . . . He is brave to the point of folly . . . He sometimes asks advice, but never in order to follow it . . .

". . . Being young and very ardent he needs a girl and he keeps

one that fulfills all his needs, . . . he keeps her in the little chamber next to his own bedroom . . . rather as one would keep a pet monkey than a mistress . . . She is young and beautiful . . ." It is thus that Casanova talks of Caroline, the laundress whom he first hated because she was so close to his tormentors, the servants. After their discharge Casanova changed his opinion of her. He calls her amiable and intelligent and likens her to Aspasia.

"There is a young Prince, a cousin of the Count," Casanova continues, "who entreated me to keep him company. I therefore sometimes laid away my pen and went from my room to his . . . This Prince has wit and intelligence, a steady character and a love of books, but he is so vainglorious of what he believes he knows, that . . . when I corrected some grammatical errors in one of his letters, he laughed to my face, and declared that it was I who did not know French.

"He declared that before correcting him I should have realized that at Vienna, where his house spent a revenue of a million a year and employed five thousand servants, aside from a military guard, it was impossible that he had not had the very best teachers. I laughed and said that despite his grandeur his faults were real, whereupon he rose and said that I did not know what I was saying . . . I determined never to argue with him again, but I could not keep my word . . ."

Not all of Casanova's companions at Dux were as annoying as the theologians, the business men, the Count and the Prince, herein set forth. One of the Count's brothers, Ferdinand, was a welcome visitor, for we read in one of his letters to the librarian: "I intend to come to see you to-morrow and will have the pleasure of dining with you. If I do not meet you, I shall go looking for you in your room, and if you speak to me of your enemies, I shall answer what an Englishman said to the King of England during the persecution of Wilkes: 'The rays of royal indignation could not but add luster to his glory.' Be assured moreover that I share your misfortunes and wish that I might relieve you of them.—F. W."

And there was Baron von Linden who must surely have warmed the ancient adventurer's heart. He was then about sixty years of age, had had a fairly uneventful life, but was a most interesting char-

acter and passionately attracted to the study of the occult arts and sciences.

He paid tribute to Casanova in a description he wrote of Dux and its environs.

"The library," he says, "was under the supervision of Herr Jacob *Casanuova*, a Venetian, and the brother of the two famous artists, the great battle-painter Franz *Casanuova* of Vienna, and of the famous Academy-director Joseph * *Casanuova* of Dresden, who died a few years ago.

"This man, who in his seventy-third year bubbled over with wit and humor as much as he did in his thirtieth, had already distinguished himself in his youth by his flight from the infamous State-prisons beneath the Lead roofs, which no one before or since had succeeded in doing, and which he wrote up himself in a small volume. In addition his excellent translation of the *Iliad*, his *Refutation of Amelot de la Houssaie*, which finally procured him his reconciliation with his country, his *Icosameron* and twenty other volumes in French and his mother tongue, have earned him so enviable a reputation in the learned world that it could never occur to me to deliver a eulogy of him here.

"I have had the opportunity of reading a number of still unprinted works from the hand of this inexhaustible genius, who was accustomed to spending nine hours every day at his desk, *and the most remarkable of these are his Memoirs which fill seventeen volumes*. They are a collection of the most unusual observations and anecdotes that a philosophic head like his could draw in such unparalleled circumstances. The acquaintance which he made with the outstanding men of all classes that he met during his forty years of travel and sojourn in Constantinople, in France, in Italy, in Switzerland, in Holland, England, Germany, Poland and Russia, and the great variety of adventures that were his lot in these countries, aside from the many unusual reports of several singular famous and infamous characters, would make these volumes not only one of the most interesting and readable books ever written, but they might almost serve as a dependable guide for young travelers who would thus be warned of the dangers into which frivolity and opportunity may

* He means Giovanni.

draw them, if he had been able to carry through his plans to completion and have veiled the too frequent cynical passages. Death unfortunately claimed him June 4, 1798, after he had been my daily and dearest companion, before he had scarcely begun his retouching. Peace be to his ashes!"

Here in 1801 appears evidently the first printed mention of those redoubtable Memoirs.

Other friends and correspondents sweetened, as much as they could, the last bitter years of the adventurer. Teresa, daughter of his recently deceased brother Jean, wrote him tender chatty letters. She was a pretty girl, if we are to judge by another correspondent, Baron de Sellentin, who wrote to Casanova begging to be introduced to his niece "who is the jewel of all Dresden." She subsequently married Baron Wessenig and held in Dresden a kind of literary and artistic salon which was much frequented by distinguished people.

There is a Henriette de Schuckmann who, having met him a number of years before, suddenly in 1796 begs to correspond with him. A series of charming slightly malicious letters follow.

There is also Eva Frank, daughter of the famous Jewish Cabalist, Frank, founder of the Frankist movement which was to unite the Christians and Jews into one great sect. With Casanova she may have discussed occult matters. The correspondence is lost. There is left only a single letter in which Casanova expounds his famous method of drawing an answer for any question from the letters of the question formed into a pyramid.

And there was Princess Clary, to whose palace he had been invited and for whom he wrote a play, the *Polémoscope*, which has since been published and while not worth production is still not dull reading. There was Elisa von der Recke of whom we shall speak again later, and Princess Lobkowitz, who had the charming notion of presenting Casanova with a dog when his fox-terrier died.

We have said nothing of Casanova's pet dogs, having reserved the tale for this moment, that we might present it in full with all of its savor, which would have been dissipated by adherence to absolute chronology.

Casanova during all his travels had never possessed any dogs.

His adventurous wandering life had prevented the acquisition of a pet, and, moreover he reserved for his mistresses all the affection he cared to bestow. But now that he had grown old, and women no longer extended to him the affection his loving nature demanded, he began to take an interest in dogs. In Venice, he had come to love a cur that had been picked up from the streets; and during the lonesome winters at Dux, Casanova missed a dog pet more than ever. He later acquired a little white female fox-terrier with spots of black that at once suggested to Casanova the name of Melampyge. So Melampyge she became and her affectionate ways soon carved out for herself a durable niche in Casanova's heart.

When he went away to Dresden, he remembered to note on his list of baggage: "a cushion for Melampyge," whom he took along, of course.

Late in the year 1791, Casanova determined to flee from his persecutors, Waldstein's three rascally servants, at Dux and go to live at Oberleutensdorf, as we have recounted, there to wait for the long-delayed return of Waldstein. But after two years of waiting, Waldstein had still not returned. It was at this time that Casanova was stricken with grief by the death of his dear Melampyge. In a Latin funeral oration, which Casanova penned in his mourning, we read the following touching lines:

"Alas! Melampyge is no more! She was beautiful, was Melampyge, jewel of her pure breed, with her ears pointed in order not to lose a word of what was said, with her tail moving when known friends were approaching, as a sign of her deep joy. Strangers found her inaccessible and ready to attack, suspicious and watchful. In her least movements there was grace and charm. Never was she bold or disobedient. Vulgar dogs she despised, and when she met any, she soon gave them to understand that she intended to remain faithful to her breed, and was not disposed to consider their pursuits.

"But alas! in all the neighborhood I could not find a dog that was worthy of her, and thus I was never able to give her the opportunity of having relations with a companion of her kind. I would hold her a prisoner for those critical two weeks during which she was in rut. It never occurred to me that my tyranny might cost her life. But so it happened.

"On the 4th of February, 1794, I noticed that she had again been seized with the desire of mating and I therefore forced her to remain in her little bed; but soon the first signs of the disease that was to carry her off, began to manifest themselves. In two weeks Melampyge died, after having refused to take nourishment for seven days. Three times her yearning body had been denied its natural right. Three times she had been deceived until despair had brought Death to embrace her.

"She would now be still alive had I loved her less. Poor unfortunate doggie who surely ignored that she was about to die and that I was the cause of her death.

"Pardon these bitter tears my friends, for these tears are my only consolation for a sadness that may yet lead me to the tomb.

"When I die no one will come to weep upon my grave. Who knows? says Solomon . . . perhaps, when my spirit has clothed itself in a new life, a new matter, then I shall see again my jolly little dog taken renewed shape before my eyes."

In addition to this tender appreciation of his pet, Casanova wrote a commemorative poem, and in his letters informed all his friends of his desolation. From Venice and from Vienna came letters of condolence and sympathy.

In January, 1795, the still mourning librarian received a dog from Princess Lobkowitz. She had long promised him one to replace his departed Melampyge, but not until then did she send the creature to him.

Casanova's note of thanks indicates the place which the animal had assumed in his affection:

"I received Finette. It is a gift that only I can fully appreciate, but I flatter myself in supposing that I shall be able to appreciate it as much as I ought; I shall ever be afraid, in thinking of the illustrious donor, of being lacking in proper esteem for the little animal which Your Highness deferred sending to me in order to present me with a trained animal.

"Finette, Madame, has an education; she is gentle, pretty, and so sensitive that I have only to raise my hoarse voice for her to become submissive at once; and that displeases me somewhat, I

wish she would love me without the least shadow of a fear . . .

"Your Highness may be sure, nevertheless, that if Finette only makes me happy for an occasional quarter of an hour, I shall, in return, make her happy day and night. Let anyone but dare to be lacking in respect towards her! . . ."

To which the Princess answered from Vienna:

"I am delighted with the charming reception you gave to the bitch I had destined for you just as soon as I had learnt of the death of your dearly-beloved fox-terrier, knowing well that nowhere else would it be so well provided for as in your care. I hope, Sir, with all my heart that she may possess all the qualities which may in some way help you to forget the deceased."

In 1797 Casanova was seventy-two years old. His great frame now gave evident signs of approaching dissolution. Casanova shuddered to think of it. All his philosophy, all his rationalizing, all his many years of acquaintance with the certainty of death had not sufficed to remove the horror of it.

But if sickness be a foretaste of death, as some have said, then Casanova had had frequent acquaintance with it. Yet despite numerous illnesses he had had unusually good health. "My happy organization," he once said, "has placed me among those who have felt young all their lives." Gathered together, however, in a little paragraph, the list of his diseases is a formidable one. Small-pox, lobar pneumonia, at least eleven attacks of sexual diseases, traumatic illnesses caused by shots, sword injuries, and falls; and in addition the discomfort of the constant rude exposure of eighteenth century travel.

With the abyss of Death yawning before him, it is no wonder that Casanova sought in the concept of immortality a bridge to another world. In a letter addressed to an unknown Lady, Casanova writes, a year before his death:

". . . Here then, Madame, is the difference between yourself and me. You believe yourself immortal in your soul, and according to Socrates, you are already that, since *you are living for the future.* I believe myself mortal in body, and I am, while I congratulate my

soul, if it is a real substance, which it must be, and regret that I cannot be a witness of its immortality, since my senses are invincibly attached to my body which is perishing bit by bit until at last Death, *ultima linea rerum*, shall come to take it.

"Seneca, in one of his letters, reproaches a sage for having had the cruelty of undeceiving him in regard to the immortality of the soul, which he had always believed he would follow, across death, along with all his sensory faculties. That hope, he complains, was the sweetest error of his mind.—I, Madame, shall beware of undeceiving you as Seneca's cruel friend did. Moreover, I myself, may be in error. I confess that I know nothing thereof. And if I must die to discover whether I am immortal or not, then I confess myself in no haste to achieve such knowledge. For a truth that costs one's life is bought too dearly. But if after my death I should still find myself able to see, hear and feel, then no one will ever be able to convince me that I am dead."

In the Castle of Dux there lived upon occasion a scapegrace young Lieutenant of poverty-stricken lineage, Count Ernest Roggendorff, who was fortunate enough to be known to the Waldsteins and thus able now and then to enjoy the hospitality of the palace. Casanova had quarreled with him as he always quarreled with everyone, and indeed in this case there was reason, for this young man had encouraged a younger sister of his, Cecile, to write to Casanova. Possibly he thought that Casanova could persuade Waldstein to marry his sister. Possibly he felt that Casanova would adopt his sister, protect her, make her his heiress. Who knows? His motives are vague but there is no doubt that he envisaged some gain. Indeed almost anything would have been gain to the poor Countess Cecile Roggendorff, who, after a miserable childhood, faced the prospect of going through life as a poor relation. For a moment it had seemed as though life was going to smile on her when Baron John Vécsey sought her hand in marriage. A few months later he was killed in the battle of Bassano, November 7, 1796.

"Sir, (she writes to Casanova only three months after this misfortune): It will strike you as quite extraordinary, very bold even,

on my part, that I should dare address these lines to you, and what is more, offer to sustain a continuous correspondence with you. If this step offend or annoy you, *blame it all on the transports of a sad heart* which believes that it has some claims to your friendship.

"You were, so Ernest writes me, the friend of my dear departed father; then deign to accord that same title to the orphan, who has had the unhappy fate of surviving such worthy parents. Your merits, your age, your experience, all instill in me the greatest veneration, I dare say even tenderness, for the friend of my father cannot be an object of indifference to me. I envy my brother's good fortune in being able to enjoy your society . . ."

Casanova replied that he wept to read her letter. "Since I have reached the age of decrepitude," he writes, "I have become an exhorter." And the good morals he preaches to Cecile, whom he takes to his heart at once, are so "charming" as Cecile says in her reply, "that they excite in me a desire to conform to your principles, no matter how difficult they may be to achieve in practice."

Casanova, despite the fact that just then he was very busy, took up Cecile's case and wrote to Princess Clary, the daughter of the Prince de Ligne, in her behalf. Meanwhile he undertook a last trip to Dresden. His niece Teresa, daughter of Jean Casanova, had written to him on the 6th of March, 1797, that all his friends there were clamoring to see him: Hugh Elliot, Minister from England, and the Canoness of Eltz, sister of the Austrian Ambassador joined with her in hoping to see him soon. And Casanova himself was anxious to go to Dresden, for he had a manuscript which he wished to have printed and for the moment he had enough money. This book, Casanova's last work, printed during his life-time, is worthy of a moment's examination.

To Leonard Snetlage, Doctor of Laws of the University of Goettingen, from Jacques Casanova, Doctor of Laws of the University of Padua—1797. This 140 page pamphlet is Casanova's letter of criticism upon Dr. Snetlage's *New French Dictionary* which purported to contain the new words added to the French language by the revolution. We meet here a new Casanova, Casanova the linguist, Casanova the philologist, who carefully examines Dr. Snetlage's work

and criticizes it most intransigently. The pamphlet still exists in two or three copies of the original edition. In 1903 the book was reprinted in a small edition.

More important, had they succeeded, would have been Casanova's efforts to have his Memoirs published. For this purpose he refurbished his old introduction, and took the volumes to Count Camillo Marcolini, the new Director of the Beaux Arts of Dresden. A single volume was to be issued first and the reception of that volume would dictate the disposition to be made of the others. Nothing came of this plan.

Casanova returned to Dux and took up Cecile's case. His plea to Princess Clary might have borne results, but Cecile's aunt, Countess Salm, would not permit her to go to Vienna, where Princess Clary was an important figure at the Austrian court. Suddenly it seemed as though the friendship between Cecile and Casanova must be broken, for Casanova began to suspect, whether rightly or wrongly, that Cecile was after Count Waldstein. Casanova was angry both at Ernest and his sister. The poor girl begged forgiveness in very touching terms; she reminded the old librarian of her father and mother "who died too young to bring up their children." She earnestly desired Casanova to guide her, for already she had come to consider him as her father. She promised to be careful about her choice of friends, obey rigorously his severe rules and declared that she was far from being romantic, and that the things Casanova had told her about Waldstein's character, his servant-girl mistress, his love of horses, his passion for gambling had made her change her mind about a man for whom she had conceived a great respect.

Their friendship was patched up, Cecile begged Casanova to draw up a system of conduct for her. Casanova promised to leave her the fifteen volumes of his Memoirs upon his death. "I hope," Cecile writes, "that I will have to do without your Memoirs for a long time." Was that not a cynical idea, Raoul Vèze comments, to leave to a young girl those Memoirs of which Casanova himself had said: "their cynicism passes all bounds . . . the more I write, the more I am convinced that my work is meant to be burnt." Nevertheless it was with zeal that he sounded out all his friends as to some honorable and paying position for poor Cecile and eventually was able to

open negotiations for Cecile to become a maid of honor at the Duke of Courland's court at Sagan.

"Our love is charming," Cecile writes, in September 22, 1797; "since I know you, I am more amiable, kinder, gayer, less frivolous, more happy, and I even think I have more wit, which pleases me, for it will add another merit to my credit in your eyes."

Meanwhile the negotiations are drawn out by a dozen details. Cecile has a tiny pension as Canoness of Halle, which she would not like to sacrifice, though she *would* like to go to Sagan and be a Maid of Honor to the Princesses there. Casanova now calls his Cecile Zenobia, and himself Longinus, after Queen Zenobia of Palmyra and the Philosopher Longinus who was her minister. Under these names they continue to entertain each other and dispute about ethics.

" . . . the only thing that pains me," she writes, "is that you talk so often of death. Does the pain in your thigh announce it to you? And are you seeking to prepare me for this terrible blow? Oh, no! my dear Casanova, you must live for my sake. As long as you remain I shall not lose courage; you and your friendship are the greatest possessions I have. Alas! when I think that the laws of nature will probably allow me to survive you, then my strength fails me; is not my sadness natural when your letters continuously increase my esteem and gratitude for you? But I console myself, for a secret voice that must come straight from God assures me that you will live a great many more years."

When Casanova writes that: "a passage of your letter went straight to my soul, which was not a difficult matter for I no longer have any body" she is quite frightened.—But his illness passed and for a moment he entertained the notion of visiting Venice.

By the treaty of Campo-Formio, the most ancient state in Europe, the Republic of Venice, was ceded to Austria. Napoleon Bonaparte, the rising Corsican adventurer, who was also to die in exile, paid unknowingly his compliments to the dying Casanova.

On November 27, 1797, Casanova wrote thus to Count Waldstein:

"Jacques Casanova having become an Austrian citizen, wishes to go give his last adieu to his country happy in having become Austrian.

He also wishes to go embrace the oldest of all his friends, M. Zaguri . . .

"Casanova asks then, of his good master, M. the Count of Waldstein, Lord of Dux, his gracious permission to go spend a month in Venice, next spring, and to ride there in a closed coach which the aforesaid generous Lord will have the kindness to provide.

"Casanova needs this very day the assurance that this boon will be granted to him, for so flattering a prospect will be enough to keep him alive for the next four cruel months . . .

"Done at Dux, this 27 of November, of this year of most extreme patience, 1797."

To which Count Waldstein answered:

"Count Waldstein well recalls that M. Casanova had a little grudge against the old Republic; he approves most heartily the zeal and friendship which urge M. Casanova to go embrace his old friend in the ancient streets of the newest imperial state. Count Waldstein, himself, will carry this welcome news to M. Zaguri, for he is considering leaving Wednesday for Trieste and Venice."

Strengthened at once by the prospect of seeing his beloved and beautiful Venice again, after an absence of sixteen years, Casanova wrote to Zaguri:

"My dear Sir, I am old, but all of me has not yet died: there is still left my curiosity, daughter of my understanding, ever seeking to discover the connection between things that affect me. When I shall have become indifferent to all things then I know that I shall be near death. I have decided to visit Austrian Venice . . ."

Late in the year 1797, the appointment of Cecile to the position of Maid of Honor at Sagan was still unsettled. In the midst of these new discussions Casanova fell ill. Cecile wrote: ". . . I am desolate. Great God, what would I not give to relieve you and dissipate from your mind all sad ideas . . . Alas! why am I not your daughter or your niece? I would I were free to fly to your bedside and take care of you."

As a matter of fact, Casanova's voraciousness had brought on an attack of stomach trouble. He had to retrench severely in the matter of diet. Early in 1798 the bladder became involved and Casanova knew to his sorrow all the distresses that old men have to suffer. Worse still, he knew there was no hope for him. He had no faith in doctors, he knew their inability to stop the fatal progress of his disease, their inability even to diminish the pain. It must have been rather wryly that the old adventurer noted with what passion people sent him one "absolutely certain" remedy after another.

"Take remedies!" Cecile advises. "Who is your doctor? In Heaven's name, get well! . . ." In her next letter she says: "Here is a recipe that will do wonders. It is an infallible remedy: *Semina lini.*" She describes a linseed poultice made with milk which is to be spread between cloths and applied to the lower part of the belly.

In her next letter she has still another recipe which miraculously cured a "lady named Ridhamer who was suffering from the very same trouble . . . My dear Longinus I would give ten years of my life to see you well." She hopes to be able to come to see him. "But take care, you will fall madly in love with me." And in her following letter she advises him to eat plenty of dried prunes. Even from his bed of pain, Casanova continued to conduct the affair of Cecile's appointment until its final confirmation.

Everyone was anxious to see him well. The Prince de Ligne wrote: "Hurry and give me news of your health, my dear friend. My own health demands that you be well, for I am suffering from your distress . . . I must find you free from pain when I come next summer, otherwise good-by all my pleasure at Toeplitz." Zaguri wrote in the same tone, since he realizes that Casanova's trip to Venice will never materialize. Nevertheless he hopes and in his hopes communicates to Casanova the curative methods of a German doctor named Mayer. Carlo Angiolini, a choreographer of Dresden who had married Casanova's niece Marianna August, came to Giacomo's bedside and tended him. His brother François wrote from Vienna, relaying the advice of his physician:

"You say, my dear brother, that my letter put balm into your blood; if that is so, I am very pleased indeed, for I assure you that I would willingly give of my own blood if that could bring some relief

to the cruel condition in which you find yourself. Your letter affected me beyond anything you can imagine, for I love you most sincerely; and if I were to lose you, no one in the world could fill the place which you occupy in my heart. I pray God with all my soul to prevent so sad a moment which would be present to my mind for the rest of my days. Encourage yourself, I beg of you, and think that surely with your vigorous constitution and diet and good care you can still go far. I confided your situation to my Æsculapius who is such all the more so since he does not pursue his profession; he said that you must live on a very strict diet, eat a great deal of buttered bread boiled in water, drink as little as possible and sweat a lot, and especially beware of eating any acids or eggs. You are intelligent, my brother, and you have great knowledge; then look into this and see what there is therein that is applicable to your case."

A doctor of Toeplitz, Hansa, treated Casanova. The latter took his medicine once and declared that it had done him no good. This was in April, after four months of illness.

"Sir:" the doctor writes, "I am very sorry to hear that the medicine which you took once did not satisfy your expectations. But, my God! you are surely too wise and enlightened to suppose that even the best chosen medicaments can operate promptly in a body where the springs of life have been worn down by the inevitable friction of the continuous motion that takes place between the fluids and solids of our machine. Please have patience, Sir, and for your own interests, continue yet another week."

Elisa von der Recke, too, was solicitous about Casanova. This Princess with her poetizing and philosophizing, with her romantic notions of the period of *sensiblerie*, was not a particularly welcome figure at the bedside. Her wines and bouillons were perhaps more appreciated.

Elisa had promised him a crawfish soup. "The worst part of my own illness," she writes in one letter, "is that I am not in a state of being able to send you a crab-soup. Fanny and I are doing everything possible to procure you this soup, but the peasants who have promised us crawfish say that the little brooks are too flooded with water to enable them to catch any."

Unfortunately, to her cookery she added such remarks as: "I will

admit to you that the idea of separation from you affects my heart, but the noble courage with which you advance towards those somber portals of death elevates my soul. Those faculties, which even your painful sickness cannot quell, have been given to you for your eternal happiness. Even as a beautiful butterfly rises from the envelope of a caterpillar so our thinking self shall reappear in other forms, when it leaves this body which has been given to us for but a short space of time . . ."

Thus she writes, in answer, perhaps, to his stern and beautiful note:

"Wednesday, noon.—By means of a painful disease, nature has condemned me to a slow death, but thanks be to God, the end is now not far off. Since I cannot take any nourishment, my weakness is daily becoming more pronounced and I can no longer leave my bed . . ."

Eventually, but not until after Casanova's death, Cecile was able at last to travel to Sagan and assume her post as Maid of Honor. She left a year later and soon married, bearing four children before she died at the early age of thirty-eight. She had never seen her tutor, her Longinus, who had "insinuated in her a love of truth, moderation, submission and a noble pride in no way resembling haughtiness, and in short all the virtues necessary to her sex and analogous to honor."

Casanova died in the bitter solitude that his proud soul had craved. Waldstein and his friends were absent. Only his nephew, Carlo Angiolini, and Finette, his faithful dog, were near him. Early on June 4, 1798, a priest came to administer the last sacraments. Casanova spread out his arms and whispered hoarsely, "Great God, and you who are witness of my death, I have lived as a philosopher and die as a Christian." A few minutes later he expired.

They buried him, after a simple ceremony, in the little cemetery of Dux in back of the Saint Barbara chapel. The stupid Bohemian who wrote out the mortuary tables thus inscribed the register: *Juny 4, Herr Jakob Cassaneus, Venezianer, Im 84 Jahre.* His name and

his age are both wrong. But it was only the beginning of the mistakes that were to be made concerning his name and age.

On his grave a decent plinth was placed and above that a little cross of iron. It is related that the cross soon fell from its socket and lay on the ground half-concealed among the tall grass. And it is further said that on dark nights passing girls caught their skirts on its hooks.

Within recent years pious souls have placed a memorial tablet on the outside of the chapel. There we read:

JAKOB CASANOVA
Venedig 1725
Dux 1798

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THE perfect bibliographer is content to list without criticizing. But it is evident that an uncritical compilation of everything ever written on Casanova would stretch into infinity. Then, too, it might be contended that a complete bibliography on Casanova ought to include branch bibliographies on all the characters involved, for example, on Cardinal Bernis, on Voltaire, on Madame d'Urfé, on the Goudars and others. It might also include works of local history and so forth, such as the volumes of Ilges on Cologne, Monnier on Venice and Grellet on Switzerland, but to carry out in full such an extensive plan would have led into a general bibliography of the eighteenth century, which would be patently out of place here.

I have contented myself with listing here all the better known and more important works on Casanova, including also a few which I was personally unable to examine but which other students may find accessible. I wished to compile a list of plays, novels and short stories whose plots were taken from the Memoirs or built around Casanova. To such men as Thackeray, Balzac, Pierre Louys, Zola, Schnitzler, Hoffmansthal and to hosts of others the Memoirs have been a great granary of plots and figures. A fuller list of Casanova's manuscripts ought to have found place here also, but both these ideas had to be abandoned for lack of space and time.

This is the first sizable bibliography of Casanova ever published. A better one will no doubt soon be forthcoming from some continental worker. It is chiefly as expression of the debt I owe to all whose names appear herein, and whose work has made mine possible, that I list these articles and books, from which I have drawn so freely, and too often without mentioning my source. Since almost every statement in the book was drawn from some authority, to have mentioned my source in each and every case would have made a volume altogether too unwieldy.

I take this opportunity to express my especial gratitude towards G. Gugitz, R. Vèze, C. Samaran, F. W. Ilges, A. Ravà, J. Pollio, P. Grellet, H. Conrad and J. F. H. Adnesse, whose works are mines of information.

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Three important items in the possession of the Brockhaus Company.

1. *Essai de critique sur les Mœurs, sur les Sciences et sur les Arts* (120 pages).
2. *Lucubration sur l'Usure* (74 pages).
3. *Rêverie sur la Mesure moyenne de notre Année, selon la Réformation Grégoire* (56 pages).

Memoirs

Beginning with the publication of a portion of the Memoirs in *Urania* in 1822, the Memoirs in part and in more or less completeness have been printed in so many editions and translations that the list of them would be of formidable length. The following are only the most important editions:

The Schütz Edition

Aus den Memoiren des Venetianers Jacob Casanova de Seingalt, oder sein Leben, wie er es zu Dux in Böhmen niederschrieb. Nach dem Original Manu-

script bearbeitet von Wilhelm von Schütz. 12 volumes. F. A. Brockhaus, Leipzig, 1822-28. The same in French, expurgated, 14 volumes. Tournachon-Molin, Paris, 1825-29.

The LaForgue Edition

Mémoires de J. Casanova de Seingalt, écrits par lui-même. Édition originale.
Vol. 1-4, Leipsic, F. A. Brockhaus. Paris, Ponthieu et Comp, 1826.
Vol. 5-8, Paris, Heideloff et Campé, 1832.
Vol. 9-12, Bruxelles, 1838.
(Probably all printed in Leipzig.)
Now universally obtainable in the Garnier edition, Garnier frères, Paris, 1880.
Also in Spanish.
Englished by Rhodes, Machen and others.

The Paulin-Rozez Edition

Mémoires de Jacques Casanova de Seingalt, écrits par lui-même. Édition originale, la seule complète. Paulin, Paris, 1833-37.
Reprinted by Rozez, Brussels, 1860.
Now obtainable in the Flammarion edition, Paris, 1900.

The Conrad Edition

Errinerungen von Casanova übersetzt und eingeleitet von Heinrich Conrad. G. Müller. München, 1907-13. Valuable for its large series of portraits and for the added material found in Vols. XIII, XIV, XV (1913). See Ravà and Gugitz.

The La Sirène Edition

Mémoires de Jacques Casanova de Seingalt, écrits par lui-même. Paris, 1924. Eight volumes of this splendid edition have appeared so far. Under the editorship of R. Vèze and with the assistance of G. Gugitz, Samaran, etc., these twelve volumes will ultimately constitute the finest edition of the Memoirs as well for the completeness of the text as for the excellence and thoroughness of the notes and introductions. The illustrations from contemporary prints and canvases are remarkable.

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INDEX

Abraham, 311
Acquaviva, Cardinal, 30
Affisio, d' (or d'Affligio), 67, 308
Affry, d', 127, 156-158
Agis, Chevalier d', 217
Agnelli, 271
Agrada, Sister Mary of Jesus of, 84
Agrippa, 319
Albani, Cardinal Alexander, 200
Albany, Countess of, xiii
Albergati, 189, 331
Alembert, d', xi, xxx, 315, 316, 348
Algarotti, 185, 189
Alzetta, 305
Ancilla, 51
Angela, 17
Angiolini, Carlo, xx, xiv, 364
Anna, Czarina, 24
Anne, d'Arci, 56
Antoine, M. d', 57
Aranda, Count d', 257, 261
Aretino, 294
Arginy, Chevalier d', 122
Ariosto, 22, 187
Arlandes, Marquis d', 316
Artephius, 122
Asquin, Count Andrea, 91
Augsburg, Mayor of, 205-207
August, Marianna, 364
August, Peter, 317
Augustine, xxxi

Baffo, 9, 294
Balbi, Marino, 91-106
Balletti family, 60, 107
Balletti, Manon, 108, 116, 126, 141, 148, 156-158, 315, 338
Balletti, Silvia (Benozzi), 61, 66, 126
Barbarigo, Father, 22
Barbaro, 48
Barthold, F.-W., xix, xxxi
Basadonna, Lorenzo, 80
Baschet, xx, 127
Batthyani, Prince, 348
Battipaglia, 41, 43
Bausset, de, 170
Bavois, 59
Beaumarchais, xxx
Bedford, Duke of, 220
Bembo, Paolo, 286
Benigna, 103
Bergonzi, Nina, 264-268
Berlendis, Giovanni, 271
Bernardino, Bernardo de (Bishop of Martirano), 19
Bernis, Abbé, 71, 109-111
Bettine, 12
Bettinelli, 193
Binetti, La, 165-167, 239, 309
Biren, Charles of, 252
Biszewski, 243
Blacksnout, xi, 214
Blanc, Louis, 178
Blasin, Countess de, 249
Bleackley, 180
Blondel, 156-158
Boccaccio, 223
Boehmer, 204
Boethius, 84
Bologna, 31, 54
Bonafede, Countess, 77
Bonafini, La, 313
Bono, 214, 268
Bottari, 302
Boucher, 64
Boulanger, 294
Boulogne, M. de, 112
Bragadin, M. de, 47, 60, 79, 231, 235, 255
Braida, Antonio, 75
Branicki, xxvi, 239-249, 286, 304
Brigido, Giuseppe, 284
Brockhaus, xii, xiv, xvii, 31, 34
Brosses, Président de, 74
Bruhl, Count de, 128
Brunelli, Bruno, 18, 144
Brunet, 142
Brunetti, Dr., 43
Buffon, xvii, 280
Bulgari, Protopope, 43
Bull, Tage, xvi, xvii
Buschini, Francesca, 299, 311, 314, 318, 325, 335-338
Busoni, xiv-xix

C. C. (Catherine Campana), 68
Cæsar, 347
Cagliostro, 178, 309, 331
Calzabigi Brothers, 113-115, 147, 232
Camille, 118, 315
Campioni, 250
Campomanes, 262
Camoëns, 226
Carletta, 283
Carletti, 304
Carli, 205
Carlyle, Thomas, xxx
Casacci, La, 239
Casanova, Don Antonio, 30
Casanova, Carlo, 309
Casanova, Don Jacob, 5
Casanova, François, xii, 6, 15, 65, 149, 204, 316, 354, 364
Casanova, Gaetan, 15, 212
Casanova, Gaetan-Joseph-Jacques, 6
Casanova, Giacomo Girolamo, *passim*
Casanova, Giovanni (Jean), 199, 248, 270, 354
Casanova, Jacques, 6
Casanova, Juan, 5
Casanova, Marcus Antonius, 6
Casanova, Marie Madeleine, 65, 248
Casanova, Teresa, 355, 360
Castel-Bajac, 145, 249
Castries, M. de, 160
Catai, La, 239
Catherine the Great, xxvi, 236, 273
Catolica, Prince de, 263, 308
Caton, 320
Catrolli, Signora, 299
Cazotte, 208
Cellini, Benvenuto, xxv, xxxi
Cerutti, 276
Chamfort, M. de, 302
Chapelain, 190
Charles V, 6
Charon, 294
Charpillon, La, 227-229, 234
Chartres, Duchess of, 64
Châtre, La, 195
Cherubini, Madame, 200
Chiari, Abbé, 75
Choiseul, Duc de, 158
Clary, Princess, 355, 360
Claudin, 333
Clement XIII, Pope, 201, 294
Coccai, Merlin, 189
Colonna, Cardinal Pompeo, 6
Columbus, Christopher, 5
Condorcet, 316
Condulmer, 75
Conti, Theresa, 6
Cornaro, Girolamo, 46
Cornelys, Sophie, 131, 138
Coronini, Count, 277
Corticelli, La, 199, 203, 209
Costa, Giovachino, 322
Courland, Duke of, 361
Crébillon, xvii, xxiv, xxx, 61, 190
Crébillon, the younger, 294
Czartoriski, Prince Adam, 237-247

Damiens, 109
Dandalo, Marco, 48, 258, 275, 289, 307
Da Ponte, Lorenzo, 219, 322, 350
Da Riva, 38, 34
Daturi, 231
Delachaux, Jeanne-Catherine, 316
Della Croce, 253-256
Demetrio, 52
Denis, la, 12, 234
Deux-ponts, Duc de, 162
Diagoras, 294
Diderot, xvii
Dolfin, Daniele, 34, 43, 313
Doyon, René-Louis, xvi
Duclos, 73
Durazzo, Marquis, 312

Econéon, xi
Eigreville, Count d', 118
Einsiedel, Abbot of, 167-168
Elliot, Hugh, 360
Ellis, Havelock, xvi, xxx, xxxi
Ennen, xxii, 164-174
Erizzo, M., 145
Escher, J., of Berg, 175
Eugene, Prince, 35

F., Madame, 39
Fabris, Count, 320
Farsetti, 143
Farussi, xi, 56
Fastidio, Don, 41, 43
Fayolle, 151
Feldkirchner (Faulkircher), 329, 344
Fenaroli, Abbé, 88
Ferro, Dr., 48
Finette, 357, 366
Flavacourt, M. de, 159
Fleuret, Fernand, xvi, xvii

INDEX

Fleury, Abbé, 294
Fontenelle, M. de, 113, 186
Foscarini, Sebastiano, 318
Foscolo, Ugo, xix, 104
Fox, Mr., 196
Fragoletta, 6
Fraiture, Baron de, 263
Franciscan, the beggar friar, 28
Francisco, Don, 5
Frank, Eva, 355
Franken, Hofrat von, 172
Franklin, Benjamin, 316
Frederick Augustus II, 65
Frederick the Great, xxix, xxxi, 30, 64, 232-235
Fromaget, 38
Froulay, Count de, 73
Fulin, Abbé, xx, xxii, xxiv, 104
Fulpius-Gavard, xxvii

Galland, xvii
Gama, Abbé, 199
Gardela, la, 165
Garnier, xiv, 148, 151
Gentzel, Frederick, xii
Geoffrin, Madame, 246
George II, 7
George III, 216
Germaine, Lady, 225
Goethe, Johann Wolfgang von, xxxi, xxxii, 146
Goldoni, Carlo, 7, 189
Goudar, Ange, 297, 331
Goudar, Sara, 297
Gourmont, Remy de, xvi, xxv
Gozzi, Dr., 11, 45
Graffton, Lady, 308
Gradenigo, 103
Grazzini, 53
Grellet, xxiv
Grimaldi, M. V. de, 287
Grimani, Carlo, 304
Grimani, Francesco, 286
Grimani, Michel, 6, 45
Guède, xxi, xxii, xxiv, 104
Gugitz, xxii, xxxi, 32, 38, 53, 72, 104, 169, 175, 193, 314

Haller, Albert de, 175, 181-183, 192
Hanover, Countess from, 229
Hansa, Dr., 365
Hardegg, Count, 323
Haye, de la, 58
Heine, Heinrich, xiii
Helvétius, 151, 294
Henley, W. E., xvii
Henriette, 54-58, 184
Henry, Charles, xx
Hervey, Sir Augustus, 224
Homer, xi, 186, 191, 226, 297, 329
Horace, xi, 22, 238
Houssaie, Amelot de la, 266, 271, 354

Ignazia, Doña, 259, 263
Ilges, F. Walther, xxii, 169-174, 180
Imer, Joseph, 7, 20
Imer, Theresa (also called Mme. Cornelys and Mme. Trenti), 20, 130, 222, 337
Ismail-Effendi, 36-38

Jacob, Bibliophile, xix
Jablanowski, Prince, 243
Johnson, Dr. Samuel, 223
Joseph II, 310, 321, 323-325, 331, 334
Joseph, King of Portugal, 179
Josouff-Ali, 36-38

Kant, 347
Kaspar, 321
Kauderbach, M. de, 128
Kaunitz, Prince, 251, 317
Kefalides, 205
Keith, Earl of, 233
Kepler, 346
Ketteler, Count, 159, 288
Kleer, Anna Dorothea, 335
Kurz, 165

Lady (unknown), 358
Laforgue, Jean, xiv, xvi, xviii, xix
Laforgue, Jules, xiv
Lamberg, Count Max of, 205, 252, 286, 320, 326, 328, 331, 334
Lamettrie, 294
Lamotte, Charlotte de, xxi, 253-256
Larchey, Lorédan, 333
Lascaris, Countess, 209
Lastic, Count de, 159
La Tour d'Auvergne, Count de, 118
Laugier, Secretary, 158, 170, 171
La Valeur, 39
La Valville, 236
Lazari, 28
Lebel, Madame, 184
Le Gras, xxiv, xxxi, 178-180
Lena, Abbé Eusebio della, 313

Leonilda, 202, 270
Lessing, 38
Leze, Lawyer, 43
Lezze, Ambassador, 27
Lia, 270
Ligne, Prince de, xvii, xxx, 180, 319, 323, 339, 343, 360
Lille, Marquis de, 255
Lincoln, Lord, 274
Linden, Baron von, 353
Lobkowitz, Princess, 355, 357
Loglio, M. da, 273
Longuemare, M. de, 217
Loretta, 28
Lossada, Duke de, 258, 261
Louis XV, xxx, 56, 64, 107, 322
Louis XIV, 122
Lowendahl, M. de, 308
Lubomirski, Prince, 239, 272-4
Lucian, 294
Lucie, 16
Lucrezia, 202, 270
Ludwig, Emil, xxxi
Lunel, M., 299

M.-M., 68-74
Machen, Arthur, xxiii
Machiavelli, 294
Maffei, 90
Malipiero, M. de, 15, 16, 20, 130
Malmesbury, Earl of, 184
Mann, Horace, 203
Manuzzi (the Spy), 43, 53, 66, 75, 288, 318
Manuzzi, Count, 258-263
Manzi, Marquis, 313
Manzoni (the Notary), 43
Manzoni, Madame, 21
Marcoline, xxii, 212-218
Marcolini, Count Camillo, xi, 361
Mardrus, Dr., xvii
Marigni, M. de, 65
Marmontel, 73, 112, 294
Martelli, 191
Martial, 6
Martin III, Pope, 5
Martinelli, 223
Martinière, de la, 109
Marton, 17
Marulli, Count, 273
Marzia, 8, 19
Matalone, Duke of, 202
Maynial, Edouard, xvi, 185, 193
Mayoress of Cologne (Frau de Groote?), 159-164, 169-174, 253
Medici, Julius of, 6
Medin, Count Tommaso, 51, 274, 309
Melampyge, 355-358
Melulla, 41
Memmo, Andrea, 103, 143, 299, 307
Memmo, Bernardo, 75, 312, 299, 307
Mengs, Rafael, 199, 201, 258
Metastasio, 66
Meure, Theresa de la, 118
Meusnier, Inspector, 66, 68
Mirandola, Pica della, 348
Mocenigo, Ambassador, 144, 258, 262, 263
Molière, Jean Baptiste Poquelin, 190
Molmenti, Pompeo, xx
Montague, Lady, 73, 144
Montbarey, Count of, 317
Montesquieu, xvii
Montgolfier Brothers, 316
Monti, Marco di, 278, 284
Monti, Signora di, 299
Moras, Marquis de, 258
Morosini, Francesco, 218, 274, 305, 307, 315
Moszczynski, Count, 242, 247
Mozart, 322
Muralt, Bernard de, 175
Muralt, Louis de, 181, 218

Nanette, 17
Napoleon, xxxi, 362
Numa, 347

O., Esther d', 129-140, 154
O., M. d' (Thomas Hope), 129-140, 148, 154, 180
Olivides, 262
O'Morphi, 63, 317, 322
O'Neilan, Captain, 54
Opiz, Jean-Ferdinand, 326, 331, 334, 346
O'Reilly, Dr., 345-346
Orio, Madame, 17
Orlow, Alexis, 273
Osman, Pasha, 30, 34

Pachiarotti, 313
Palafox, Anna, 5
Palatine of Polachia, Prince, 243
Palatine of Russia, 237
Panin, Count, 236

Pantessena, Eupolemo, xi, 273
Paralis, xi, 124
Parcelsus, 120
Pâris-Duverney, xiii
Parrocel, 65
Pascal, Blaise, 152
Passano, 213, 265-268
Passionei, Cardinal, 200
Pastori, Abbé, 294
Paul I of Russia, 303
Paulin, xiv
Paulin-Busoni, xiv
Pauline, 225-227, 264
Pelesi, Cirillo, 198
Pelodoro, Major, 23
Pembroke, Lord, 224
Pepys, Samuel, xxv
Pesaro, 31
Peterwardein, 35
Petrarch, 22, 197
Petrau, 91
Petrillo (Pietro Mira), 24
Philippe, Infante of Spain, 56
Piazza, Madame, 317
Piccolomini, Prince, 153
Pocchini, 154, 250, 309
Pollaczek, 169
Pollio, 298
Polyphilus, 121
Pombal, Marquis de, 179, 226
Pompadour, Madame de, 62, 123, 145
Pompeati (d'Aranda), 132, 138, 208, 222
Poniatowski, King Stanislas, 237
Pope, A Greek Orthodox, 39
Porphyry, 294
Potemkin, xxx
Poupelinière, M. Riche de la, 143
Pratolini, Antonio, xi, 289
Preati, 309
Prié, Marquis de, 195, 331
Prividili, 277

Quérard, xix
Querilinth, 203, 211

Rabou, wife of Pitrot, 66, 68
Raiberti, Chevalier, 272
Ramsay, de, 217
Ravà, Aldo, 183, 303
Raynal, Abbé, 294
Razzetta, Antonio, 20
Recke, Elisa von der, 355, 365
Reischach, 156
Renaud, La, 204
Renier, M., 42
Rezzonica, Abondia, 6
Ricla, Count, 264-268
Riva, Maria da, 73
Rochebaron, M. de, 60
Rochefoucauld, La, 345
Roggendorff, Countess Cecile, xiv, 359-366
Roli, Anna, 6
Roll, Mme. de, 183
Rolleston, Dr., xxxi
Roman, Mademoiselle, 196, 197, 322
Romulus, 347
Rosenberg, Count de, 146
Rousseau, Jean Jacques, xiii, xvii, xxxi, 182, 267, 294
Rozez, xiv, xix, 259
Rozier, Pilatre du, 316
Rumain, Madame du, 149, 217, 315

S., Countess A., 51
Sagredo, Francesco, 286
Saint-Germain, Comte de, 123, 153-156, 309, 331
Saint-Quentin, M. de, 64
Sainte-Beuve, Charles A., xvi
Salm, Countess, 361
Samaran, Charles, xx
Salmour, Count of, xvii
Sandivonius, 122
Sanguska, Prince, 243
Santa Croce, Marquis of, xxi
Saraf, George, 284
Sarah, 183
Savoy, Renée of, 120
Schiller, 328
Schlick, 310
Schrattenbach, 250-252
Schuckmann, Henriette de, 56, 355
Schütz, Wilhelm von, xiii, xvii, xviii, xix
Scotti, 151
Sellentin, Baron de, 355
Seneca, 91, 359
Shalon, Gabriel, 87
Silhouette, 143
Simonetti, 46, 75
Snetlage, Leonard, 360
Solomon, 319, 357
Soradaci, 94-97
Soranza, Canziana, 46
Spinoza, Benedictus de, 294
Spinola, Carlo, 297, 304

Stahremberg, Herr von, 172
Stendhal, Henri Beyle, xix, 73
Steuart, Francis, xxiv
Stoeffler, John, 347
Stormont, Lord, 180
Stratico, Gio Domenico, 297
Symons, Arthur, xvi, xx, xxxi

Taibris (Talvis) Chevalier de, 67, 172
Tasso, 22
Tassulo, Pilati di, 74
Teza, Emilio, xxxi
Thérèse, 30, 31, 198, 199
Thugut, Baron, 313
Thun, the Banker, 348
Tilney, Count, 297
Tintoretto, 21
Tolosan, John-Mary, 347
Tomasi, 101
Tomatis, Count, 239, 309
Tonine, 68, 72
Torcy, M. de, 159, 171
Torres, Gioseffa, 278
Torres, Count, 277
Toscani, La, 164
Tosello, 15, 22
Tournachon-Molin, xiii
Treidel, Baron, 234
Trèves, Count of, 121
Tycho Brahe, 346

Unruhe, Madame d', xiii
Urfé, Marquise d', 119, 148, 203, 207-219, 226, 255, 315
Uzanne, Octave, xvi, xx

Vanesio, 76
Vanloo, 108
Varutti, Mattio, 78
Vécsey, Baron John, 359
Veneiro, 34
Venier, Nicolo, 313
Vergennes, Count de, 310
Verità, Count, 161, 171
Verri, Allessandro, 103
Vezè, Raoul, 37, 361
Villadorias, Duchess of, 308
Vinci, Leonardo da, 348
Vitzthum, Count von, 251
Voltaire, François M. A. de, xi, xvii, 38, 63, 183-194, 267, 298
Vulcani, 165, 167

Waldstein, Count, xx, 319, 327, 331, 341, 344, 350, 352, 362, 366
Waldstein, Ferdinand, 353
Walpole, Horace, 222
Wiedau, Baron von, 154, 171
Wiederholt, 329, 344
Wilkes, John, 223, 229
Winckelmann, 199, 201
Würtemberg, Duke of, 164
Wynne, Guistiniana (X.C.V.), 141-146, 303
Wynne, Sir, 144

Young, Thomas, 346

Zaguri, Pietro di, 103, 276, 278, 299, 307, 324, 362, 364
Zaluski, Joseph, 237
Zanetta, 6, 8, 19, 21, 65, 248
Zanowitch Brothers, 274, 320
Zen, Aloïs, 274
Zeroli, 195
Zola, Émile, 259
Zorzi, Angelo, 75, 294
Zweig, Stefan, xxiv, 174

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